



法神降临

游戏

墨乡 | 作品



by Mo Xiang

Advent of the Archmage



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Chapter 251

Heartless and Cold-Blooded Lord

"Damn it, why did you stop me!"

Romilson was extremely agitated the moment he woke up. He rushed towards Link and grabbed him by the collar as he screamed.

Even if he were to ignore the fact that Link prevented him from going to Milda's rescue, Link actually knocked him out using brute force! How could a Magician ever resort to such tactics?

It's simply unbelievable! A savage, crazy man!

Link allowed this High Elf to roar and go berserk for half a minute. After making sure that he had calmed down, Link laid out his hands helplessly and said, "Have you calmed down? You must understand that every second you waste is also one second more dangerous for Princess Milda."

This sentence was akin to a bucket of ice water, dousing Romilson's fiery rage in one blow. He then picked up the blood-stained rocks on the table and strode towards the door. As he walked, he turned to Link and said coldly, "Magician, I'll remember you! When I return to the Isle of Dawn, I will request for an audience with the queen. I'll make sure you are blacklisted as one of the unwelcomed people of my race!"

He then opened the wooden door in rage. After taking just a step out of the house, Romilson stopped and stared at the scene in front of him in horror.

There were bodies lying helplessly on the ground as the mercenaries and residents cleaned up the mess silently. One could see some people weeping for their losses, some places on fire, some collapsed wooden houses. The stench of fresh blood filled the atmosphere. It was the complete opposite of the peaceful and calm Ferde Wilderness Romilson had seen just a while ago.

"How long have I been sleeping?" Romilson asked as he imagined the fierce battle that ensued.

"Not more than half an hour," Link said as he walked towards him.

"There were many assaulters I assume?"

"There weren't many, only 50 of them. However, each one of them was extremely powerful. If I wasn't present, my territory would have been in ruins by now." Link's voice was calm. He seemed unaffected by Romilson's previous threat.

Romilson could not help but turn to look at the human Magician beside him. There was not a shred of agitation or rage on Link's face. Usually, a lord would have been enraged and depressed after suffering such huge losses. How could he stay so calm?

Romilson was baffled by this Magician in front of him. He also did not want to understand his peculiar mindset. The tragedy in front of his eyes completely doused the rage he had as he whispered, "I will be going off to find the princess."

"I'll accompany you." Link stayed by his side.

Upon hearing those words, the rage that just subsided within Romilson's heart was once again ignited. He bellowed, "Oh, you are finally interested in saving the princess? To think that the princess gave you the Heart of the Puppet in the carriage just now. It would be fine if you refuse to save the princess yourself, but how could you stop me from going as well? What a cruel and heartless lord you are!"

"You will die if you go alone," Link reminded.

"Then I will die with no regrets!" Romilson growled.

Grenci had had enough of Romilson's tantrum and shouted furiously, "Young lad, Master Link did what he was supposed to. The person who made the decision to leave was Your Highness herself. Since she was the one who made the mistake, she naturally has to bear the consequences."

"Hmph, I know what you people are planning. You guys are afraid to be implicated by the princess' death and are only leaving me alive as a witness. Humans are such hypocrites!" Romilson shouted as he strode out of the territory.

When Romilson reached an open space, a warm glow enveloped his wand as he summoned a black horse. He then mounted the horse and headed straight towards the East gate of the camp.

"He is a young lad after all. How stubborn," Ferdinand sighed.

There was no right or wrong in the decisions made throughout this incident. The only thing that mattered was the difference in perspectives. Ferdinand was of the human race and would definitely support Link's approach to the matter from his perspective. He would have done the same if he was met with this dilemma.

Grenci then sighed, "He is still too young and arrogant. He is talented and powerful, but he is not seeing the big picture."

As Romilson was about to leave the territory, Link said, "Alright, I'll leave the territory in the hands of the two Masters. I'll be accompanying him to find Princess Milda. Celine, you will stay with the Masters."

Link knew what he had to do and would not be easily swayed by Romilson's insensitive words.

Link could care less about what Romilson said; the High Elf Magicians in this timeline were generally the same after all. They had enjoyed peace and luxury on the Isle of Dawn for over hundreds of years. The younger generation had never quite understood the cruelties of the world.

"Alright, you take care then," Celine said in a concerned tone. She was also not angry at Romilson. In her eyes, the High Elf was merely just a little more than a moody little brat.

Lin nodded and summoned the Wind Fenrir immediately, chasing after Romilson all the way out of the Scorched Ridge.

Grenci stared at the disappearing figures of the two young Magicians into the darkness and finally said, "Let's hope that Romilson will stop throwing his tantrums on the road."

Ferdinand nodded as he said, "Both of them are young genius Magicians. However, Romilson's character is a far cry from Link. He is too unreliable, indeed, a disappointment."

Why did the two Masters not harbor a single shred of suspicion towards Link when they received the letter and the dark soul stones? Apart from the fact that it was a clear framing technique, Link's usual conduct was a major reason as well.

From the beginning when he handled the Darris' ambush incident with maturity, to the revelation of Bale's experiments with dark magic and finally to his glorious victory against Demon Tarviss, Link had displayed a large number of commendable qualities.

He was thoughtful, sensitive, objective and rational. He would never judge anything or make a decision purely based on personal emotions.

When Dean Anthony did not believe Link's warning regarding Tarviss' appearance, Link did not even utter a sentence of defiance. He simply spent all his time studying magic and eventually saved the entire academy.

While it was fallacious to say that Link would never experiment with dark magic, it would be fair to say that Link would never allow himself to be exposed by such careless tactics. All in all, Link was a young lad that deserved their trust.

...

Around 600 feet outside the Scorched Ridge, two dark shadows were overlooking the situation in the camp from behind a small hill.

"It's over," one of them said.

His voice was raspy and low. He wore black leather armor and tied a dagger to each of his thighs. These daggers looked slightly special, having a rare crimson color and were enveloped in a layer of flaming brilliance. They looked gorgeous.

From his gears, one could tell that he was an Assassin.

"He has become even stronger. Our plan this time has failed," The other person spoke. This person was clad in a hooded robe and held a wand in his hand—he was a Magician.

Although they had killed many people, they were all insignificant mercenaries. Their primary targets had all been well-protected and suffered practically no damage. The framing techniques that they had employed right from the beginning were all meaningless.

"He is already building his Mage Tower. Based on his current progress, it will be completed in about a month's time. With the monitoring ability of the Mage Tower, we will not have another chance at a sneak attack."

The ambush this time around took advantage of the absence of a Mage Tower in the Scorched Ridge. However, now that this disadvantage would be addressed, the only way to deal with Link after the completion of the Mage Tower would be to use brute force.

This was a devastating result.

However, the black-robed Magician suddenly emitted a quizzical sound and pointed to the Scorched Ridge in the distance before saying, "Look, two people are running out from the territory. It is the escaped High Elf and Link."

The Assassin squinted his eyes to take a look and eventually nodded. He then said, "It is indeed them. From the direction of their travel... they should be looking for the High Elf Princess. We have a chance!"

The Magician then shook his head and said, "We have around 13 Assassins left. Even after adding us both, it would only make us 15 men strong force. It would be more than enough to deal with the High Elf. However, Link would be a problem. That guy knows how to use a group transportation spell."

A transportation spell like Burst might not increase the combat powers of a Magician. However, it was an exceptionally useful spell to use for escape purposes. Not only could Link manage this spell, he could even bring people along with him, making him extremely difficult to deal with.

Even if they were to send 100 people to ambush him, he could also easily escape from the predicament.

This was the exact reason why they did not intend to kill Link from the beginning even with over 60 Assassins on their side. They chose to frame him with the crime they committed instead. Alas, the Assassins that they sent to the Scorched Ridge did not seem to get the memo and fought against Link in a direct battle. The end result was telling enough.

However, the Assassin thought otherwise. He stood up and chuckled, "The task of framing Link had not completely failed. As long as we kill the High Elf Princess, not only would the Ferde Wilderness be in trouble, so would the Norton Kingdom! The ties between the High Elves and the human race would then become estranged, giving less pressure to you guys in the North."

The Magician nodded but was still hesitant. He then said, "That might be true. But the High Elf Princess is extremely good at hiding. How will we find her?"

"That is easy!" The Assassin smiled as he said. He then pointed at Romilson from afar and said, "Look, the High Elf didn't take the main road the moment he left the camp. Instead, he ran straight into the wilderness, why do you think that is?"

The Magician was extremely smart as well. He immediately continued the sentence, "He can bring us to the High Elf Princess!"

"Yes. Notice the direction that he travels in. It is basically a straight line. This suggests that he is finding the princess through some sort of connection. Extrapolating this line of travel would probably lead us to the High Elf Princess. We can totally get ahead of him and kill the princess first. If we have the time, we can even plan another ambush. Perhaps we can kill the High Elf this time around."

The Assassin was extremely pleased with himself the more he thought about his plan. By making use of the High Elf's eagerness to save the princess, they would follow his tracks and first kill off the princess. It was a perfect plan!

The Magician also praised him from the bottom of his heart.

"This plan is indeed good. It is worth a try. I will then wish you success in the advance."

The Assassin was taken aback and said, "You are not taking part in this?"

"Me?" The Magician smiled as he said, "Of course not. The only reason for my trip to the South is to bring you the Divine Liquid. Furthermore, I have just reached Level-6 and do not specialize in combat spells. I would only drag you down if I join this mission."

The Assassin then shrugged his shoulders and said, "Alright then, watch my wonderful performance!"

Chapter 252

Confrontation in the Wilderness

Ferde Wilderness.

Romilsin's summoned unicorn was even faster than Link's Wind Fenrir. After a few minutes, he was more than 300 feet ahead of Link.

However, he was not stupid. He knew that if he wanted to save the princess, he needed Link's power. So, after getting more than 300 feet ahead, he did not speed up and just maintained this distance.

The princess's blood aura in the stains was fading. This meant the princess's life was fading too.

Romilson must get to Milda as fast as possible. Not a second could be wasted!

The wilderness terrain had no pattern. Sometimes there would be boulders in the way, but that was okay. His Level-4 unicorn was very powerful and helped him quickly pass through these obstacles.

"Hey!"

Romilson controlled the unicorn to jump over a boulder and then land before continuing forward at breakneck speed. He then heard a call from behind him. It was Link, trying to say something to him.

He wanted to ignore the man. The humans were cold-blooded, selfish, and fake. If he didn't need Link's power to save the princess, he wouldn't even slow down to wait.

So what if you're the number one human Magician? So what if you can do spatial magic? F*ck you! Anger rose inside Romilson. He stopped controlling the unicorn's speed and prepared to charge wildly.

But then, he suddenly heard a whoosh sound behind him. At the same time, there were violent Mana waves—it was a magic spell. Someone was attacking behind with a spell.

Looking back, he saw a metallic tip piercing towards him. The Mana on it showed that it was Link's spell.

"Link? Attacking me! What is he doing?" Romilson grew even more furious. Getting an idea, he instantly cast the defensive spell Shield of Thorns.

Shield of Thorns

Level-2 Elite Spell

Effect: Rattan thorns created by solidified natural elements form a flexible shield. It can effectively block all piercing attacks.

(Note: exclusive High Elf spell.)

A green light flashed in the air, and countless thorns formed instantly. They wove together and created a ten-foot wide shield.

Poof! The Whistle collided with the shield and exploded. However, the countless thorns absorbed all of the destructive force. It was basically ineffective.

Romulsive instinctively began to fight back.

He pointed his wand at the ground. A beam of dark green light shot into the soil.

"Poison Ivy Puncture!"

Poison Ivy Puncture

Level-3 Elite Spell

Use: Creates a bundle of ivy vines that snakes across the ground. These vines are very resilient, highly penetrative, and poisonous. They can pop out of anywhere within 210 feet and attack the enemy.

(Note: exclusive a High Elf spell.)

A flood of vines slithered across the ground, stretching toward Link who was catching up.

Using the delay caused by the Whistle, Link had decreased the distance between them to around 180 feet. Seeing the vines coming for him, he scrutinized the soil for any changes and guided the Wind Fenrir left and right.

Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop!

With each explosion, the soil beside Link burst. Bundles of black, thorny vines shot up rapidly. If Link was hit, he would either die or the poison would make him wish he were dead.

Unblinkingly, Link multitasked while dodging the poison ivy. With a slight change of thought, he hurled a Level-1 Vector Protective Force Field at Romilson who was 120 feet away.

While maintaining his summoned unicorn, Romilson focused on controlling the poison ivy to attack Link. Seeing how Link was dodging pathetically, he thought that Link would be unable to cast spells and didn't give himself any defensive spells.

He was wrong.

The Magicians who practiced with him in the Isle of Dawn couldn't do it, but that didn't mean Link couldn't.

Multitasking with two tasks or even three, and counter-attacking while defending was something every Magician needed to know in a battle. If you couldn't do it and didn't want to die, then you should just hide in the back and play nurse.

Boom! Romilson was instantly hit by the force field.

The force field wasn't very strong, but it was still painful for an average man. Romilson was stronger than most people, yet he still toppled down the unicorn in a jumbled mess.

He dropped his wand too. The unicorn and poison ivy all vanished.

Footsteps approached him. The Wind Fenrir had reached him. Link perched on the Fenrir and pointed the wand at Romilson. The Vector Protective Force Field was in preparation; the semi-transparent force field easily restricted Romilson on the ground.

Romilson stared at Link in disbelief. "You want to kill me? Are you really studying dark magic?"

Link sighed, feeling sad for the High Elf's brain. He said coldly, "I'm stopping you from killing Princess Milda!"

Romilson was instantly furious. "Kill Princess Milda? Bullsh*t! I'm saving her!"

Link's patience had a limit too. He pointed in the direction Romilson was heading to. "Is the princess in that direction?"

"Yes! Let go of me!" Romilson roared.

Link said coldly, "There are most likely still Assassins hidden in the wilderness, including at least one Level-6 Magician. If you go directly, the enemies will easily find where the princess is hiding. You're killing her!"

"You..." Romilson uttered before he finally processed it. He shuddered and the blood drained from his face.

Seeing that he understood, Link let go of the force field. He waited for the High Elf to stand up dazedly and growled, "What are you waiting for? Where's your unicorn? Hurry up!"

"But this will reveal Her Highness's hiding spot." Romilson had broken down like a system's collapse; his IQ was plummeting too. It was useless to hope he could do something.

"Summon your unicorn!" Link changed his tactic and ordered.

Romilson mumbled something and wanted to argue, but what he had just done was honestly too stupid. He had no confidence now. After hesitating a bit, he summoned the dark brown unicorn again.

Link said again, "Go. You point the way, and we'll take a detour!"

"Which way?" Romilson asked another stupid question.

Rather than berating him, Link pointed in a random direction. "That way and speed up!"

"Uh... okay." Romilson obediently steered the unicorn and then sped up. He honestly had no self-esteem now; he went at Link's speed.

Link asked, "How far are we from the princess?"

"Around five miles away."

Link quietly estimated and then said, "Then, the princess will be absolutely safe within five minutes. After five minutes, she'll be in danger, so we have five minutes to act."

Romilson didn't understand. "Uh... how did you calculate that? Are you sure it's five minutes? Won't they be confused by the direction we're going in?"

To make him cooperate, Link explained, "It's a simple deduction. I hypothesized that you were discovered the moment you ran out of the territory. The enemy also guessed the princess's hiding spot at once and sent the command immediately. It's around five miles from the territory to that spot. If the Assassins go directly there at top speed, it'll take five minutes."

This was a really simple math problem. The shortest distance between two points was a line. Divide the shortest distance by the enemy's highest speed, and you would get the period of absolute safety.

"They might use magic communication to send the message," Romilson tried to argue.

"Impossible!" Link said decisively and explained, "Firstly, I didn't sense any strange Mana waves around here. Secondly, that command is complicated and temporary. It's hard to use magic communication to send messages like this."

Romilson was speechless and completely convinced. After a few seconds of silence, he asked, "What if they're fooled by what we're doing now? Will it help win us some time?"

"A little but not much. If I were them, I'd choose to split my men into two groups. One group would follow the original direction. The other would follow us." Link had thought it through.

Hearing this, Romilson grew anxious. "Then why don't we just go in a straight line?"

"Calm down." Link seemed to have already won. After a while, he suddenly said, "Okay,

change your direction and go at top speed, then keep the distance between us to 160 feet."

"But this is the wrong direction! It's wrong by a lot!" Romilson honestly couldn't understand.

"I know, but stop hesitating and just go!" Link had become strict again.

Romilson's self-esteem had recovered a bit, but he still couldn't fight against Link's command. Gritting his teeth, he started galloping towards the direction Link had pointed out.

After a while, he turned around and saw that Link's Wind Fenrir had started galloping too, maintaining the 160-foot distance between them.

This was slightly reassuring.

...

At night in the wilderness.

"Chief, they changed direction."

"Changed direction? How?" The Assassin speaking held two dark red daggers.

"Link caught up to the High Elf, and they seemed to have a scuffle. Then, they changed direction."

"Heh, don't hesitate. Continue searching in the original direction. And send two more men after them. Don't lose them."

"Understood."

Half a minute later, another Assassin came to report. "Chief, they changed direction again."

"They seemed to have argued and the High Elf ran forward again. He's super fast."

"Oh?" The chief sank into thought. After a few seconds, he asked, "Is it the original direction?"

"It's at least 20 degrees off."

"Tell the men to change direction. Follow the High Elf's current direction. Hurry, they must hurry!"

"Understood."

Seeing the man leave, the chief sped up too. He was extremely fast—even faster than Link's Wind Fenrir. After sprinting for two minutes, the High Elf and Link appeared in his vision.

He cackled, "Link, so what if you saw through my plan? It's not my fault that High Elf is stupid, ha!"

Thinking a bit, he felt that it still wasn't safe. The two were too fast and might get to the High Elf Princess first. He must slow them down so his men would have more time to search.

Chapter 253

Humiliated

Ferde Wilderness

As every second and minute passed by, Romilson felt increasingly anxious. It would only be around one mile before he would miss Princess Milda's hiding spot.

The presence of her blood was getting thinner, suggesting that her life was only hanging on by a thin thread. She must have suffered some fatal wound.

If I do not get there in time, I am afraid the princess... Romilson did not dare to continue on that train of thoughts.

After ten more seconds, Romilson could not help but look behind him. He then saw Link leisurely following him 150 feet away. Romilson could clearly see the calm expression on Link's face as the distance separating them was short. Link appeared to be in control of the situation and even nonchalant, as though all these things did not matter to him.

Upon seeing his calm demeanor, Romilson could not help but shout, "Link, The Highness has suffered a fatal wound. She can only last for half an hour more!"

Romilson then turned back as the Mana within himself surged immediately, activating the defensive bracelet on his wrist. With a light buzzing sound, a light green crystal barrier surrounded him. This was a Level-5 defensive spell, Natural Rune Barrier.

Following which, he saw a dark figure standing on a huge rock around 150 feet away.

This person wore pure black leather armor and was surrounded by a crimson miasma.

He also held two daggers that surged with streams of bloody red brilliance.

He didn't make a move, only standing on top of the 12-foot-tall rock and said, "It is not very safe to be running across the wilderness at this time, my two dear Magicians."

"Who are you?" Romilson pulled his unicorn to a halt.

Without waiting for the Assassin to answer, Link had already caught up and ran past Romilson without slowing down his speed. He had also completely ignored the Assassin and said, "Why are you bantering with him? Saving lives takes precedence!"

"But he..." Romilson wanted to say that there might be an ambush lying in wait for them.

However, Link had already run past him as he said, "He is merely stalling time, can't you tell?"

Romilson was immediately enlightened and felt his face turn hot. He then immediately willed the unicorn to charge at full speed and quickly caught up with Link.

He then stared at the Assassin on top of the rock and felt a wave of anger rush through him. He then raised his wand and fired a spell at the rock.

"Venom Ball!"

Venom Ball

Level-5 Spell

Effect: Concentrates natural elements to form an extremely corrosive light ball.

(Note: exclusive High Elf Spell)

A green light then began concentrating at the tip of Romilson's wand and quickly, an emerald-colored ball of more than one foot in length appeared. Romilson then flung this ball straight towards the rock without hesitation.

"Go to hell!" The venomous ball traveled at an insane speed.

The Assassin snickered and leaped backward right before the venom ball was about to hit his body. He then fell swiftly from the rock and escaped this spell in the nick of time.

The Assassin's speed was so fast that Romilson could not react in time. The venom ball had already flown past the rock and hit the ground around 180 feet away.

Bang! The venom ball exploded, and the ground within a 15-foot radius was immediately reduced to a pile of dark green mush. It also bubbled and emitted a turquoise colored smoke, showing its destructive, corrosive power.

The Assassin then looked behind him and felt a shiver down his spine. He was lucky to have escaped the attack swiftly. If not, even his bones might have been melted by the destructive attack.

He then stared at the distant figures of the two Magicians and frowned. This High Elf was merely a young, immature brat; he would be easy to deal with. However, Link was the problem.

The Assassin felt extremely bitter as he watched them going further away. He then shouted, "Link, aren't you afraid that I will attack Scorched Ridge right now?"

Link then replied, "If you truly have the strength, why would you still be chatting with me?"

Along with the reply, Link had also greeted the Assassin with two Whistle spells. The spell was extremely fast and was fired at a precise angle. The Assassin immediately used his dagger to shield himself from the direct blows of this attack.

However, before the dagger could hit the Whistles, they exploded in mid-air, causing the Sacred Silver fragments to splatter around him, encasing him in a rain of deathly metal fragments. He was unable to escape.

Left without a choice, the Assassin could only retreat while shielding his face using his hands.

Most of the Sacred Silver was blocked by his leather armor. However, a few managed to slip through the cracks in his armor and pierce into his body. A sharp pain then seared through his mind.

The Assassin felt terrified and immediately hid behind a rock.

Behind the rock, he observed his injuries and realized that there were a few holes the size of a fingertip in his hands. Silver liquid flowed within these injuries, and turquoise smoke could be seen oozing out from those wounds as well.

"So this is Sacred Silver; it truly is powerful!" The Assassin decisively brought out his

dagger and severed the flesh affected by the Sacred Silver.

The moment the silver liquid was removed, the gory wounds started wriggling and healing itself at a speed visible to the naked eye.

These wounds then disappeared in five seconds.

The Assassin then heaved a sigh of relief and said in satisfaction, "The power of the Divine Liquid is truly amazing."

He then emerged from behind the rock and realized that Link and the High Elf had already moved forward another few hundred feet. He immediately picked up his speed and chased forward.

Although Link was a difficult person to deal with, he would stall as much time as he could. As long as he could kill the High Elf Princess, his mission would be accomplished.

On the other side.

Romilson no longer took the lead arrogantly. He ran beside Link as they charged together towards their target.

"Link, that guy is chasing us again," Romilson said.

"I know. Let him do it. We have two people. He is merely irritating us." Link had a clear view of the situation.

Romilson still could not help but look behind and gasp.

"How can he be so fast? He should have been injured from the previous attack. He looks completely unscathed."

Link then observed his surroundings, and after making sure it was safe, he explained to Romilson.

"That Assassin is pretty strong. He should be around Level-6 in strength even before he was strengthened. Now that he has received the blessings of the Dark Serpent, he should be at the peak of Level-7. This grants him extreme vitality. The small injuries that I dealt previously probably healed in around a few seconds' time. In order to deal

with these creatures, you have to completely destroy their bodies. Even crushing their hearts would not kill them off immediately. They can still maintain a few seconds of combat following that fatal wound."

"Then what is his weapon? Do you recognize it?" Romilson asked again. His attitude towards Link had already changed for the better. He probably didn't realize it himself.

"I don't recognize it. However, for an Assassin to be using such a conspicuous weapon, he is either an idiot or that the weapon is extremely strong. If we really end up in a direct battle, we need to be careful."

In fact, Link recognized those two daggers. He had seen them in the game before.

A crimson body and a fiery red aura—this pair was an extremely famous epic-quality weapon called the Reaper's Gaze. He remembered that this pair of daggers had an extremely powerful special effect. If they were forcefully brought into a battle against this Assassin, Link should be able to deal with it. However, if Romilson was careless, he might be killed easily by his opponent.

Upon this thought, Link added, "After we find the princess, I predict that this person will try to intercept us. Do not try to attack him then, just protect yourself."

This was Link's good intentions and him trying to be kind. However, it sounded pretty insulting. One should know that by the ranking of strength, Romilson was a Level-7 Magician while Link was only Level-6. To be warned by a Magician lower in rank was humiliating for Romilson. He thus sneered, "You don't have to care about me."

Link simply glanced at him and smiled faintly.

Romilson could not take it anymore and shouted, "What kind of glance is that? Contempt? Disdain? Let me tell you, while I might not be as strong as you yet, I am still able to take on one Assassin by myself."

"Let's hope so," Link shook his head as he spoke. He had exchanged a few strikes with this High Elf just now and already had a basic understanding of his skills. Link could only say that this young High Elf was truly overestimating his abilities and had clearly not gained enough battle experience.

"Heh, are the both of you really afraid of me?" The Assassin's voice sounded from behind again. He sounded really provocative.

Romilson then stared at Link and saw that he was unmoved. He hence also kept his rebuttals to himself.

The voice then sounded yet again, "I say, are the both of you cowards? Haha, the Flame Controller that has his name known throughout Firuman is actually keeping silent in front of me."

Link pretended not to hear those words while he calculated Milda's exact location in his head.

Romilson, on the other hand, could not stand it anymore and growled, "You cowardly mouse! Take one shot of my magic if you dare!"

"Oh, do you really think I am dumb? If you can hit me then come at me." As he spoke, this Assassin swiftly ducked behind a huge rock, only revealing his head.

Romilson gritted his teeth as he finally saw through the intentions of this guy. He hence started learning from Link to ignore and not reply to his provocations.

After two more minutes, Link suddenly spoke, "Prepare!"

"What? What do I do?" Romilson could not react in time.

Link did not explain and merely surged his Mana through his body and cast the Dimensional Jump spell.

In a blinding white brilliance, Link and Romilson disappeared from their current location, and in an instant, they were transported to a place a mile away.

The moment they landed, Link asked, "Is the princess nearby... Never mind, I already see her."

Just 60 feet away between two boulders, Princess Milda lay on the ground drenched in blood. Her face was turning blue, and her breathing was faint. A crossbow arrow had pierced deeply into her right abdomen.

Link then quickly walked over, and after some observations, he said, "The arrow did not hurt any key organs. However, there is fatal poison smeared on the arrow!"

As he said those words, he did not hesitate to pull the arrow out from the wound.

Blood then gushed out from the wound, and the half-conscious Milda whimpered in pain.

Romilson was heartbroken by this scene and growled, "What are you doing? Are you trying to kill Her Highness?"

"Shut up! I am trying to save her!" Link pressed his hands on the wound and cast the Blizzard spell to concentrate water elements, encasing the wound in ice. It was completed within three seconds.

Although this would not cure Milda's injuries, it could greatly slow the spread of the toxins through her body.

Link spent less than five seconds accomplishing all these. He then cast a floatation spell on Milda and turned to Romilson and said, "You bring the princess along; we will head back to Scorched Ridge immediately!"

"Ah, oh okay!" Romilson summoned the unicorn and used the Magician's Hand to place Princess Milda on the back of the unicorn. He then charged straight in the direction of the Scorched Ridge.

Link similarly summoned his Wind Fenrir and stayed by Romilson's side the entire time, keeping his sensors on high alert.

On the other side of the forest, the Assassin stared at the empty plot of land where Link and Romilson once stood dumbfounded. It took him several seconds before he recollected himself and slapped his thighs in agony. Link you truly got me, I still fell for your trick!

Needless to say, the first direction which the High Elf proceeded with was the correct one. The change in direction was definitely something planned by Link. He deliberately chose a twenty-degree turn from the original to give the illusion that they were merely adjusting their direction of travel.

He had gotten information from the Dark Elves that Link's transportation spell had a maximum distance of a mile. It had been four miles since they made a change in direction. As they merely made a slight adjustment of running twenty degrees away from their original trajectory, their displacement would then be only a mile away from their original destination. After a few adjustments in the spell, it would become a perfect distance for Link to cast his Dimensional Jump spell.

Link had managed to use his group transportation spell to once again create a huge time advantage for himself.

"Damn it! I hate this guy!" The Assassin recalled Link's behavior all this while and realized that Link had completely seen through his tactics. This was truly humiliating.

At this moment, he saw his own underlings in front of him. He immediately bellowed, "Follow me; let's intercept them!"

Link had already used the group transportation spell once. He did not believe that Link could cast it again! Even if he could, they would merely be a mile ahead. They could still catch up if they went at top speed.

He was interested in seeing how much Mana Points Link still possessed after the huge battle at Scorched Ridge!

Chapter 254

Thin Line Between Life and Death

Ferde Wilderness

Link looked up at the sky. The moon hung high, casting down silver light and covering the wilderness with a layer of frosty white fog. It was a clear night and was suitable for flying.

"Romilson, don't use the unicorn. Use a flight spell so we can get back quickly," Link said. He was pretty sure the Assassins would try to stop them. If they flew, they could pass over the trouble.

Unexpectedly, Romilson grew awkward. "I don't know how."

"Aren't you a Level-7 Magician? You don't know any flight spells?" Link knitted his brows. This was an awkward situation.

Romilson became more embarrassed. "I don't like being in the air... How about you do it?"

Who would've thought that he was scared of heights?

Link shook his head. "I don't have much Mana left, and one of the enemies is a Level-6 Magician. I need to be ready for any sneak attacks."

He had encountered a Level-6 Hellfire Magic Seal earlier. This meant that the enemy had a very powerful Magician that he must be careful of.

The gears in Link's mind moved, and he suddenly had an idea. Giving up on the original plan of returning to the camp, he steered the Wind Fenrir and started running towards the coastline. "Follow me!"

"To where?" Romilson hurried to catch up.

"There'll be Assassins on the way back. It's not safe," Link said. If it was just the two of

them, Link could battle it out. But now they also had to protect the gravely injured Elf Princess Milda, so he wasn't confident.

Romilson didn't have any other ideas and could only follow Link closely. After a while, he suddenly yelled in panic, "Link, Her Highness can't keep going anymore. What should we do?"

Link turned to glance at Milda. Her pallor was sickly, and her light golden hair had lost luster. Looking closer, he saw that Milda's breathing had become weak. Her Mana aura was extremely chaotic.

Chaotic Mana meant that one's consciousness was slipping and losing control of one's body. Warriors had a similar phenomenon. Many times after a powerful Warrior died, the Battle Aura inside would collapse. Sometimes, it would even cause a Battle Aura tornado.

If this was happening to Milda now, it meant she was on the brink of death. Even if they could return to Scorched Ridge, probably no one would be able to save her.

"Did you bring medicine?" Link asked.

"Yes, but they're useless. Her Highness always has Elf Nectar with her. It's a type of sacred medicine with great detoxification effects. She's already taken it, but it's useless. This poison is too powerful." Romilson's expression was grim; he looked like he was about to cry.

He used to live a peaceful life in the Isle of Dawn but ran into this mess as soon as he arrived in the Norton Kingdom. Now, even his princess was about to die. He was having a complete mental breakdown.

The problem was that even the Elf Nectar was ineffective against this poison. It was a rare feat.

Thinking of something, Link said, "Let me check her injuries."

With that, he activated the Magician's Hand and moved the princess from Romilson's unicorn. This time, Romilson didn't stop Link. He was already a mess and Link, ever so calm, was his last thread of hope.

When Milda reached the Wind Fenrir's back, Link controlled the beast to run

smoothly. He cast a Flash spell for illumination and carefully lifted Milda's eyelids.

The crystal-like eyes had no luster, and the light purple irises had become dark green. Her pupils had dilated and, this was bad news.

Link turned Milda's hand over. He pinched the skin on the back of her hand and studied it closely. He'd seen her hands during the day. At that time, the skin was still smooth and flawless like cream. Now, Link discovered that the skin had darkened. When he pinched and pulled the skin taut, he could see little dark green dots underneath. At a glance, it was like countless little bugs under her skin.

Seeing this, Link had some idea what kind of poison had been on that arrow. He thought, System, I need specific info about the toxin, Gray Blood Poison.

After a while, information on the Gray Blood Poison was displayed in Link's vision.

Gray Blood Poison

Epic Toxin

History: it first appeared in the year 1229 of the Divine Calendar. The first generation blood poison was created by Deans, a disciple of Dark Elf Master Magician Aymons. After countless modifications, it has become a practically incurable poison.

Use: fusing into the victim's blood, the poison destroys the cells along the way. There will be dark blood spots under the victim's skin. Then their organs will begin to dissolve, followed by the muscles. Finally, the victim will be reduced to mostly undamaged skin and a skeleton.

Special circumstances: High Elves severely lack immunity to this poison. Even with a cure, the victim may not be able to survive if they are a High Elf.

Solution 1: Moonlight Potion

Solution 2: Blood purification

(Note: this toxin must be removed as soon as possible. If the organs begin to dissolve, it will become truly incurable.)

Link scanned the information quickly. Having a general idea, he quickly pulled open

Milda's shirt. He pressed down lightly on her chest to test the status of her organs.

Milda's body was now covered in dark and pale patches. There was no beauty to speak of, so Link was not distracted. After a few seconds, he closed Milda's shirt and said, "I have an idea of what poison it is. It can dissolve her organs. I checked, and her organs have some small changes already. She can last for half an hour at most.

"Ah!" Romilson gasped. Staring at Link, he said, "Master Link, you have a solution. You must have a solution, right?"

"Yes, but we have to get rid of the enemies in the way first." Link could already sense the Assassins behind him. They didn't disguise themselves and used their advantageous speed to pursue Link and Romilson.

Now, they were more than 2000 feet away. At their rate, they would be here in five minutes.

Romilson could feel it too. Furious, he yelled, "Those d*mn Assassins! I'm gonna kill them all!"

"No, we can't fight them. The princess won't be able to handle it."

Link calmly considered the situation. Milda was running out of time; her life was hanging by a thread. He must detoxify her immediately!

Romilson was about to cry. He kept looking behind him or to the princess on the Wind Fenrir. His thoughts were a mess, and it would probably affect his casting of spells!

"Relax, Romilson. The princess won't die. I have a way to save her, but you have to do what I say!"

Romilson also realized that he had lost it. Forcing himself to calm down, he nodded. "Okay!"

Sitting on the Fenrir, Link produced some magic materials. He didn't have any Moonlight Potions and didn't know how to make one either, so he couldn't consider the solution.

As for solution two, he needed a blood purifier.

The theory behind blood purifiers was simple. It was basically a precise water purifier with a simple transmutation magic seal on the filter. Then, the Magician must control the magic seal precisely and remove the toxin without damaging the blood cells.

All in all, the Magician must have a very strong enchantment foundation, which Link obviously had.

Link didn't have a blood purifier either, but it wasn't too complicated. He had the materials so he could quickly make a simplified version now.

Without saying anything else, he focused and started making it.

Romilson caught up and asked anxiously, "Where are we going?"

"Don't disturb me! If anyone comes, stop them!" Link had to control the Wind Fenrir and create the blood purifier at the same time without making any mistakes. It was extremely hard.

All hope of saving the princess was on this human Magician. Romilson didn't dare to say anything. He followed Link quietly with a wand in hand. He was ready to attack any Assassin who appeared.

The seconds ticked by. Link could feel the Mana fading from Milda, and she was barely breathing. She was about to die.

Romilson kept an eye on Milda's status too. He was so nervous that it felt like his heart had jumped into his throat. He just wished Link would hurry up!

Around two minutes later, there was a blood purifier made of Mithril in Link's hands. It was shaped like a small heart with an entrance and exit for the blood. The center was an empty atrium the size of a fist. It was crudely made, but he didn't have time to worry about that.

After testing it a few times to confirm that the thing worked, Link lifted Milda's shirt again. He pressed down on her chest and back to discern where the heart was. Then he applied pressure and stabbed the two tubes into Milda's heart from under her armpits.

With the two tubes in her body, Link extended his perception along the blood purifier. Higg's Force Field also extended into it.

The force field changed the tube's shape with minor adjustments. It carefully connected the tubes to the aorta. Certain that there was no error, Link activated the spell on the blood purifier.

The Mithril heart glowed dimly. Then, Link saw viscous black blood get sucked out of Milda's body. It flowed into the blood purifier and flowed back into her body after being purified by the magic seal.

The cycle repeated.

Link carefully controlled the magic seal on the blood purifier. Bit by bit, the Gray Blood Poison was picked out.

This was highly technical work. He needed to ensure the stability of the Mana waves and distinguish the toxin. If he messed up, Milda's blood would be destroyed even if he got rid of the toxin. She would definitely die then.

Link focused entirely on this work to avoid any problems.

After around two minutes, the blood from Milda's body contained some slivers of red, while the purifier grew darker. Milda's breathing also grew heavier.

Success! Link thought in relief.

As an amateur, he had succeeded the first time he performed such a complex heart surgery. He was truly blessed by God.

To be honest, he had been relying entirely on his strong perception as a Magician to feel around. It had been like walking in the dark. He had no clue if he could succeed and just tried his best.

Since there was some effect, he needed to keep it up.

Link continued to operate the blood purifier. He estimated that at this rate, Milda's blood would be completely detoxified in ten minutes. All his focus was on the blood purifier, but he was also worried about the Assassins.

"How's the situation?" he asked Romilson.

Romilson had seen Milda's state. Link was suspect of groping the princess's body, but

she truly had recovered, so Romilson had nothing to say.

To answer Link's question, he quickly reported, "They've caught up. They're only around 400 feet away now."

"Four hundred feet?" Link glanced back. Using the moon for illumination, he saw a dozen black shadows racing towards them. The one at the front was the one who had the Reaper's Gaze dagger.

"I need ten more minutes for the blood purifier. I can't cast spells, so you have to stop them!" Link exclaimed.

"Uh... There are 14 of them. I don't think I can handle it." Romilson didn't dare overestimate his power.

Link continued, "Just do what I say. If you can't follow directions, then just say so."

"What do I say if I can do follow directions?" Romilson asked stupidly.

Link sighed. He was losing patience from dealing with this imbecile. He growled, "If you can what I say, then just do it! What else do you need to say? Do I have to teach you this too?"

"Ah, oh, oh. I get it." Romilson realized immediately that he had asked something stupid.

"Now, cast the Magic Light Spell at the sky! Keep going, don't stop."

This was an illumination spell. It was simple, and Romilson obviously knew how to do it. He didn't know why Link wanted it, but he just followed the order.

Bright balls of light streamed from his wand and rushed into the sky. The formation of white light lit up the area as if it were daytime. No secret attacker could hide in this brightness.

Link looked up at the coastline in the near distance. He adjusted his direction and ran to the beach.

The Assassins behind them were now within 300 feet. Link glanced at the cave on the beach and saw the two familiar eerie green Flames of the Soul inside. Making a

decision, he ran another 600 feet and said, "Now stop and cast a Level-7 offensive spell."

"I need at least three seconds. They're not stupid, and they'll definitely dodge it. Then, it'll be over for us...!" Romilson cried.

"Do what I say!" Link ordered. The High Elf had wasted two seconds with his nonsense.

Romilson jumped in fright. He immediately started casting the spell Thorn Jungle.

Thorn Jungle

Level-7 Master Magician Spell

Cost: 3500 Mana Points

Effect: Rattan thorns created by solidified natural elements form a dense and deadly thorn array within 240 feet of the spell caster.

(Note: this is a semi-supplementary, semi-offensive spell, used mainly to trap the opponent.)

Chapter 255

I Am Truly a Fool

Nightfall, the beach.

The Assassin leader chuckled when he saw Romilson channeling his spell. He then said, "My brothers, retreat further behind; this guy is panicking."

His underlings then erupted into bursts of laughter. They were around 300 feet away from their opponent. Judging from the magic fluctuation around Romilson, it should be a Level-7 spell. Emerald light glittered around him, and he was encased in an elemental brilliance at least six feet in diameter.

However, a spell would be for naught if it could not hit its enemy.

Just to be safe, the Assassins retreated a little further and were prepared to watch the show from the beach.

"To tell the truth, a Magician looks pretty darn scary while they are casting a spell."

"I did not believe people when they said that High Elves are good-looking. But geez, even I am feeling something for this Magician."

"If we manage to kill them, I'll have a shot at taking that good-looking elf for myself. Heh."

As they conversed, Romilson's spell had taken form. With a whooshing sound, a large number of thorn vines appeared from the ground with him as the center. The thorns on these vines were as sharp as daggers, with their tips shaped like hooks. Under the illumination of Romilson's magic aura, the vines looked like snakes slithering in all directions.

In an instant, the area within a 30-foot radius around Romilson was covered in such vines, completely sealing off the only way forward for the Assassins.

At the same time, violent magic fluctuations could be felt.

The Assassin leader frowned slightly as he said, "This spell is slightly troublesome... Not good, it's a sneak attack!"

As he spoke, he could feel imminent danger approaching. He immediately released his Battle Aura, causing a crimson glow to envelop his body. He then immediately moved away from his location, retreating almost 150 feet in an instant.

However, although he could escape this attack, his underlings were not so lucky.

As he spoke, red flaming runes more than 15 feet in diameter appeared on the spot his underlings were standing at.

These runes overlapped one another, forming a complex formation of countless runes. It was also situated at a perfect location, trapping five Assassins at once.

These Assassins who were distracted by the Level-7 spell of the High Elf naturally reacted slowly to this sudden attack. By the time they wanted to dodge, it was too late.

Almost an instant after the runes appeared, an explosion sound rumbled through the beach as a 15-foot thick incandescent pillar of flame rose from the ground. It reached an altitude of 150 feet, consuming the Assassins in the process.

Arrghh! The five Assassins were burned to ashes after only a few screams of despair.

This was the power of a Level-7 spell!

Fortunately, there were eight other Assassins who instinctively retreated in time.

Although they just had a close shave with death, they immediately let down their guard and thought, Lucky I am still alive. However, little did they know that the attack had not yet ended.

Almost immediately, another rune formation appeared at the most precise location once again, accurately predicting the eventual position of the Assassins following their retreat. It engulfed four Assassins this time around. To be exact, it seemed as though the four Assassins stepped into the rune formation of their own accord.

Boom! After another huge flaming pillar eruption, four Assassins uttered the final scream of their lives.

Four Assassins remained.

The four of them exchanged glances and were already terrified. They were prepared to flee and give up on this battle when the rune formation appeared once again.

Boom! With the sound of another explosion, two more Assassins were consumed by the attack. Within a tenth of a second, another spell erupted, taking the lives of the last two Assassins.

Apart from the Assassin leader, the rest of his underlings were completely annihilated.

Although the process might seem long, the entire duration of this spell was less than a second.

Within a second, four separate rune formations appeared in the area around the Assassins. Four consecutive flaming pillars then erupted from the ground and consumed all the Assassins in the process.

These four incandescent flaming pillars formed a complete Level-7 spell.

"Level-7 spell! Instantaneous spellcasting speed as well!" The Assassin leader was horrified. He knew that his opponents must have gotten some backup and immediately thought of retreating. He then released his Battle Aura as he turned in the opposite direction.

"Won't you stay?" A voice rang from the shadows of the forest followed by a beam of emerald light.

It was the Level-6 spell, Metal Decay.

Spells that were light based in nature traveled extremely fast. In the darkness, one could see a beam of light flashing through the air, charging straight towards the heart of the Assassin leader.

However, the Assassin leader was experienced as well. He released a huge amount of Battle Aura in the last moment and managed to escape to one side.

This was not to say that the Assassin leader was faster than the spell. He merely predicted his opponent's attack beforehand. When a Magician cast a spell, he would first have to determine the position where he wanted his attack to land. The spell

would then take time to travel to that location. All these processes took time.

In the eyes of other professions, this time was called the "Golden Period."

Different types of spells had different Golden Periods as well. The length could be as long as half a second. For example, Link's whistle needed to travel through the air before reaching its target. In that time, an experienced Warrior could easily erect his defenses. Of course, the practicality of the defense then depended on the Warrior's judgment and skills.

Short Golden Periods could be only around ten microseconds long. Within these spells, the light-based spells were known for having extremely short Golden Periods. Most of these spells had a foundational Golden Period of not more than 100 microseconds long. If the Magician was an experienced one, he could even shorten it to under ten microseconds.

With a buzzing sound, the Metal Decay beam shot across the Assassin's arm and left a charred mark on his hand. It then hit the ground, causing a pile of rotten mud more than nine feet in diameter to appear immediately.

The Assassin leader had succeeded in avoiding the attack.

However, the Metal Decay attack was not completed. This spell was similar to the fire pillars previously and was made to fire in bursts.

After the first beam, three consecutive beams emerged from the shadows. Each of these beams had been carefully adjusted to aim at the Assassin leader's fatal spots.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Three beams of light flashed across the atmosphere. The Assassin leader also changed his stance three consecutive times in an instant, escaping these deadly beams one by one.

His speed was outrageous. From other's perspective, his body seemed to have split into multiple images in that instant. Every beam seemed to pass through the image but was just so close to hitting his real self.

The attack ended after a second with all four beams landing onto the ground. All the images of the Assassin leader then converged into a tangible body. He then immediately headed in the opposite direction. He was running for his life!

"You stay!" Romilson was the one shouting this time around.

The unexpected support was a huge confidence booster for him. He had already canceled his Thorn Vine spell. When the Assassin leader was busy dealing with the spells coming from the shadows, Romilson skillfully manipulated his unicorn and charged straight at the Assassin.

As the Assassin leader was about to flee, he raised his wand and pointed it towards the Assassin leader before shouting, "Poison Thorn Vines!"

Whoosh! A series of noises sounded from the ground as countless magic vines sprung up towards the Assassin. Boom! Boom! the vines appeared one after another, charging towards the Assassin leader in all directions.

However, this Assassin leader had just escaped a light-based spell. These vines would be a piece of cake compared to the close shave with death he just encountered. He skillfully dodged left and right, escaping Romilson's attacks while showcasing a beautiful dance. Romilson could not seem to land a hit.

"Damn it! How can he be so fast!?" Romilson was terrified. He felt as though he was punching the air when the enemy was right in front of him.

However, his attack was not useless. It had successfully trapped the Assassin leader in his location and gave the figure in the shadows enough time to cast a spell.

"Flame Blast!" The figure in the darkness used a standard fire-elemental spell.

An incandescent fireball charged towards the Assassin leader. Although it was a Level-4 spell, the destructive force of this spell was terrifying. If the Assassin leader was engulfed by these flames, he would be heavily injured and most probably done in by the next few follow-up spells.

The attacking range of this spell was huge as well. After the explosion, the area within a 90-foot radius of the point of the explosion would be engulfed in flames; there would be no place for the Assassin leader to hide.

In an instant, Romilson felt a sense of relief as he thought that this battle was settled.

However, at the moment, Link's voice sounded, "Fool! Get back!"

"Back? Why?" Romilson had not reacted to the situation.

The next moment, he felt his heart palpitating at an insane rate, as though he had been targeted by an ancient ferocious beast. It was an intense feeling. More importantly, although he felt this dangerous premonition, he had no idea where the danger would strike.

In his state of panic, he could only follow Link's instructions and give up on his Poison Thorn Vine spell and ran back with his unicorn mount.

But he was too late.

The next instant, he heard a huge explosion behind him. It was the Flame Blast spell. Following which, Romilson realized that the Assassin leader had disappeared.

"Where is he? Where did he go?" Romilson instinctively cast a defensive spell on himself.

Before the defensive spell was completed, he suddenly heard the sound of howling winds. Following which, he saw a dark figure beside him. It was the Assassin leader who was just getting cornered a moment ago!

How can he be so fast? Romilson was horrified.

The Assassin leader smiled cruelly as he raised his dagger and plunged it straight towards his heart. The speed of this attack was outrageous.

It's over! I won't be in time!

Romilson knew that he would not have the time to complete his defensive spell. In fact, the emotional fluctuation that he was going through had already undone whatever progress he had made in casting the spell.

As the dagger was about to pierce through his skin, Romilson felt his body tremble at the very last moment. He then noticed that a faint crimson glow was enveloping his body. He then took a look at the Assassin leader and realized that the speed at which the dagger was reaching his heart had slowed down significantly. Furthermore, within this red glow, the black leather armor on the Assassin leader's body began to burn.

Link cast a defensive spell on me! Romilson finally reacted to the situation. He felt as

though he was just pulled back from the brink of death.

The Assassin leader decisively gave up on his assault after this delay and retreated a total of 30 feet in a single leap. After 30 feet, a dark crimson miasma could be seen enveloping his body.

Whoosh! An emerald light beam pierced this crimson miasma and almost dissipated it.

However, after the miasma dissipated, the Assassin leader was nowhere to be seen. He seemed to have disappeared into thin air.

"Where is he?" Romilson could not wrap his head around this situation.

"That was a Battle Aura illusion. His real self was concealed under some sort of stealth spell," Link explained. It was a shame that he had to concentrate on curing Milda. If not, the Assassin Leader would have been a corpse by now.

"I am here. You fool!" A voice emerged from afar.

Romilson stared in the direction of the voice and saw that several hundred feet away, the Assassin leader was waving to him. This guy was laughing hysterically and suddenly turned his body around. He then accelerated and disappeared into the darkness.

He was gone. Two Level-7 Magicians were unable to stop him. If not for Link's intervention at the end, Romilson would already be dead.

Romilson was devastated at this result. He then thought back on his immature ravings and felt his face turn hot. He almost wanted to find a hole in the ground and bury his head in it.

He remembered that his mentor had told him before he left the Isle of Dawn, "You are now an official Magician. However, you are still not fit for combat. You must be extra careful when you go to the Norton Kingdom."

He thought nothing about it then. This was because the strongest Magician in the entire Norton Kingdom was Dean Anthony, who was merely a Level-7 Magician like him. How dangerous could such an undeveloped place be?

But now he totally understood the teachings of his mentor. His path of magic had just begun. As Link and this Assassin leader had said, in a real battle, he was nothing but a fool!

This was truly a painful realization.

Chapter 256

And Then, a Demon King Will Appear

High Elf Romilson stood dazedly on the beach.

From the corner of his vision, he saw the black-robed Magician leave quietly. He did not know who that Magician was or why he would help them. He'd even sensed a dark aura from the Magician's magic, but Romilson didn't want to stop him.

No matter who he was, he had saved them and that was a fact. Romilson knew he wasn't a match for the Magician either.

The sea breeze blew by, and the crashing of waves traveled to his ears constantly. He stood for a good ten minutes before he finally recovered and went back to Link's side.

Link was sitting on the beach now. Princess Milda was still leaning in his arms. Her clothing was a bit disorderly with two Mithril tubes reached inside her collar. There was a thin aura of blood coming from her.

"How is she?" Romilson asked. He could see that the princess was much better. Her breathing was more stable, and the darkness of her pallor had faded to nothing.

Link was still focused on detoxifying and nodded when he heard Romilson. "Not optimistic."

Romilson's heart clenched. Seeing Link's state, he didn't dare disturb him and just waited patiently.

After another ten minutes, Link's finger moved. He said, "The purification is mostly done, but Her Highness's body is greatly damaged. It's hard to say... Come, help me hold this."

Romilson hurried over. He knelt down in the sand and held the crude yet effective Mithril blood purifier with both hands.

With his hands free, Link started casting the Higgs Force Field. He connected the

entrance and exit tubes with a click. Then, he twisted the dirty filter off.

Romilson pointed at the Mithril tube still connected to the princess's body and asked, "What about this?"

"The Mithril tube is connected to Her Highness's artery. Without a priest, the wound won't be able to heal promptly, so I can't take it out for now. Hold it, and I'll anchor it on her ribs with a cloth."

With that, Link pulled out a clean shirt from his dimensional storage gear and tore out a few strips. He lifted Milda's shirt and tied the tube tightly.

After detoxifying, Milda's skin was different. It was dazzling white with pinkish breasts. Romilson quickly looked away. Link moved as fast as possible too. He anchored the tube tightly and made sure it wouldn't move and damage Milda's artery. Then, he quickly pulled her shirt down.

"Done. Do you have Elf Nectar?" Link asked.

"Yes, yes, yes, I have a bottle," Romilson answered quickly.

"Good. Feed it to Her Highness to replenish her fading vitality."

"Okay, okay," Romilson answered. He pulled out a beautiful crystal bottle filled with purplish emerald liquid.

Link lightly pinched Milda's chin and throat. Her mouth opened subconsciously, and Romilson carefully poured the Elf Nectar in.

Milda was still unconscious and couldn't swallow. During this process, Link used the Magician's Hand to close her windpipe.

After a full five minutes, the mere 50-milliliter bottle of Elf Nectar dripped into Milda's stomach. Romilson was covered in sweat when they finished.

The Elf Nectar was definitely powerful. Without the Gray Blood Poison's restrictions, it was fully effective. Milda's pallor recovered visibly; her breathing became stronger as well.

Link opened Milda's eyes and saw that the pupils were pale purple again. He used the

Flash Spell and the pupils restricted immediately. This meant it responded to the light.

Fully relieved, Link said, "Good, she won't die. However, she'll be very weak for a long time."

Romilson wiped the sweat from his forehead and sighed. He mumbled, "As long as she's alive, as long as she's alive."

It was okay if she was weak. The High Elves had tons of ways to restore her health.

Link cast the Levitation spell on Milda again and helped her up with the Magician's Hand. He said, "Summon your unicorn. Let's go back to Scorched Ridge."

"Okay, no problem." Romilson obeyed Link's orders without any temper.

He summoned his unicorn and used the Magician's Hand to gently place Milda on the beast's back. Link also summoned his Wind Fenrir and they started back.

After 300 feet, Link turned back. He saw Vance in the shadow by the beach and smiled. Subtly, he made some complex hand gestures to the Lich, saying, Thanks, I'll come find you after I settle these matters.

Vance reached out his skeletal hand and gestured that he understood. Then, he retreated and disappeared into the shadows.

Nothing happened on the way back. The two men reached Scorched Ridge without any obstacles.

In the camp, the corpses all over the ground had been gathered. Occasionally, there were sniffles and cries but the fire was put out, and order was reinstated.

Seeing Link return, Jacker welcomed him. "Lord."

Link nodded. "Good job, but there's something else."

"Please tell me."

Link pulled out his wand and a sheepskin parchment. He pointed the wand at the parchment and activated a Level-1 Magic Image.

A few seconds later, a clear image of the lead Assassin appeared on the parchment. His two daggers were especially detailed, practically identical to the original. Link then used the Copy Spell to write down the leader's specific characteristics, going into more detail about his weapon. He even wrote down the special effects.

In the end, Link gave Jacker the parchment. "He is the culprit who attacked the territory—a powerful Level-7 Assassin. Release an announcement that he's wanted. Those who can provide accurate information will be rewarded 100 gold. Anyone who can kill him will get 10,000 gold! One of his weapons is 20,000 gold!"

Jacker gasped. "Lord, isn't that too much?"

This would be the highest reward money in the history of Firuman.

"It's not too much. Anyone who can kill this Assassin is worth the money." Link saw that Jacker had more to say and waved his hand. "Don't. I've already decided."

He had an idea of what had happened. The Syndicate of the South and the Dark Elves of the North had schemed together against his territory.

It was a very good move. They'd publicly declared war on him. However, both the Syndicate and the Dark Elves seemed to have forgotten that the world was not so simple. The Syndicate did not own the South either.

There would always be a powerful solo Warrior; there would always be powerful mercenaries. If he provided an extremely high reward, someone would do everything for the money.

Seeing Link like that, Jacker remembered that they'd discovered a clay mine in the territory and had more money than they could spend. He had no need to argue anymore and nodded. "I'll do it this instant."

Link nodded. He turned to Romilson and said, "Let's go find a priest."

Scorched Ridge may be small, but it had everything. There was already a small church with a mid-level priest.

When they arrived at the church, the priest saw that it was the Lord and the patient was the High Elf Princess so he naturally worked as hard as he could. Half an hour later, Milda's outer wounds were mostly healed. The Mithril tube was removed as well.

Afterwards, Romilson took Milda to rest. This was the High Elves' business, so Link didn't bother them after arranging their lodging and guards.

Rather than going to rest himself, he started taking care of the other matters. He worked deep into the night until two in the morning. Finally, everything was settled, and peace started settling in Scorched Ridge again.

...

Huff, huff. A black shadow sprinted across Ferde Wilderness, not stopping until he had run ten miles. He panted heavily.

It was the lead Assassin who had escaped earlier.

The previous battles seemed easy, but actually, he had always been hanging by a thread. He had used all his might in every second.

After a short rest, he heard something beside him but didn't sense any danger. Looking up, he saw the Dark Elf Magician.

"Here for the show?" He was a bit angered. He wouldn't have lost if this Magician hadn't helped earlier.

"You must be blaming me, right?" the Magician chuckled.

The Assassin was furious. "Humph, you're still laughing now?"

The Magician sighed. "It's great news that you escaped alive. Of course I should laugh."

The Assassin huffed. "But if you helped, my men would still be alive. We could've killed the High Elf Princess too!"

The Dark Elf Magician shook his head. "No, you're wrong. If I joined, we might've been able to kill the High Elf Princess, but then Link would've been freed too. Then you would realize that you're faced with a Demon King. We would've died in that wilderness."

The leader winced—he hadn't thought about this. He was only thinking of killing the princess and didn't consider Link's potential revenge afterward.

During the fight, Link seemed to have been treating the princess the entire time. Despite that, he was still able to easily stop the fatal attacks. The Assassin thought of Link's track record he'd heard rumors of. If Link had fought freely... The Assassin shuddered. He truly had been careless.

When he snapped out of it, the Dark Magician continued, "I'm here to remind you that Link will definitely take revenge when he returns. If I were him, I'd announce a great reward to catch you. For example, 5000 gold for your head. How many people do you think would go crazy for that?"

The Assassin paled. Trying to stay strong, he said, "Let me see who dares to accept the challenge. I'll kill anyone who comes!"

"What if they come in tens or hundreds?"

The Assassin gulped. He sighed and said to the Dark Elf, "Thanks for the reminder. I'll go hide now."

With that, he started flying to the South without stop.

Seeing the Assassin disappear into the dark night, the Dark Elf Magician sighed. "The mission still failed. That Link is so difficult."

He had to return to the North promptly as well. The Dark Serpent did not have much more time left in Firuman. The victor of the northern war must be decided.

Chapter 257

It's a Shame You Are Not a High Elf

Ferde Wilderness

These few days, news about the Ferde Wilderness spread around like wildfire. The most popular one was not the one regarding the ambush, but rather, the outrageous compensation the Lord of the Ferde Wilderness was offering!

The head of the Assassin was worth 10000 gold coins while his weapon was worth a whopping 20000 gold coins. This news was like a red-hot iron being thrown into a bucket of cold water. It exploded and splattered across the Norton Kingdom swiftly, reaching the ears of even the most elusive people.

A huge crowd gathered in front of the bulletin board outside Scorched Ridge every day, commenting on the rewards.

"It would be a wonder if the Assassin can stay alive after this declaration. I will feel safe staying in this place."

"I bet there will be someone sending his head over in a month's time."

"One month is way too long; half a month is more than sufficient!"

"If I had any battling skills, I would definitely hunt him down as well."

These discussions happened every moment throughout the day. Anyone who set foot on the territory would first and foremost be attracted by this notice. The residents of the Scorched Ridge prided themselves on this aspect of their land.

This also greatly reduced the negative implications the ambush had on the reputation of the territory. However, it was still the truth that the territory was ambushed by an enemy. Such a thing must not happen again.

The day after the ambush, Gildern rigorously sieved out the Syndicate spies from the mercenary band. The Magicians also doubled the construction speed of the Mage

Tower. High Elf Romilson also joined the team to facilitate the process.

In return, Link also increased the commission for the Magicians.

Under the efforts of the Magicians, the Mage Tower seemed to have a new look every day. With this speed, the Mage Tower should be completed in half a month's time.

As for Link, he dedicated two hours a day to deal with the administrative things regarding his territory. He then spent the rest of his time experimenting with magic, especially the theories regarding the construction of a magic puppet.

The third day after the ambush, Link was studying theories regarding magic puppet construction in the top level of the administrative building as usual.

These few days, he delved deeper into the theories written in *The Heart of the Puppet* and Vance's *Theory of Magic Puppet*. After combining the wisdom from both books, a magic puppet theory unique to his own understanding was slowly forming in his mind.

But it still wasn't enough.

"I don't have enough relevant books regarding this field. If I am able to read more theories regarding magic puppets and extract the essence of their theories, that would be great."

The wisdom of the predecessors was necessary in order to attain greater heights. Link was now eager to attain this wisdom. Unfortunately, the magic foundation of the human race was way too weak. Link was already at the peak of knowledge and strength in the human race, only second to Magician Bryant.

Link then heard someone knocking at the door.

Link frowned as he checked the time. It was two o'clock in the afternoon. He had instructed his servants to let no one disturb him during this period. What happened?

"Is there something wrong?"

"Sir, Princess Milda is awake and wishes to see you." The voice of a young girl sounded outside the door. Link remembered this voice. It belonged to a female servant which he specially assigned to Milda.

It was his duty to pay Milda a visit when she woke up. Link then put away his magic book and opened the door before saying, "Let's go."

The princess had to be given special treatment everywhere she went. Princess Milda lived in the only house built from stone in the entire territory. This was a house which Link commissioned the Magicians to build just for the purpose of Milda's visit. It was a two-story villa and had a large balcony and a small garden.

Link passed through the small garden that was built in a rush and entered the villa before finally reaching the bedroom on the second floor. In the bedroom, Milda leaned her back against the bed frame as a servant carefully fed her meat soup.

As she saw Link walking into the room, she smiled and pointed to the chair not far away from the bed, whispering, "Sit."

Link sat down and observed Milda's face. As compared to the first day when he saw her, she still appeared pale, and her eyes were dim and lifeless. She wore plain white pajamas and let loose her golden brown hair. Without the overwhelming presence of a High Elf Princess, she looked more like a girl next door. Of course, the features of this girl next door were too delicate and gorgeous to be true.

"I have some things I wish to speak with Lord Link alone." Milda waved her hands at the two servants who bowed slightly before leaving the room and closing the door behind them.

Silence took over the room for a few seconds before Link said out of courtesy, "I'm glad to see the princess in good health."

To his surprise, the moment he said those words, Milda chuckled and said, "Are you truly glad? Link, I actually woke up way earlier this morning. Romilson had already told me the whole story. I'm afraid that in your eyes, I am merely a princess whom you can let go anytime you want."

Link lifted his head to look at Milda in shock. He realized that she was also staring right at him, her pair of amethyst eyes shining with sarcasm.

Link was also not surprised by those words. When he made that choice, he had also predicted that this would happen. He did not make any excuses for himself, but merely changed the topic of the conversation, "Your Highness, your reason for summoning me is?"

Princess Milda sighed helplessly upon seeing his reaction.

She had complicated feelings towards this Magician. She had great respect for his magic talent and was grateful to him for saving her life. However, she was also depressed at his previous choice, although she could totally understand his perspective as the princess of the High Elf race. Her political education from young had informed her that Link's decision was the correct one. If she were in charge of the situation, she would have done the same. Though, she would never have accomplished it nearly as perfect as Link did.

"I apologize for my actions that night. I should not have suspected you." In the end, Milda said an unexpected line.

Link then looked at Milda in shock. From her reaction that day, he thought Milda was just like Romilson, merely a fledgling young Magician who had no experience in dealing with issues. Her sarcasm just moments ago further confirmed his suspicions. However, her sudden apology had reversed Link's negative impression of her.

She seems to be slightly more mature than that brat Romilson. Link had a slightly better impression of Milda now.

"You don't have to apologize. If I had encountered such a situation, I would not have trusted the other party as well," Link said.

"Indeed, but you never would have left in a fit like I did." Milda had a self-loathing expression when she said this. "If you had encountered the same situation, you would not reveal any signs of dissatisfaction or distrust. You would even show support for the other party. If it was a misunderstanding, the other part would be grateful for your trust, and even if the other party had indeed dabbled in dark magic, your trust and support would have won you a good reputation. Others would then recognize your character, am I right?"

Link thought for a moment before nodding.

If he was really caught up in that situation, he would settle it as per what Milda had said.

It might seem silly to trust someone unconditionally. However, this was actually a smart investment. As long as one invested enough in self-protection and strategized carefully, they would become the ultimate winner in this exchange.

Using this strategy would gain you more loyal allies the further you down the road of power.

On the contrary, Milda's actions looked shrewd and applaudable at first glance. However, if she continued on this path, her allies would slowly reduce in size, and she would eventually be left alone.

The difference between these two choices laid in the magnanimity of the person.

After a long sigh, Milda's said with a depressed expression, "You are not like me. Not only did I offend you, I even caused Latour to lose his life. Even I almost died in that incident. I feel horrible looking back at my actions."

It was impossible for Link to reply to this statement!

After some thought, he could only comfort, "Everyone makes mistakes. It will be fine as long as we change for the better."

Milda laughed as she said, "Look, you always make the best choice. When you first entered this room, I was enraged at your decision and could not help but ridicule you with my sarcastic tone despite the fact that I knew it was wrong. However, you did nothing as such. You still saved me in the end even though I suspected you. You comforted me even when I was rude to you just moments ago. I am extremely curious. Don't you have any emotions at all?"

Link frowned. He did not wish to be talking about such superfluous things with Milda. He then said, "Your Highness, did you call me in here just to say all this..."

He nearly said the word "nonsense" before he stopped himself.

Milda's smile grew even brighter upon seeing his expression, "It seems like you still have emotions. You are just not going to hold it against a young and inexperienced girl like me. Alright then, I will stop spouting nonsense. This is what I want to say. I feel that you are a reliable ally worthy of the strong support of the High Elves."

Link raised his eyebrows. This was a result he did not expect.

"You are surprised, yes?"

"It was truly something I didn't expect." Link was surprised at the sudden maturity of

this young girl.

Milda then said softly, "My mother once said to me that if the High Elves wished to stay strong forever, we would need a reliable ally. A true reliable ally is not one who stays loyal to you indefinitely, as those people simply do not exist. Reliable allies are those that can benefit from a mutual cooperation and have a common interest. This is the only way a cooperation can last long. You are the person I am looking for."

Cooperation between races had never been a one-sided connection or a highly-imbalanced exchange. Even if it existed, there was bound to be suspicion and fury after some time.

Link then nodded as he commended, "Your mother is truly wise."

As Link brought up her mother, Milda's face lit up with pride. She continued, "You are a perfect Magician. I heard that you have been studying magic most of the time during the day?"

"Indeed."

Milda then laughed as she said, "I will put this bluntly. While the human race does have some interesting magic, the magic you have in general is still crass and vulgar. You guys don't even possess a complete Level-8 magic book. Even if you have exceptional magic talent, you can at most reach Level-7 in strength."

Link felt that something huge was happening and he straightened his body to look at Milda.

Milda stared at him as she straightened her body and curled her lips slightly before saying, "Hence, I invite you for a trip to the Isle of Dawn. We have a magic library on the island which contains the magic knowledge my race has accumulated throughout the years. When you are free, you can stay there for around... three months."

Link was truly touched by this offer. His eyes lit up as he bowed to Milda respectfully before saying, "I am extremely honored."

Milda then took out another magic book named Freedom and Puppet. This is a book written by the Legendary Magician of our race, Rafael. It is a book regarding the workings of the magic puppet. You might need it."

Link was elated and immediately flipped open the book as he received it. After merely a few pages, he felt that the book was filled with undiscovered knowledge he had never imagined possible. However, he also had a question.

"Your Highness, why do you have so many magic books with you?"

Milda then smiled as she said, "I actually brought a mini library with me. I have many copies of famous magic books back on the Isle of Dawn."

Link was extremely envious of Milda's accessibility to knowledge. The High Elves were truly a race that built their foundation on magic. Not only did they possess a vast amount of magical knowledge, but they also possessed a lot more magic books than the human race.

Milda could not help but chuckle at Link's expression, as she said, "Link, it is such a waste that you are not a High Elf. If not, you would definitely become one of the greatest Magicians in the history of our race."

Link merely dismissed her last sentence as it was impossible for him to ever become a High Elf. He was already eager to delve into the mysteries of the magic book he just received. After asking Milda to take good care of her body, he was prepared to leave immediately and go back to his study room.

Milda then added, "I have at least ten more books regarding magic puppets over here. You can exchange it with me after you are done with that one. The information regarding the Divine Gear has already been passed on to Isle of Dawn by a messenger. I will be staying here to recuperate for some time."

Link once again thanked her for her generosity before hurrying away.

Milda then got down from her bed and walked to the window beside her bed, keeping her gaze on Link until he was no longer in sight.

She sighed once again, "What a waste that you are not a High Elf."

Chapter 258

Potentially an Unbeatable Monster

After receiving a new magic book, Link was like fish in water. For the next few days, he spent almost all his time on the book Freedom and the Puppet. He practically forgot to sleep and eat.

Celine was unrestricted and could disturb him while he was studying magic spells, but he closed his door to everyone else.

The morning three days later, Link had flipped to the last page. He had pretty much figured out the entire book.

"This is such fine and flawless wisdom, but there's not enough," Link sighed sadly. He picked up the book, ready to look for Milda and exchange for another one.

He was completely obsessed with the puppet theory. After finishing this one, he had his eyes on the other nine books Milda had. If he didn't read them, he would feel something missing from him.

Just as he went to open the door, someone knocked on it. Tuk tuk, tuk tuk. The rhythmic tapping meant that it was Celine.

Link walked quickly and opened the door. He was in a good mood; seeing Celine's lovely face, his mood became even better. Smiling, he said, "My dear, how can I help you?"

It was the first time Link used such an affectionate term. Surprised, Celine blushed and whined, "Go away. I'm not your dear." She looked inside the room. Seeing that the book wasn't on the table, she asked, "Are you busy now?"

"I'm free." Link moved to the side with a smile, letting Celine in.

Once inside, Celine took out her basic wand and said, "For some reason, my power is increasing faster and faster."

With that, there was a Mana influx in her wand. It merely rushed in without constructing any Mana structures, but Link was affected by it. He was shaken.

Wow, it's only been one week, and her power has doubled, Link thought, amazed. Soul Dominator bloodlines were truly powerful.

Seeing Link's surprise, Celine was a bit proud. She giggled and said, "That's not it. My premonitions are getting stronger too. Instead of long-term premonitions, they're short-term, like some really weird gut feeling. Like just now, I was outside and thought that you would be free, so I knocked on the door."

"Huh?" This ability was curious. Link couldn't figure it out, but after thinking for a bit, he pulled out a gold coin. He said, "I'll toss it and guess heads or tails."

"Heads." Celine's answer was definite.

Link tossed the coin, and it fell to the ground half a second later. It rolled and landed heads up. It may have been lucky so Link tried again and again. He tried ten times, and Celine was guessed correctly each time without any hesitation.

This was probably a short-term predictive ability, and she was completely accurate too. The ability was very powerful. However, since it was short-term, there should be a time limit.

Link tried something else, still using the coin. "This time, I'll toss it five seconds after you guess. Try it."

But Celine shook her head. "I can't. There's no feeling."

"Just guess."

"Then tails."

Link waited five seconds and tossed. The coin dropped onto the table with a clink, spun, and landed heads up. He tried this ten times again, but Celine was only right four times. Her rate was about 50-50, just like the average man.

Link reduced the time, going from four seconds to three, then two. Finally, Celine's feeling came back at 1.5 seconds. Her accuracy shot up to 100%.

This meant that she could guess anything that would happen within 1.5 seconds with almost 100% accuracy. Of course, guessing heads or tails was simple. If it was a more complex matter, the time might decrease further.

Link tried other tests. In the end, he concluded that Celine could choose correctly between two options if the time frame was 1.5 seconds. If there were more choices, such as three, four, or even ten, the time frame went from 1.5 seconds to around 0.5 seconds. More complicated guesses were still maintained at 0.5 seconds.

This meant that Celine could accurately predict anything that happened within 0.5 seconds.

Half a second was short, and she couldn't do much to change the big picture. However, if one had this ability in a fight, one's combat power would at least double. If trained well, Celine could become an unbeatable monster.

"Awesome! Awesome!" Link praised repeatedly. He spun Celine in the air and then studied her as if looking at a rare treasure.

A little shy, Celine said awkwardly, "Actually, there's something else."

"Tell me," Link said.

"I don't have any power now, and it feels weird."

"Would you like to learn magic with me?" Link's eyes brightened even more. A Magician with short-term predictive abilities would honestly be unbeatable in battle. If he could have this ability, he would be invincible.

Celine shook her head furiously. "No, no. I have Mana talent, and I can learn some basic spells, but when I look at advanced books, my head hurts. I think I'm better as a Warrior or something but definitely not a Magician."

Link was disappointed, but he understood Celine's interests. He knew she wasn't suitable for learning magic. Pondering, he asked, "Do you have any thoughts?"

Celine furrowed her brows. "I... I haven't thought much, but I don't want to be like now. When the Assassins attacked, I could only stand to the side. I couldn't help you and had to be protected. I don't like this feeling at all."

"Oh, then you think over it, and I'll help you think too." Link started wondering what Celine should do.

It should be a professional that was safe and didn't require killing people directly. It had to take advantage of Celine's talent as well. It would be best if she could develop combat power quickly without needing any difficult training.

This was a lot of requirements. Link racked his mind, and suddenly, an idea popped up. "The Yabba race has a type of Magic Pistol. It's really destructive, and I've seen it before. The structure isn't that difficult, so I can make one. How about I make you a Magic Pistol?"

Celine thought it over, and her eyes brightened. Her blushed cheeks were so cute. "That's a great idea. Please help me make a Magic Pistol. It has to be accurate and powerful."

"It's on me! You'll definitely be satisfied," Link promised.

Link wouldn't dare brag about other weapons, but for pistols, he could use memories from earth for reference. There were a bunch of enchantments he could use too. If he couldn't make something incredibly awesome with all that, he should just jump off a cliff.

Celine smiled brightly. Link's enchantments were renowned throughout Firuman. Since he promised, this Magic Pistol would definitely be powerful.

Actually, ever since the Storm Lord sealed the demonic power in Celine's body, her personality became brighter, and she loved to smile. Whenever she smiled, her eyes would turn into crescents. Her lips were pink and plump, bright and beautiful. Seeing it, Link became happy. He couldn't stop himself from pulling Celine into a hug.

Celine froze. At first, she was tense, but she quickly softened. She didn't protest, but her face was as red as a tomato. The two hugged quietly, enjoying the sweet serenity.

After a long while, Link unwillingly let go. Smiling, he said, "I'm going to find Princess Milda for another book. Your Magic Pistol... How about three days? I'll find time these three days to make it."

Celine shook her head. "No need to hurry. Wait until you're free to do it. I need to start working out again too."

Hearing this, Link suddenly thought of the Epic Battle Art he had taught Jacker and the others. Hitting his forehead, he said, "Your body leans more toward the water element. I have an Epic Battle Art for the water element. Take it to practice but don't work too hard."

Celine giggled. "I was waiting for that. Give me the Battle Art!"

Link placed the book in her cream-colored hands. They shared another moment, and then Link kissed Celine's forehead before leaving. As for the Magic Pistol, he decided to start on it as soon as he exchanged the book!

When he reached the stone house, Link saw Milda working in the small garden. She had recovered well. She was still weak but could do some light physical work. Planting flowers and such helped her recover even faster.

She saw Link and took off her dirty gloves. Smiling, she asked, "What, you finished the book?"

"Indeed." Link returned Freedom and the Puppet to Milda. "I want to get another one."

Milda was straightforward. She took out a book with a purple cover. The title was One Hundred Twenty-Nine Ways to Connect Joints. Rather than a theory book, this was an explanation of specific techniques. Link accepted it, thanked her profusely, and turned to leave.

"Hey, not so fast," Milda called out.

"How can I help you?" Link's attention was already on the new book.

Seeing him like this, Milda sighed. She asked, "I heard you accepted a disciple called Rylai?"

Link smacked his forehead. He had been so busy these days that he practically forgot about Rylai. He was honestly an irresponsible teacher. "Indeed," Link admitted, a bit guilty.

Milda shook her head. "Oh, you're really wasting her high talent. She spends all her days frolicking with the Wind Tiger. I see that you're too busy while I have nothing to do so why don't you let her study with me?"

This was great news. Link quickly agreed.

"Okay, go do what you need. I'll tell her myself."

Link left quickly, unwilling to waste any time. Looking at his back, Milda shook her head again.

"No wonder he's accomplished. He's obsessed with learning."

On the other hand, Link had forgotten all about Milda. When he returned to the cabin, he flipped through the new book and scanned it roughly. Then he took out papers and pens to sketch the blueprint of the Magic Pistol.

This was for Celine. He had to do his best!

Chapter 259

A Huge Fire Gun for The Beloved

In the World of Firuman, the small built Yabbas were known to be extremely adept in their handicrafts. They were the experts at engineering, and amongst their many ingenuity, the magic pistol was one of their greatest inventions.

Although they would strictly be categorized under the gun category as well, the construction of a magic pistol was ten times more complex than a normal gun on earth. Naturally, the firepower of the magic gun also put the gun on earth to shame.

Link had already reached a level of his own in the area of enchanting magic. He was undoubtedly the best within the human race when it came to enchanting. Even Master Enchanter Weissmuller in East Cove Higher Magic Academy could not compare.

He would naturally have no problem crafting a magic pistol.

After thinking for a moment, he had a rough idea in his mind and began sketching the blueprint for the magic gun.

This magic pistol needed to have strong firepower and simple controls. It should also be reliable and should not fail under any environment or circumstances. Most importantly, it must be safe for use.

These were all basic requirements for the magic pistol. Link then tried to recall the appearance of those powerful sniper rifles on earth as he sketched the first blueprint.

The first step of the process was simple enough; Link completed it within ten minutes. Following which, he then started revising his blueprint according to the magic principles in the World of Firuman.

Although Celine has a dimensional pendant, it is not really safe to put a weapon inside it. It would be a tragedy if the dimension collapses with the weapon still in it. Hence, this pistol will have to be portable. It must be small in size, meaning that the barrel has to be short. If I want to maintain the firepower while reducing the length of the barrel, I will have to improve the fire elemental pressure within the barrel... This way,

the material requirements for the pistol will be pretty high.

Link had planned to create a magic pistol that could forcefully blast its way through a Level-6 defensive spell. This way, it would even be possible to blast through a Level-7 defensive spell if coupled with a special type of anti-magic bullets.

He would need an extremely strong barrel to withstand such tremendous firepower. Link then recalled the materials he had in his storage and finally wrote a note on the side of his blueprint: **Mysteria Gold**

Mysteria Gold

Epic Quality

Effect: Incredible strength and can withstand high temperatures. Has near perfect resistance to magic and performs well as a vessel for magic runes.

(Note: This metal is made using transformation magic and is extremely valuable.)

Vance had three blocks of **Mysteria Gold** in his storage. They totaled 15 pounds, and they were so rare that their price on the market could not even be estimated. It was more than enough to create just a single barrel.

The barrel is the first step. The rune formation on the pistol is the second step. It must be made using a reliable material. This material also cannot conflict with the properties of the **Mysteria Gold**. What should I use?

After a few minutes, Link then wrote down another main material on the blueprint: **Shattered Star Thorium**

Shattered Star Thorium

Epic Quality

Effect: An extremely powerful magic conductor. It is the perfect neutral material.

This was a metal that was of the same grade as **Fire Star Thorium**. On the Hot Springs City market, one gram of **Shattered Star Thorium** cost 987 gold coins. Link did not have a lot of these on hand; he merely had 50 grams.

Clearly, 50 grams of Shattered Star Thorium was not sufficient, so Link decided to use these materials only on the most crucial parts. He would then use Fire Star Thorium to fill in the rest.

As such, Link wrote down the third material on the blueprint: Fire Star Thorium.

After he settled on the three main materials he would be using, the remaining things would be simple. He simply had to choose materials that complemented the qualities of the three main materials. Half an hour later, Link wrote down a list of materials.

Although the rest of the materials were not as expensive as the first three main materials, they were also treasured items. The estimated total cost of the materials on the list was millions of gold coins. Alas, it was only an estimated price. No one would use gold coins to purchase these materials. For such ultra-high value materials, people usually trade for them by bartering.

After confirming the materials, Link then started sketching the second version of the blueprint.

This blueprint was more detailed than the first. Link took a total of three hours before he was done. It was dinner time by that time, and he took the blueprint to the dining area.

This was a private dining area especially made for Link and Celine. When Link arrived, Celine was already waiting for him. He then passed her the blueprint and said, "I intend to build a magic pistol based on this blueprint. See if you are satisfied with it."

"That's fast." Celine was elated and immediately started observing the blueprint.

In the blueprint, Link not only sketched the appearance of the product but also included the functions of each specific parts and structure. From Link's perspective, Celine should be able to understand it easily.

After five to six minutes, Celine returned the blueprint to Link. It was difficult to tell if she was satisfied with the design.

"How is it?" Link was actually quite nervous about Celine's opinion.

If this scene was seen by the people from the mainland who quoted high prices for Link's equipment, they would definitely be bitter and dumbfounded. This was a

weapon which Master Link had specially tailored, to think that he would be worried about his customer's satisfaction level!

Celine then laid out her hands and said, "It looks beautiful, and I can roughly grasp the workings of the pistol. However, I do not have a good understanding of it and cannot determine the quality of a gun. I'll let you decide for me."

"Alright then." Link probably read too much into it.

After dinner, Link started revising the blueprint for the third time. He was extremely detailed this time around. Roughly four hours later, the third version of the blueprint was completed. It was already ten o'clock at night by then.

Link did not intend to give himself a break. He immediately pointed to the blueprint and asked the in-game system, "Can you begin the simulation?"

Yes, please confirm to begin the simulation.

"Confirm."

The next moment, he saw a hologram of the magic pistol in front of him. It was translucent, and one could easily see the internal structure of the magic pistol.

The magic pistol was around three feet in length and had a precision sight mounted on it. Link adopted the Yabba race's Sorvada Linkage structure to ensure the reliability of the sight. The exterior of the pistol had similarities to a sniper rifle on earth. However, the style of the two guns was starkly different. The magic pistol had a large number of magic runes carved on its exterior, giving it a rustic aesthetic.

"Shooting simulation," Link said.

The magic pistol had no trigger. It employed a touch sensor magic rune. When the rune carvings lit up, one could hear a light popping sound of a gun firing.

The in-game system even simulated the sound of the gunshot. This was because Link had carefully adjusted the volume of the gunshot to a minimum. This would ensure that Celine's position would not be exposed after firing just the first bullet.

After the sound reached his ears, Link slowed down the movement of the pistol in his field of vision. He could clearly see every single detail, the accumulation of fire-

elementals, the potential energy of the magic bullets, and how it rotated at high speed out of the gun chamber.

The in-game system then reported the simulation results.

Chamber speed is at 6300 feet per second, and the bullet flame is hidden. The wind-elemental magic formation is activated and gravity balance spell is activated... Preliminary results estimate that the traveling distance of the bullet will be 5900 feet. Any distance further than that and the bullet will start to veer in directions too complex for the system to predict.

Link was pretty satisfied with this result. However, he still had no idea how reliable the pistol was.

"Simulate burst firing, 1000 times, one shot per 0.5 seconds."

Boom! Boom! The in-game system faithfully fulfilled Link's instructions as the bullets continuously fired from the chamber. At the shot number 532, a loud sound suddenly erupted from the chamber. It was a chamber explosion!

In an instant, the accumulated fire elemental energy and the bullet fragments flew in all directions. Although this was only a simulation, one could tell the devastating force of this explosion. It was no weaker than an explosion from the Flame Blast spell.

Link could not help but squint his eyes at this sight. This was too tragic. If Celine met such an accident while she was using the magic pistol, she would definitely be killed in the process. Getting killed by your own weapon was too much of a joke.

"Replay the chamber explosion process."

Link then started analyzing the reasons for the chamber explosion and started making adjustments to the pistol. Luckily, the structure of a magic pistol was not that complicated. It merely took him half an hour to make those changes.

"Begin simulation."

This time around, the pistol lasted a total of 900 shots before the chamber explosion happened.

Link then continued refining the pistol and simulating it.

He repeated this process again and again. Time flew and four hours passed in an instant. Link was just about to begin simulation after yet another round of adjustments.

This time around, Link reduced the firepower of the magic pistol slightly. From Link's perspective, he could see the bullets being fired one after another, 100 to 200 to 300 and so on. This continued until the shot number 6932, where the chamber explosion finally happened.

The situation after the chamber exploded was also vastly different.

When the chamber explosion happened, a defensive spell seemed to appear on the magic pistol almost instantaneously. This magic enveloped the user in an instant, offering protection from the flames and metal fragments. The user would be completely unharmed.

Link was finally satisfied with the results. He felt slightly tired but was too lazy to return to his bedroom. He laid down on a shabby wooden table and fell asleep.

In his semi-conscious state, he felt as though someone had entered the room. As he did not feel any sense of danger, he did not force himself up from the bed. Not long after, he felt a warm feeling spreading through his cold body. Someone had covered him with a blanket.

There was a familiar fragrance in the air as well. Link knew that it was Celine and slept with a peace of mind.

After a good night's rest, Link felt refreshed and started crafting the magic pistol right after he had his breakfast.

The blueprint was already completed. Link acted fast. Due to his Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, he had to make sure every part was perfect until he would decide to use them.

Fortunately, Link was skilled in his enchanting techniques and did not spend too much time in the entire process.

He started work in the morning, and by dusk, a brand new magic pistol had appeared in his hands.

The magic pistol weighed 26 pounds and was three feet in length. The exterior was dark green in color and seemed inconspicuous at first glance. However, closer inspection would reveal a large number of magic runes, giving the pistol a heavy and reliable tone.

It looked like a ferocious beast that could explode into a frenzy any moment.

This magic pistol was probably the most non-aesthetic equipment Link had ever crafted. However, it was also the equipment with the greatest firepower.

The in-game system then sent a message

Player Link has successfully crafted an Epic quality magic pistol. Omni Points +50 (payable in 112 days), please name the weapon.

"Let's call it the Huge Fire Gun." Link seriously had naming issues.

Naming completed.

Huge Fire Gun

Quality: Epic

Shooting Frequency: 0.3 seconds per shot

Penetration Level: Level-7

Note: Link's Huge Fire Gun, a gift for his beloved.

Link fell speechless looking at this information. Why would such decent equipment be paired with such a peculiar description by the system?

Since the equipment was completed, it would have to be given to its owner. Link then took the gun and proceeded to approach Celine.

However, the moment he opened the door, he saw Celine already lying in wait outside.

She then smiled as she said, "It seems like my premonitions were right. The gun is completed?"

"Of course; have a look." Link gave the Huge Fire Gun to Celine as though it were a treasure.

Celine then took over the gun and observed it from all angles. She then shook her head and said, "It looks ordinary enough. Is it really powerful?"

Link was dumbfounded. His ability and reputation were at stake! He would not tolerate this.

"We will test out the gun right now!"

Chapter 260

Disorder in the South

Ferde Wilderness.

Woo, woo. There was the deep sound of the conch. In the Ferde Sea pier, a flat sail cargo ship slowly approached the dock. The sailor at the bow sounded the horn, asking for permission to dock.

A soldier ran on the pier while waving a bright command flag. Bit by bit, he guided the large ship to dock in the respective berth.

Ten minutes later, the large ship about 150 feet long safely stopped in the pier's berth. With a whoosh, the plank was put up. The physical laborers rushed over, fighting for a chance to work. They were all farmers from the Ferde Wilderness with land newly partitioned to them. However, it was off-season, so they all came to the pier to make some extra money.

A buff sailor walked down from the ship. He pointed at some stronger men casually. "You, you, and you guys, come and transport the goods. You get 100 coppers when it's done."

The chosen laborers were overjoyed. They strode up the ship and started moving the goods on the deck. The sailors helped while maintaining order. After a while, the bottom cabin was opened. Countless young men and women in rags and shackles walked out.

"Look, it's the slaves the lord bought."

"Look at that woman, the one with the torn shirt. Geez, her titties are so big and round."

"Wow, is that a Warrior? He's so muscular!"

The laborers discussed the slaves while transporting the goods. On the other hand, the slaves were terrified. Some of the women carried babies who were crying and

waiting to be nursed. Because they were in an unfamiliar environment, they hugged their mothers and howled. Occasionally, there was the crack of a whip from sailors forcing the slaves to hurry up.

The pier instantly grew lively.

Another plank was propped against the other end of the ship. A few well-dressed merchants walked down. The leader was Warter, the owner of the Green Leaf Merchant Firm.

As the owner of the goods, he didn't have to oversee the unloading personally. After walking down the ship, he walked quickly to the Pier Office Building. He said to the guard, "I am Warter. I have an emergency and must see Sir Alloson."

Alloson was the man in charge of the pier. Warter had interacted with him many times before. The guard recognized Warter too, so he moved aside. "Sir Alloson is in the second floor. Please go on ahead."

Warter walked briskly. His steps were hurried, and his expression was somber. Finally, he reached the main hall of the second floor and saw Alloson behind the business table.

Alloson used to be a mercenary. Due to his extraordinary abilities, he became a core member of Ferde and was sent to manage the new pier. He was only 30 years old and was in his prime.

Right now, he was processing some documents speedily. When his subordinates asked questions, he could explain clearly within a few sentences. He was obviously a competent worker.

Warter waited patiently at the side. When Alloson finished with the task at hand, he walked over and said quietly, "Sir..."

Recognizing him, Alloson smiled and said, "Oh, my friend, just call me Alloson."

Warter nodded and continued, "I just came back from the Kingdom of Delonga in the South. Something horrible happened in Delonga, and I'm afraid it might affect Ferde."

Alloson narrowed his eyes at Warter and asked, "What exactly happened?"

The Kingdom of Delonga was to the south of the Ferde Wilderness with only the Blackwater River between them. If something happened in Delonga, Ferde would definitely be affected.

Warter glanced around at the other people in the hall. He looked hesitant.

Alloson quickly waved. "Come, let's go to my room." He rose and led the way out the hall, up to the third floor, and into the room overlooking the sea.

Here, Warter pulled out a scroll to Alloson. He said, "The scroll contains a Magic Image. I bought it from an escaping Court Magician at a high price. The image recorded some secret things that happened among the Delonga royalty."

Alloson opened the scroll. There was a very clear image recorded on it. Under the light, he could see that the location was in a secret room. There were seven or eight men, mostly Magicians. One man had a gold crown. A Magician with red eyes and a dark aura was bowing to him.

"What's this?"

Warter explained, "The one with the crown is King Roy the Fifth of Delonga. According to the escaping Court Magician, the Magician beside him had shocking dark waves. He promised to help King Roy create a secret army and the king agreed."

Alloson couldn't believe it. "How can a Magic Image with such a secret be preserved? Is the Court Magician reliable?"

"Very reliable. He actually is Master Emmandel, the head Magician of Delonga. After he felt something was amiss, he quietly escaped. When I saw him, he was being pursued and then he gave me this."

Alloson was quiet for a few minutes. Then he asked, "This is very important. I'll take you to see the lord."

This was what Warter wanted. The Ferde Wilderness was developing rapidly, and Link's reputation was rising. It was getting harder and harder for him, a mere merchant, to see him, which was why he came to ask Alloson for help.

The two left the building. Getting horses and a dozen guards, they hurried to Scorched Ridge, dozens of miles away.

On the way, Alloson asked, "Warter, you've been going to the South a lot recently. How is the state of the Southern Trade Federation?"

Warter shook his head and sighed. "There's unprecedented chaos. Delonga is being forced back by Southmoon, and Roy the Fifth has started sparing no costs. The Doska Kingdom is almost entirely controlled by the Syndicate and can barely survive. The Golle Kingdom is corrupted. The officials will do anything for money... I remember that when I went to the South 20 years ago, I didn't need guards on the road. Now, I'm terrified when I go to the wilderness, and I don't even dare to go out at night!"

He sighed continuously. He had truly experienced the downfall of the South.

Hearing this, Alloson's expression darkened. "Norton is also fighting with the Dark Elves. I heard that the North isn't doing well either. The military has already retreated to the Iron Wall Defense Line. It feels like the mainland fell into chaos so suddenly. How can it be like this?"

"Maybe the world is ending." The merchant's brows were knitted.

In a time of unrest, a man's life was like grass. No one wanted this situation, but for some reason, the world just became more and more of a mess. As an unimportant figure, Warter could only watch everything happen without being unable to help.

Both fell silent for the rest of the journey.

More than one hour later, they could see Scorched Ridge in the distance. Gazing at it, Warter sighed. "The changes are so big. When I left last time, the Mage Tower only had its foundations. Now, you can see its general shape. And the camp looks like a small town now."

No matter how the South was, the Ferde Wilderness was still calm and peaceful. Everything was developing rapidly and prospering.

For some reason, Warter felt much better.

Alloson looked a bit proud. "This is only the surface. Let me tell you, even the High Elf Princess is staying here. A lot of powerful High Elf Magicians are helping with the Mage Tower too. They all respect the lord."

Warter smiled. "Our Lord is a smart and powerful man. When I was in Delonga, I saw

many refugees from Ferde and guess what?"

"What?" Alloson asked with a smile.

"They snuck back and then took their friends and family back to Ferde."

Alloson laughed out loud, and the guards laughed as well. The mood had lightened, and the group forged in light spirits. Three hundred feet ahead, there was a rock 13-foot-tall.

Rocks were everywhere in the Ferde Wilderness; there was nothing special about it.

But then, the reddish rock suddenly exploded with a loud boom. The rock, almost 30 feet wide and 13 feet high, cracked into two. Shards flew everywhere, and dust rose up to the sky.

"Careful, it's a Magician's sneak attack! Raise your shields!"

"Where? Where's the Magician?"

"Where are the archers? Archers!"

The procession panicked. Everyone was terrified as if they had run into a huge enemy. They looked side to side, trying to find the Magician who had attacked.

However, this was a prairie, and it was daytime; the vision was great. Everyone looked around but could not find the attacker.

Warter was extremely frightened. He wiped at his sweat and asked quietly, "What's going on? Who attacked?"

Alloson was tense as well. He looked at the boulder that had been split by some power. He said in a wavering voice, "I don't know, but it seems like he's really powerful!"

Warter rolled his eyes. He wasn't blind; it was obvious that the Magician was powerful. The problem was, where was he?! If they couldn't figure it out and there was another attack, they wouldn't even know how they died!

Everyone stood rooted to the spot with their guards up but the Magician didn't appear. The terrifying attack didn't come either.

Just as Alloson and Warter were at a loss, a soldier suddenly pointed at the road before them. "Look, I think it's the lord."

They all looked up. Indeed, there was a Magician clad in a dark red robe, covered in fire light, racing over on a horse. He had a person with him—a woman, to be specific. She wore leather armor and grasped a plain-looking dwarf gun. She looked happy.

Alloson looked closely and let out a sigh of relief. "It truly is our Lord. The one beside him is Celine, the affairs officer of the territory. What just happened was a misunderstanding."

I knew there wouldn't be a Magician attack near Scorched Ridge, Alloson thought.

"Let's go to them."

The group started off again, and the two parties quickly met.

"Sorry about that. I was testing the power of the spell," Link explained voluntarily.

"It's alright." The group shook their heads.

Link went straight to the point. "Alloson, what are you doing away from the pier?"

Lucy had recommended Alloson. He was hardworking, so Link naturally knew him.

Alloson pulled Warter over quickly and said, "He has something to tell you. I was escorting him."

Warter walked up and bowed. "Lord, something terrible happened in Delonga. I must inform you about it."

Link recognized Warter as well. The merchant had helped him greatly before, but they hadn't met recently. Link said, "Tell me after we return to the camp."

Chapter 261

Someone Has Completed the Reward

In the hall of the Administrative Building.

Link, Jacker, Lucy, Gildern, and Celine all had arrived at the hall. The magic projection Merchant Warter brought with him was placed on the table right in front of them.

Link tapped his fingers lightly on the table and suddenly said, "It is merely a magic projection that suggests Roy the Fifth might be in cahoots with Dark Magicians. However, this cannot prove that this incident indeed happened, unless we can find Aymons himself."

It was horrible news that Roy the Fifth was working with the Dark Magicians. This meant that his future behavior would become extremely unpredictable. He might even become a serial killer like the Dark Elves.

The Ferde Wilderness and the Delonga Kingdom were only separated by a body of water. If this magic projection was true, it meant that the Ferde Wilderness had made a dangerous enemy out of the blue.

The magic projection was extremely clear. The red-eyed Magician looked familiar. His stature was 70% similar to Wavier, though Link still could not confirm his suspicions.

It would be too hasty to jump to conclusions based on just a magic projection, especially when the issue was this serious.

Gildern immediately said, "My lord, we should set up a rescue team straight away and cross the Black River to rescue Magician Emmandel from the Delonga Kingdom."

He was already a Level-4 Archer and was in charge of the scout system in the Ferde Wilderness. This system was the equivalent of the MI3 of the Norton Kingdom. It was tasked with eliminating any spies and gathering of information. If needed, it would also be sent for rescue missions.

After some consideration, Link nodded and agreed. He said, "Just do your best for this

issue. Don't make our soldiers lose their lives over this matter. Time will tell us whether Roy the Fifth is truly working with the Dark Magicians."

After which, Link then turned to Jacker and said, "We have to defend against the possible attack from the Delonga Kingdom. It is time to expand the scale of our troops. Didn't another batch of slaves just arrive? Grab the strong ones to become our Warriors."

"Yes, my lord."

Link then stared at Merchant Warter and said, "As you can see, my territory is still very empty when I have a large land area. Everything is under construction which requires a large number of resources and manpower. It is still too slow if you work alone. Perhaps you can find someone to cooperate with you. I can promise that all the goods transported to the Ferde Wilderness will be acquired at a price twenty percent higher than the average market price, as long as it is from a Merchant firm that you recommended. Of course, the quality of the goods cannot be compromised."

Link was not being generous by increasing the price of the goods he acquired by a good twenty percent of the original price. He was running out of time and by purchasing the goods at a premium, he would naturally be given the priority for these goods.

If not for the profit margins, who would go out of their way to come to the Ferde Wilderness?

Upon hearing those words, Warter was elated and immediately patted his chest with confidence, saying, "That is no problem. I will form a Merchant Alliance immediately after I leave and increase the speed of resource delivery. I promise that the delivery speed will increase ten-fold in one month's time! You would also be getting ten times—no twenty times more slaves!"

Merchants chased profits for a living, for Link to have increased the profit margins by a good twenty percent, he would definitely get all the businesses in the region.

Before he understood more about the situation, this was all the preparations Link could do. He then said, "You guys can discuss the specific things later. Lucy, remember to send me a report after you are done."

"I understand, my lord." Lucy was becoming more capable by the day. She was now

the administrative chief of the Ferde Wilderness. She was a truly strong, independent woman holding the reigns.

Link then stood up and left.

In one swooping motion, everyone in the hall stood up to show their respect as Link left. They only sat down after he went out of sight and started discussing the specific details of the plan.

As he exited the administrative building, Link gave a long sigh. He could feel that the World of Firuman was slipping into the abyss at a terrifying speed. The powers of the darkness had already infiltrated into every single crack they could find.

Link could not help but stare into the sky as he whispered, "Oh God of Light. Herrera mentioned that I am your Chosen One. Lady Fortuna thinks that I can save the world. However, can I really hold up this wheel of glory and brilliance that is sinking into the depths of despair?"

As expected, he received no answer. The ever-present sun in the sky still shone mercilessly onto the Ferde Wilderness, bringing light and heat to the world. Link then sighed, feeling unconfident in his abilities.

He then heard light footsteps behind him. He knew that Celine had snuck up behind him. He did not turn his body but merely stretched his hand backward. After a while, a small and warm hand held his fingers gently.

"Link, everything is going to be alright. No one can do this better than you can."

She seemed to be able to guess Link's exact thoughts every single time. The soft whispers were like clear spring water surging into his heart, nourishing his tired and worried being. Link immediately felt better and grabbed Celine's hand with a bit more force. The smile once again appeared on his face as he asked, "How is my Huge Fire Gun?"

"It is indeed powerful, but it is way too expensive. How much did those Khorium bullets cost?"

"Not a lot, just 500 gold coins," Link said as he grinned.

Celine was startled by this answer and swore not to use the gun that often anymore.

Link then smiled as he said, "While 500 gold coins may seem like a lot of money, every bullet can help me eliminate a powerful enemy. If you think about it this way, it will be extremely worth it, isn't it?"

Celine hugged the Huge Fire Gun tightly. Although she had only fired one shot, this weapon had already become her treasured possession. Upon listening to Link's words, she glanced at him before saying, "How can you be sure that I will land every shot?"

"You mean you can't?" Link said while maintaining his warm smile.

"Alright then, I will have to do some training."

"I will craft some training bullets for you. Each of them only requires 10 gold coins. I assume that will be acceptable?"

Celine nodded her head. Ten gold coins per bullet was the limit for the price of a practice bullet. She would still have to concentrate during her practice sessions, striving to get acquainted with the workings of this gun using the least amount of bullets.

Link did not idle for long as well. He soon went back to his own little magic hut and started using ordinary materials to craft a few training bullets.

The structure of these bullets was simple. As Link was still unfamiliar with the process, he merely spent five minutes on each bullet. By the time Link reached the tenth bullet, his speed had increased to one bullet per minute. Alas, this was menial labor, and he quickly grew tired of it. Link still persevered through the process and managed to craft 100 bullets in one sitting before he stopped.

Good marksmanship has to be trained using a large number of bullets. It's not possible for me to craft all the bullets Celine needs by myself. Luckily, the process of crafting these bullets is not complex. When the Mage Tower is completed, I will find a few helpers to do this task.

With this thought, Link then handed the bullets over to Celine.

Celine was naturally elated. After making sure that no one was looking, she gave Link a light peck on the forehead before heading over to train with her new batch of bullets.

Link felt as though all his fatigue instantly dissipated with that single kiss. He returned

back to his room and crafted yet another 50 bullets before stopping to rest and read the magic puppet book he had borrowed from Milda.

Link was extremely focused when studying magic theories. Time seemed to pass extremely quickly when he was doing so.

On average, Link could finish a book regarding magic puppet theory within a day and a half. He even had the spare time to craft 50 of those training bullets for Celine every day.

Link had run out of books to read after ten days. However, by this time, his understanding of the magic puppet had already undergone a qualitative change. His view on the domain had also changed drastically.

Half a month earlier, Vance's creation, Nana, was nearly a perfect Warrior in Link's eyes. It seemed impossible to make her any better. However, now armed with a treasure trove of knowledge regarding magic puppets, Link had thought of nearly 30 ways to easily deal with Nana.

Link had not gotten stronger. He simply saw many flaws in Nana that he could not notice before after broadening his horizons.

"It is time to find that old guy Vance." Link decided to take a trip to the coastline.

Link was just about to return the final magic puppet book that Milda had lent him. However, when he reached his doorstep, he realized that the Scorched Ridge was exceptionally lively. There were also many people gathered around the East gate of the camp.

Link even found Jacker amongst the crowd.

"What is happening?" Link was curious and walked towards the commotion.

Jacker saw Link and brushed aside the crowd to get closer. When he reached in front of Link, he pointed to a red-haired man in the crowd and said, "My lord, do you see that guy?"

Link nodded.

This person was around 27 years old and had shiny red hair. He was extremely

handsome, especially the way his slender eyes squinted when he smiled. He had the presence and aura of a vagabond free-spirited individual. He had only been here for a while, but many young women were already attracted to him, casting him seductive glances every so often.

"His name is Skinorse. He has completed your mission."

Skinorse?

Link was slightly surprised. In the game, this person was extremely famous in the mid-late game period. He had many aliases such as the "Red-Haired Flirt," the "Lady Killer," "King of the Assassins," "Legendary Samurai" and so on.

He was born to a noble family from the Doska Kingdom. However, he chose to give up his right to the inheritance and live a life roaming the world. His strength was formidable, and he was one of those who managed to attain the Legendary status in the game. He still had room to grow even further when he died. His character was wild and free-spirited. He gained countless victories in battle and also gathered many negative rumors about his private life.

Eventually, when the Lord of the Deep, Nozama descended into the world, he joined the Army of Light and infiltrated the Demon Fortress to gather information. However, due to him having a complicated relationship with a succubus, he exposed himself and was surrounded by demons. During the chaos of battle, Nozama managed to take advantage of one mistake he made and reduced him to a pile of mushy meat in just one attack.

Well, it was not very noble to have died in that way if you were a well-known Assassin.

Link then carefully observed the Assassin's aura. It did not take him long to have a gauge of his strength. Level-7 strength and extremely close to a breakthrough to Level-8. He does not possess a huge amount of Battle Aura, though that which he possesses is very pure in nature. He is indeed qualified enough to kill the Assassin leader.

Skinorse was extremely sensitive and immediately turned around. Upon seeing Link, he smiled heartily, revealing a neat row of glistening white teeth. He then bowed elegantly towards Link in the style of a noble and spoke in a charming tone, "Ah, are you the lord of this Land of Light? It is an honor to meet you."

Chapter 262

Time to Resurrect Nana (1)

Clink. Clink. There were two crisp sounds.

Skinorse tossed two fiery red daggers onto the ground before Link. They were the weapons that the lead Assassin had used that night—the Reaper's Gaze.

"The Assassin's body was strange and was hard to kill. I could only burn it, but the daggers are special. It's enough to prove that I completed the mission, right?"

Skinorse smiled, lips curled upward. He started displaying to the people his slightly evil good looks, making some of the women call out softly.

Link activated the Magician's Hand. The daggers floated before him, and he nodded after studying them. "Yes, they're his weapons."

With that, he commanded Jacker before the hundreds of people, "Go find Lucy. I must keep my promise."

The reward for killing the lead Assassin was 10,000 gold. Each dagger provided was 20,000 gold. In total, he would receive 50,000 gold and Link prepared to give it without hesitation.

Jacker was unwilling, but he couldn't go against Link. Sighing and complaining, he went to go find the territory's Chief Executive Officer Lucy for the money.

The spectators were shocked. This offer had spread throughout the entire Mainland. Now, someone had surprisingly completed it, and the lord fulfilled it without delay. In the Ferde Wilderness, Lord Link had very high prestige. No one doubted he would fork out the money, especially after the discovery of the clay mine.

"Gods, it's happening! Are endless coins going to appear before my eyes?" someone cried.

"Oh, I'm witnessing history in the making!" Someone was prepared to take his hat off

in respect.

"I have a question. How can he take all those coins away himself? I think I can help." Another man began thinking of how he could benefit a little. The people discussed amongst themselves, highly anticipating the huge sum of money.

"Hey, wait!" Skinorse suddenly called to Jacker. Then he smiled at Link and said, "Lord, I trust your credibility and know you'll definitely fulfill the payment. But even though 50,000 gold is a lot, it's not really useful to me. Can I use another way to exchange for the reward money?"

Jacker stopped. He turned to Link, waiting for the command.

Link actually wasn't surprised by the Assassin's request. Fifty thousand gold was just a gimmick. For truly powerful men, there was nothing more useful than a powerful weapon or some kind of magic medicine.

Not everyone liked gold coins. Too many of the powerful individuals, they only needed enough gold to survive. Skinorse happened to be one of them.

"What would you like? I'll try my best." Link was very friendly.

Skinorse looked left and right. Seeing all the spectators, he said, "Let's find a quiet place to discuss in detail. Just us two, alright?"

It was obviously alright. Link turned to the side and put a hand out to guide Skinorse. "Let's go to my home."

Skinorse strode into Link's cabin; Link followed him. After he shut the door, the civilians all sighed sadly. They'd thought they would see the piles of gold, but they were let down.

Inside the cabin, Skinorse took in the furnishing of the cabin for a while before sighing involuntarily. "You're a lord who can give away 50,000 gold as a reward, but you live in such a shoddy place. It seems like I made the right choice."

Hearing this, Link was interested. In the past game, Skinorse was a wandering vigilante-type character. He was a bit of a playboy, but he didn't have any bad traits. He'd always been part of the Light Camp. Later, when darkness shrouded the mainland, he even joined the alliance against the Dark Army.

If someone like that said these words, did it mean he was another talent who wanted to join him? But it didn't seem right. This guy never liked restraints. He liked going around for adventures and probably wouldn't become his subordinate. Then, why was he here? Link was curious.

"There's no one else here," Link said with a smile. "You can tell me your request now."

Skinorse nodded. He walked to Link's table and took out an old scroll, unfurling it on the table.

"This is a map of an ancient tomb that I came across by chance. I went to the ancient ruins alone to investigate and found that it's very dangerous there. It is filled with ghosts and strange creatures. I tried to enter but failed. The ghosts are very sensitive, so if you want to enter the ancient tomb, you must kill them all, killing your way in. So..."

Here, he looked at Link. His meaning was clear—he needed Link's help.

Without responding to his plea, Link walked forward to study the map. It was drawn very clearly. The ancient tomb was in the Parmiso Plateau in the west of the Southmoon Kingdom. It was called the Tomb of the Late King Taris.

Seeing the surname Taris, related memories popped up in Link's mind. Turning toward Skinorse, he asked, "You said you saw many ghosts and creatures. Were they all very short and stocky?"

"Uh, yeah. They were all like that—short and stocky. How did you know?" Skinorse was pleasantly surprised.

"They're all dwarfs," Link explained. "Taris is the surname of one of the royal dwarven families who disappeared in the Mana Disaster 2000 years ago. The Taris Royal Family had the tradition of immolation burials. They would use a very cruel way to turn their guards into mummies. These mummies would become very powerful ghosts that would protect the tomb forever."

In the game, this tomb was a dungeon quest that contained some ancient books. When Link got bored playing the dungeon, he would read through the books for fun. In this life, he had read many magic books, which contained history. He had a deep understanding of the Taris Dynasty.

Because of this, when he saw the word Taris, he was able to remember the background facts about the tomb. Though the information was shallow, it was enough to shock outsiders.

Skinorse chuckled in surprise. He reached out to pat Link's shoulder but felt it was unsuitable, so his hand shrank back. "Ha, I really found the right person. Lord, if you can help me, I can forget about the gold."

Instead of saying whether he agreed or not, Link asked, "Just the two of us? We're probably not enough."

The ghosts had matured for 2000 years. Now, they had terrifying power and had many unique attacks. In real life, they might even have unexpected tactics. Link didn't want to risk this.

Skinorse rubbed his hands excitedly. "Hehe, two isn't enough, but I also have two friends. One is a Level-6 Warrior, and the other is a genius priest. Oh, she's a beauty too. She's so good she can bring the dead to life. We just need a powerful Magician now, so how about it? Interested?"

Unexpectedly, he had two aces, including a priest. Things were more reliable now.

There would definitely be many good things in the tomb. Link remembered that the most valuable thing was an ore called crystallized sheet metal. Its element was very special, and it was a necessary material for creating legendary weapons. It was the only piece of metal like it in Firuman. Similarly, dwarves were an ancient race. They had a unique knowledge of magic. There were sole copies of some magic books in the tomb; each one was worth a fortune.

It was definitely worth it to explore a tomb like this.

Considering it, Link said, "I can participate but merely offsetting the reward money isn't enough. I'm really busy, you know."

"Psh." Skinorse felt slightly annoyed. He wanted to argue, but after thinking closely, he realized that the money truly wasn't enough to hire the renowned Magician. This man could hand out 50,000 gold easily; he clearly didn't care about money.

"Then what do I need to do for you to agree?" Skinorse asked, throwing his hands up.

"I recently received a magic image." Link had been waiting for Skinorse to ask this and he was well-prepared. Taking out the magic image given by Warter, he gave it to Skinorse. "As you can see, the one with the crown is King Roy the Fifth of Delonga. He's working with Dark Magicians to create a powerful army with dark magic. This poses a huge threat to the Ferde Wilderness."

Skinorse studied the image and asked, "You want me to kill this Dark Magician?"

"Can you do it?" Link asked in return. It would be best if the Dark Magician could be killed.

"No." Skinorse's expression grew somber. He stared at the Dark Magician in the image and said, "This guy isn't a human... No, what I mean is he isn't from any of the intelligent creature on this world. His eyes tell me that he's already sold his soul to a demon god. Someone like that will definitely possess terrifying power. The dark aura around him proves this. I don't think I'm his opponent."

Link nodded darkly after hearing this. He could see all this too, but Skinorse could come up with so much with just a few glances. He was extraordinary.

"It's okay. As a lord, I must know the nearby threats clearly. I want to know the details of their alliance, what kind of power the army they create possesses, what weaknesses they have—all of that."

At this point, Gildern and the others hadn't developed yet. When they ran into truly strong opponents, they were helpless. This was a sign that they had weak foundations and needed time to accumulate experiences. However, he still needed to do things. Now, a powerful Assassin had offered himself to Link. He obviously had to take advantage of the situation.

Skinorse fell silent. After around three minutes, he nodded. "I'll do it. Give me ten days."

Link smiled, his eyes crinkling. "No problem."

Seeing him like that, Skinorse suddenly realized that he'd fallen into the cunning lord's trap. This was a loss for him. He huffed unhappily and put away the Reaper's Gaze daggers. "These daggers are pretty good. Since I'm helping you, I'm not going to give them to you anymore."

"Sure." They were just a set of Epic daggers. If Link wanted to, he could make some whenever he wanted. They were no big deal.

"I'm leaving." Skinorse was annoyed. He opened the door and left without another word.

Just then, he saw Celine who was back from gun practice. His eyes brightened instantly, and all annoyance disappeared. Turning around enthusiastically, he asked Link, "Hey Lord, that girl's pretty. Heh, that face, that body, that grace—I've never seen someone like that before. Can I know her name... Oh, she's walking towards me. Does she like me?"

Skinorse was instantly excited. He fixed up his hair, straightened his collars, and tried to make himself look more attractive. Then the corners of his lips curled, he narrowed his eyes a bit, put a hand behind his back, and reached out the other one. He bowed like a gentleman to Celine, who was now before him. "Beautiful miss, my pleasure to meet you," he said gently at the same time.

As he spoke, he wanted to take Celine's hand to kiss.

Celine was shocked. She moved to the side and walked past the Assassin with a weird expression. Reaching Link's side, she said, "Link, that guy looks weird. Is there something wrong with his brain?"

Link grasped Celine's hand to show that she was his and smiled. "He's not like the average man."

A man who could flirt while investigating demons was clearly in a different world than everyone else.

Skinorse was taken aback. He could see Link and Celine's relationship now and slapped his forehead. "Lord, I'm sorry... I'll go work now," he apologized promptly.

With that, he ran out of the cabin. He looked calm but inside, he was wailing, I'm so embarrassed!

While sprinting, he passed by a stone house. There was a small garden, and it was exquisite that Skinorse glanced at it subconsciously. Then he was stunned as if he was struck by lightning.

How can there be such a beautiful girl... elf? Oh my god, is this Aphrodite? What's with Scorched Ridge? Ah, that girl looks good too.

Skinorse plastered on his mesmerizing smile again and instinctively wanted to go say hi, but he tripped over air and almost fell down.

Heh, thankfully I'm skilled. This is nothing!

In midair, Skinorse adjusted his balance, ready to land with an attractive spin. The next instant, there was a thud, and he crashed. He rolled on the ground a couple of times and then landed facedown.

It wasn't that he wasn't skilled enough, but that he had been attacked by a Magician, destroying his balance. Skinorse hadn't sensed any bad intent, so he didn't dodge, resulting in this pathetic state.

Then he heard a cold voice. "A human must not offend Her Highness!"

Skinorse turned around and saw a High Elf Magician glaring at him. He felt for the other's Mana and realized... he was a Level-7 Master Magician. Skinorse turned back to the garden. The beautiful elf had taken the little girl into the house without even looking at him.

"Oh, it's the princess. Haha, sorry about that, sorry."

Skinorse climbed up quickly and patted the dust from his clothes. He apologized again and turned to leave. He seemed calm but inside, he was wailing, Ah, this place is so unfriendly. It's not suitable for a beautiful man like me!

The more he thought about it, the more embarrassed he felt. After leaving Scorched Ridge, he started sprinting. He didn't stop until Scorched Ridge was totally gone from his vision.

On the other hand, Link didn't care about Skinorse's misfortunes. Smiling, he asked, "How's gun practice?"

Celine was in love with the pistol. Hearing the question, she grew proud. "Pretty good. I can hit nine out of ten arrowhead seagulls within one mile. If I practice a few more days, I can easily get ten out of ten. But mostly, this gun is so powerful."

Arrowhead seagulls were a type of bird with extreme speed. They were agile as well. She was definitely a sharpshooter if she could hit nine out of ten within one mile.

Seeing her animated features, Link was happy naturally. Nodding, he said, "Good, good. Come, I got you 100 more bullets. Take them to practice some more."

The two shared a moment and then Link took out the broken magic puppet Nana. He started organizing the pieces one-by-one.

Chapter 263

Time to Resurrect Nana (2)

Ferde Wilderness, East Coast

The weather was excellent. A cool breeze swept through the beach as golden sun rays graced the World of Firuman. There were many seagulls sunbathing on along the coastline, and in places where the tide did not reach, a lush layer of greenery took over. One could even see a few trees swaying in the relaxing breeze.

"Hey, old guy, it's time to wake up. The sun is up." Link walked towards the beach and lightly kicked a skeleton leg sticking out of the fine white sand.

A few seconds later, a muffled sound sounded from beneath the sand, "You came here alone? Are you not afraid that someone might be suspicious of what you are doing?"

Link was different from who he used to be. Now, every single one of his actions was carefully scrutinized. It would be impossible for him to hide his whereabouts even if he wanted to. This was the troubles an overachiever like Link faced.

Link then smiled as he said, "I came here together with Celine, in the name of practicing her marksmanship."

Whoosh, a skeleton appeared from the ground as the fine white sand around him was cast aside. Vance then said in a sleepy tone, "Marksmanship? What marksmanship?"

A sudden explosion on the surface of the water answered his question. This explosion traveled in a linear direction and only dissipated after skidding 150 feet across the water.

Looking along the direction of this linear explosion, Vance saw a figure on top of a rock some distance away. Celine, who was clad in grey armor, was waving at him with a cap in her hand.

"In this period, Celine will be practicing her marksmanship here and also doubling up as our surveillance. You don't have to worry about anyone discovering us."

"Alright then. That is good to know." Vance then stood up and put a black robe on himself. This way, even if someone had seen him together with Link from afar, Link would have room for explanation.

"Let's go. It is too open over here. It will be convenient to hold our conversation in the cave." Vance said as he headed towards the cave on the side of the coastline.

Link then followed behind him as he said, "Old guy, I have recently read many magic puppet books that belonged to the High Elves. One of them mentioned something called a Flesh Magic Puppet. This body is so genuine that ordinary people would never be able to tell the difference. Perhaps I can create one for you."

Vance then waved his hands as he said, "I simply like to lie on the beach and rest. I am not interested in the rest."

Link then continued, "This type of magic puppet has an extremely delicate and intricate body, allowing the user to enjoy everything that a living person can. You will once again be able to taste delicious food and feel the bitter cold and unbearable heat. You can even find yourself a lover..."

Before Link could complete his sentence, Vance stopped in his tracks and said, "It is impossible for such a magic puppet to exist in the world!"

The reason for his disdain for life was exactly due to his inability to experience the senses that accompanied flesh and blood. He was also unwilling to fall to the dark side and gain pleasure from those sinister acts. Hence, he could only rest on the beach to kill time when he was free.

However, with this intricate Flesh Magic Puppet, he could once again enjoy the pleasures that accompanied flesh and blood. He had almost forgotten that feeling. He only remembered that it was a peculiar and wonderful feeling, something that he would do anything in exchange for.

"The human race is unable to do so. However, the High Elves can. They have tens of thousands of years of experience with magic. Amongst these years, there have been countless prodigies which culminated into a vast treasure trove of wisdom. I already figured out the exact method to construct this magic puppet."

"That's enough. I want it. What should I do?" Vance answered immediately.

Link then said, "I am not done. There is a price to pay for this body."

"What is it? I can pay any price, as long as I am able to."

"Firstly, this Flesh Magic Puppet is extremely delicate. In order to reap the maximum benefits of this puppet, your soul would have to be completely fused with the puppet. This is the first step to attuning your senses with the puppet. This process is irreversible, that is, once you fuse your soul with the puppet, it would be impossible to draw your soul out again."

"Why would I want to come out of it after gaining back my senses? That is not a problem at all!" Vance shouted,

"Another point." Link continued, "Due to the complete fusing of your soul, if the puppet was damaged in any way, your soul will also suffer the same amount of damage. You will die like any ordinary human. Unless you become powerful enough to ignite the Sacred Fire within yourself and become a god before you die, you will never gain eternal life again."

There was a price to pay for all decisions, which was how the World of Firuman maintained balance in the world. At that moment, only a Divine Gear could partially upset this balance.

However, Vance showed no signs of hesitation. He merely chuckled and said, "Currently, I am no different from being dead. To be able to enjoy the world with my full senses and experience a lifetime of joy again is worth the sacrifice!"

Link was not surprised at this decision and said, "Then it's settled. When we are done with Nana, I will create that body for you."

After entering the cave, Link realized that Vance had expanded the place since the last time he entered. It had already been transformed into a place more than 30 feet in diameter and nine feet in height. It was even extremely cool inside.

In the middle of the cave, was a large and smooth table made of stone. There were a few naturally formed holes directly on top of the table, allowing light to enter the cave. There were then a few refraction lenses placed strategically on the ground, refracting the light towards the direction of the stone table. The principle which this setup worked around was similar to that of the astral lamp on earth.

"A decent enchanting table," Link commended.

"I did it in my free time. Alright then, I know that Nana is definitely damaged. Let me take a look at the pieces," Vance said.

Link then took the metal pieces out from the dimensional pendant. Quickly the entire stone table was filled, and he said, "She was damaged in the back by the Dark Serpent. Apart from her head remaining intact, the other parts were all smashed to smithereens. I have checked that the heart situated in her brain was only slightly damaged. We should be able to repair her."

Vance merely observed the fragments on the table and stayed silent. He paid close attention to the pieces that were directly hit by the Divine Gear. It took him a long while before he shook his head and said, "The power of a Divine Gear is truly amazing!"

Following which, he took Nana's head and cast the Higgs field spell on his hand. With just a little force, the exterior of Nana's head was removed, and a sapphire colored crystal dropped out from the inside.

This crystal was around the size of two fists and contained many runes within it. The runes were so dense that they looked like layers of seamless coating and cotton wool within the crystal from afar.

Vance then reminisced, "When I just created Nana, there were only over 1000 rune circles within her heart. However, after my hundreds of years of study, the number of rune circles within the heart has increased tenfold. Take a look at these knots over here. These are all Nana's battle experiences over the years. I had observed it previously when I was making adjustments. Nana has defeated nearly 200 infiltrators in this past hundreds of years trying to protect my underground palace. One of her strongest opponents was a Level-9 Assassin. Look, it even recorded the name of the Assassin. His name is Morpheus."

Link was shocked.

Morpheus? Wasn't that the leader of the Syndicate? The person who had attained the Legendary status and was extremely close to becoming a god, the Shadow Stalker?

To think that he was defeated by Nana as well. Furthermore, he had not come back for revenge even after so many years. Although this may be due to Morpheus

preoccupation with other issues, this could also refer to Morpheus' fear of Nana.

Nana's strength was truly amazing.

"Oh, look here, it's a crack. The heart was still damaged in some ways. But fortunately, it did not harm the core structure of the heart. I can repair this."

As he spoke, a glow enveloped Vance's hand as he was prepared to repair the heart. However, he was interrupted by Link.

"Wait, there is no rush." Link then opened a large scroll on an empty space at the stone table. He then charged it with mana to activate it.

With a humming sound, a clear hologram appeared on top of the scroll. It was a detailed structure of the heart of the puppet. Link pointed to the hologram and said, "I have many new ideas. I feel that we can improve Nana through these methods. However, I have never put them into practice and am thus unsure about their feasibility. Can you help me take a look?"

Vance did not speak. He was already completely absorbed in the hologram right in front of his eyes. He circled the hologram again and again and carefully observed every rune formation within the heart.

After a full half an hour, he pointed to an intricate structure and asked, "I don't really get this part. What does it do?"

"This is an intelligence structure that a High Elf thought of. Its role would be to humanize the pure logical thought process of magic puppets," Link answered.

"Humanize?" Vance was still slightly confused.

"Yes." Link nodded and continued, "For example, if I ask Nana what is one plus one, she will only reply two and would give no other answers. However, after this intricate structure, Nana can choose to not answer such simple questions. Its greatest use is to prevent Nana from going into a trap of endless logical loop. "

Vance then went into deep thought as he whispered, "Endless loop? I did consider this and made some adjustments to Nana. However, it was not perfect. Your structure seems refined enough and should solve this issue completely. Amazing, truly amazing, the High Elves are indeed geniuses."

He then continued to observe the structure. Time flew quickly, and Vance was finally done with the structure after three hours. He then sighed as he said, "Compared to your magic puppet heart, mine is almost like a sieve. It is full of holes, and I must be lucky that Nana survived to this day."

Link then shook his head and said, "That is an overstatement. Nana's true strength lies in her battle experience over the past hundreds of years. That is the true priceless treasure. The rest are only parts that complement this aspect. The structure that I developed is also merely meant to help Nana fully utilize her strongest advantage. "

As Link spoke, he brought out another scroll and charged it with mana. Before long, another hologram appeared in the air. This time, it was a blueprint of the structure of Nana's body.

Vance then carefully observed it. His experience with magic puppet creation was rich, and he quickly discovered many flaws in the design.

Link stood beside him and started making revisions to the design the moment Vance pointed out the flaws. Every so often, both of them would discuss ways to improve on the design.

While Vance seemed like a depressed and unmotivated individual, he was also a prodigy of his times.

Their exchange of ideas and thoughts progressed extremely smoothly. New ideas surged into their brains constantly like the bubbles ever present in boiling water. The flaws were quickly taken care of by both of them.

Time flew, and the sky darkened. Link had to return to his territory. Vance then said in disappointment, "It has been a long time since I felt such joy. Alas, I was born 1000 years too early. If you were present at that time, I would not have to go through that much pain researching into Battle Auras!"

Link also felt elated and said, "We still have many issues that we have not settled. If I have nothing to do tomorrow, I will come at exactly 10 o'clock in the morning. If I cannot make it on time, I will ask Celine to inform you in my place."

"Alright, I already cannot wait for tomorrow to arrive," Vance said.

After a short farewell, Link then left the cave by the coastline. Upon reaching the exit,

he saw Celine practicing her swordcraft on the beach.

Link then got inspired by that scene, "Celine's Battle Aura is still quite weak. Although the Huge Fire Gun is strong, she will still be in danger if her hiding spot is exposed. She will need something that can protect her even in a close ranged battle... a shotgun should be good."

Link then decided to craft a pair of shotguns with high firepower for Celine when he was free.

Link then greeted Celine who was completely focused on her practice and said, "Let's go."

"Alright." Celine then kept her sword.

"You have used up all your bullets?" Link asked.

"It was just 150 bullets. I was done a long time ago." Celine laid her hands out helplessly. It felt extremely refreshing and exhilarating to shoot the gun. However, there was simply too few bullets.

"I will try to prepare more bullets for you tomorrow..." Link said as he swore to find a simpler way to craft these bullets. It was too much of a chore to do the same things every day.

"Alright, then," Celine said expectantly with a smile on her face.

The coastline was not far from Scorched Ridge; the two of them quickly reached back to camp. By the time they reached the entrance, they saw Gildern walking towards them.

Seeing the serious expression on Gildern's face, Link felt a shiver down his spine as he asked, "What happened?"

Gildern then took out a letter and said, "My lord, MI3 has delivered an emergency letter from the battlefield. There is a bloody sword logo on the front of the letter."

Link was already a core member of the Norton Kingdom's upper echelon. He enjoyed the same clearance to information as Dean Anthony. He would receive a copy of any reports regarding the situation on the battlefield.

If there is a logo of the bloody sword on the letter, it meant that the information in the letter was extremely important, to the point where it might change the tides of the battle. Gildern was aware of this fact as well.

This meant that something that would adversely affect the results of the war in the North might have happened.

Chapter 264

Secret Plans

The emergency letter from the MI3 had a special magic seal targeted at Link's Mana. Only Link could open it; if anyone else tried to damage it, the letter would self-destruct.

This letter from the battlefield, Link could only read it by himself. He brought it back to his room and cast a Silent Barrier. Then, he lightly pressed his thumb to the letter, supplying his Mana continuously.

After around three seconds, the shimmering surface on the letter receded like a tide. The entire outer shell faded as well. Finally, the entire letter transformed into a light blue ball of light. It turned into a face that hovered quietly in the air.

The face started mechanically reading the report.

"Recently, many Fear Demons were discovered in the Northern Black Forest. These demons and ghouls appear in groups and work well together. Their combat power is many times higher than the ghoul teams from before. The MI3 suffered heavy casualties, and the Black Forest is practically sealed by the Dark Elves. We only know about ten percent of what is happening there. There is heavy fog over the entire forest. To counter the possible attacks from the Divine Gear, the Pope and Twelve Archbishops of the Sacred City have already brought the Holy Grail north to the Orida Fortress."

There was not much to report. After that, it added the exact date, showing that it was a report from two days ago. Afterward, the light forming the man's face scattered into faint light spots and disappeared in the air.

It was only a few minutes, but it was like a dark cloud over Link. Had the Dark Elves started summoning Fear Demons?

Fear Demon

High-Level Demon

Introduction: #28 on the High-Level Demon Combat Power Rank. They are extremely powerful. In battle, they can instantly sense holes in the enemy's mindset and use strong psychological attacks to disrupt the enemy.

In the game, the Dark Elves had destroyed Greenstone, and then used sacrifices to summon the Dark Serpent Divine Gear. Later, they moved south, fighting smoothly. That was why, five years later, the Light Confederation was formed and they started summoning large amounts of demons to fight against the attacks. The first type of demons summoned was the Fear Demon.

But now, it was three years too soon!

If the ghouls modified by the venom of the Dark Serpent were like cockroaches that couldn't be killed, the Fear Demons were battle masters with the characteristics of a cockroach!

All the high-level demons from the Abyss had boundless vitality comparable to the ghouls. Because of the difficult environment of the Abyss, every demon who could survive had rich battle experiences.

These demons were extremely powerful, especially high-level ones like the Fear Demons. Compared to the ghouls with raised strength but low experience, they could fight one against ten.

Even more terrifying, the ghouls would definitely make these Fear Demons their commanders. This would make up for the ghouls' own lack of experience.

This was so in reality. The report had said that the combat abilities of the ghoul teams had multiplied. No wonder the MI3 would be forced out of the Black Forest.

In war, the most crucial thing was information. Now, the MI3 was unable to see anything in the Black Forest. They had no clue what the Dark Elves were doing. Even worse, there was no news on the actions of the Dark Serpent. If the Dark Elves wanted a surprise attack... the result was too horrible to imagine!

"However, the Light Church has put the Holy Grail into use. They should still have a chance to fight or at least delay the enemy."

Link remembered the characteristics of the Holy Grail clearly.

Holy Grail

Sacred Gear

Rank: 5

Effect 1: It activates a Light Territory up to six miles in diameter. Within this territory, all organisms of the Light World will receive the Light's Blessing. The strength of all dark organisms will decrease by 80%.

Effect 2: Begins the holy summoning to summon seraphim to fight in the mortal world!

The Light Territory was almost tyrannical. The seraphim it could summon had Legendary power, enough to make the Dark Elves fear for their lives and change their battle tactics.

However, this was only an expedient solution. Sacred Gears were not the same as Divine Gears. It could stop the Dark Elves for a while, but as time went on, the enemy would definitely think of a solution.

Pondering, Link realized that he was unable to help with the war in the North anymore. He could only reinforce them in the background... No, he still had Nana.

"I can't keep procrastinating. I must complete Nana!"

Thinking of this, Link wanted to go to the seaside immediately and work with Vance to create Nana as soon as possible. However, he knew that as the lord, it would be troublesome if someone discovered he was with a Lich at a time like this.

"What should I do? What should I do?" Link murmured to himself. He paced in the room, trying to come up with a perfect excuse that wouldn't be suspected.

After thinking for a while, he really did come up with something. "Pretend to be sick? That might work!"

He could pretend to be sick and stay inside and then sneak out to the shore of the East Sea. If he had Celine for his alias, there shouldn't be any problems. This illness couldn't be any simple one either because there was a priest at Scorched Ridge. He could easily cure Link. For a Magician, the biggest problem would be... Yes, spell backlash!

A priest couldn't cure this illness; the Magician must recover by himself.

Thinking of this, Link went to find Celine. After he told her everything, Celine's eyes widened, and she looked at him in surprise.

"What's wrong? Is it bad?" Link felt guilty being stared at like that.

"No, I just think it's weird you can think of something so interesting, ha." Not only did Celine not disagree, she even thought it was interesting.

"So, deal?"

"Sure."

"Let's discuss the details now. My cover can't be blown."

The two put their heads together and discussed for several hours until they came up with a seamless plan.

...

Late night.

There was a boom and huge sound waves spread through Scorched Ridge. Firelight rushed into the air, illuminating the night sky.

Everyone was shocked awake. Quickly, someone felt something wrong.

"Oh no, it's the lord's home! It's on fire!"

"What are you waiting for? Put out the fire! Put it out!"

Where's the lord? Is he okay? This was what the soldiers and common folk thought.

The Magicians of Scorched Ridge rushed to the scene as soon as possible. The two at the front were the two Masters from the East Cove Magic Academy—Grenci and Ferdinand.

They were nervous because they sensed huge Mana waves before the fire appeared. Rather than the typical waves, they had been uncontrolled and scattered. Waves like

that meant a Magician's experiment had failed, and there was a high chance of spell backlash.

To a Magician, there was nothing more dangerous than this. When the two rushed to the scene, there was only blazing fire. There was no trace of Link.

"No way," Grenci murmured. How could a genius Magician die from spell backlash? This was unrealistic.

He would believe other people, but it was impossible for Link. He had such fast reflexes that he would definitely realize his Mana was losing control and save himself.

"Do you think he used Burst to escape?" Ferdinand guessed.

"No, I didn't feel the Mana for Burst," a voice said. It was light and lovely with a hint of worry. The voice came from Princess Milda.

"I didn't sense it either. Did something really happen?" Romilson was here too.

More and more people hurried over. They surrounded the blazing cabin, but Link still didn't appear.

"No, we must run in to save him!" Jacker had arrived. He was more straightforward and had a damp blanket over him. The Battle Aura around him was explosive; he was ready to run into the fire to find Link.

But then, something moved inside the fire.

"Jacker, wait. Look, someone's coming out," Eliard said.

The situation inside the fire was very clear now. Everyone could see a blurry figure walk from the blazing flames. When he came out, flames still covered his body. Five seconds later, the flames finally extinguished, revealing Link.

His face was as white as paper, and a patch of his hair had been burnt to crisp. He was covered with burns as well. In the empty space, he couldn't stand anymore. He staggered, almost falling over.

Countless people rushed over to steady him. The fastest one, the least hesitant, and the closest to Link was Celine. She held onto him and asked anxiously, "Lord, how are

you?"

"My body is okay, but my Mana is a bit uncontrolled." Link smiled wryly.

Seeing that Link was okay, Grenci felt assured. He looked at Link's pathetic state and walked up to reprimand him. "After two days, the Mage Tower will be finished. If you want to experiment with new spells, you should go to the elemental pool of the Mage Tower. What are you hurrying for?"

"Stop," Ferdinand advised from the side. "Everything's alright as long as he's alright." Then he turned to Link and asked, "How are you now?"

"My Mana is very chaotic. I think I must recuperate quietly and organize my Mana." With that, Link coughed lightly. There was blood at the corner of his lips. It was clear that he was badly injured.

Milda walked over from the side. "The injuries look grave," she said caringly. "I have some Elf Nectar here. Drink it."

Link didn't reject her. He took the crystal bottle and drank all of the holy medicine.

At the side, Jacker and others saw that Link was alright and the fire had only burned Link's home. It hadn't spread further. Jacker waved a hand and said, "Let's disperse now. There's nothing wrong. The lord was experimenting with a new spell, and it's a small mishap. This won't happen after the Mage Tower is finished. Let's go now."

It had made a big commotion, but it actually wasn't that big of a deal. Under the soldiers' urging, the residents of Scorched Ridge all went back to their homes to rest.

On the side, Link smiled wryly at the Magicians. "It was a bit dangerous," he explained. "My mind is quite messy right now, and I must rest quietly for a while. I'm not sure if I can be better within half a month. Two Masters, all Magic-related matters of Scorched Ridge will need your help while I'm resting."

"No problem, these are all small things. Your health is most important," Grenci said. Ferdinand nodded.

Then Link said to Lucy, "There aren't any big matters on the territory these days. You can make decisions for me for everyday tasks. Jacker, Gildern, it's the same for you. If there's something important, tell Celine, and she'll notify me."

"Yes, Lord." The three weren't quite familiar with spell backlash, so they agreed without suspicion.

Link then smiled apologetically at Princess Milda. "I'm sorry for disturbing Your Highness's rest so late at night."

"It's nothing, but were you experimenting with a Level-7 Spell?"

"Yes, but I failed." Link's face was filled with regret.

At the side, Romilson comforted him. "Failing is normal. Back in the day, I failed at least seven times and had spell backlash four times. Once, it was even a serious injury, and I had to rest for half a year. But I'm seriously impressed that you dared to experiment without the Mage Tower!"

Link chuckled. He didn't dare; this was all a show.

"Then everyone, I'll go rest now."

"Go, go. Rest well and don't take risks like this again!" Grenci chided.

Link nodded. Celine helped him toward her own cabin. The people of the territory no longer saw this as strange. Link and Celine's close relationship was old news.

Once Link entered Celine's cabin, Milda turned to rest too. After a few steps, Romilson caught up. He asked softly, "Your Highness, this was weird. How can spell backlash happen to Link? It's so weird!"

Milda smiled. "Isn't spell backlash normal?"

"No, it's not the same. For other people, it's normal, but he's different. Back then, he helped detoxify Your Highness while controlling the Wind Fenrir to run smoothly and talking to me at the same time. He was doing three things at once. If this spell backlash didn't really happen, I would never believe it."

Milda still didn't feel any suspicion. She smiled and said, "Okay, stop feeling strange. Link is a human and humans can make mistakes. There's nothing weird about that. Go rest."

Seeing that Her Highness wasn't supporting his idea, Romilson couldn't do anything

about it. Though he was suspicious, he didn't look too deep into it. He turned and went back to his cabin to rest.

On the other hand, Link waited patiently for two hours. When the territory fell quiet again, he whispered to Celine, "I'll be relying on you for the next few days."

"Don't worry. It's all on me," Celine promised seriously.

Link left the Flame Controller robe in Celine's room, using the aura from that robe as a disguise. He cast the Traceless spell and slipped out of Scorched Ridge.

Chapter 265

Nana Is Alive!

The full moon hung precariously over the night sky.

The ever-present silver moonlight illuminated the entire Ferde Wilderness, casting a pale white glow on the barren land. Link could be seen running across the Ferde Wilderness under the watchful gaze of the moon.

In order to keep his actions a secret, he did not summon the conspicuous Wind Fenrir and merely cast a Level-1 Cat's Agility spell on himself.

Link took almost 15 minutes to reach the beach, which was around ten miles away from the Scorched Ridge. By the time he reached the beach, he was already exhausted and placed his hands on his knees while panting heavily.

After all, he was not a Warrior and did not have a strong physique.

He then heard footsteps beside him. Link did not even need to look to know that it was Vance. Sure enough, Vance's voice sounded a few seconds later, "Young lad, what are you trying to pull running here at this hour?"

Link finally caught his breath and wiped the perspiration off his head before saying, "I secretly escaped from the camp. Celine is watching my back for me. Currently, no one knows I am here."

Vance was startled and asked, "Is it that urgent?"

Link knew the intention of those words and briefly described the situation of the war in the North.

"In order to gain the upper hand in intelligence, the Dark Elves had once again summoned high-level demons to aid them in battle. It seems to be working well, and the kingdom is losing their footing. In order to defend against the possible sneak attack from the Divine Gear, the pope is bringing the Holy Grail back to Orida Fortress."

Link did not mention this information to anyone else, including Celine. However, he was comfortable sharing this information with Vance. After all, this old guy had a thousand years of wisdom running through his veins.

Upon hearing Link's words, Vance looked at him and sighed, "It is good to be young. You have the courage and drive to face the Divine Gear. If I were in your shoes, I would definitely get as far away as possible instead of running here to create some magic puppet."

Link then smiled bitterly and said, "I am left with no choice as well. If the Dark Elves head south, everything that I ever cared for will be destroyed. I can only face them head-on."

Vance then headed towards the cave as he said, "Then, let's begin. I have a feeling that the resurrected Nana will have the power to rewrite history!"

Link had also recollected himself from the tiring journey and entered the cave. He first cast an Illumination spell in the cave before saying, "Where did we stop the last time?"

"Methods to increase Nana's offensive power. You mentioned that you were going to try adding the power of space distortion," Vance smiled as he said.

Link patted his head upon hearing this reminder and recalled his previous thought process. He then took out a piece of paper and a pen and wrote down the magic equations on the side of the enchanting stone table. He spoke as he wrote, "The power of space is extremely unique. It has a basic property of being 'malleable.' When space is bent past a certain limit, a terrifying phenomenon called space fissure will happen."

Vance then took a look at the equations Link was writing and could vaguely understand the theories behind it. Upon hearing the final sentence, he gasped, "Space fissure? It has a similar concept to opening a gate to another dimension, right?"

Link then shook his head and said, "It is not the same. If I liken the space to a pool of water, then opening a gate to another dimension will be like linking two pools of water with a water pipe. There would be no rupture or tear in space. The two originally separate spaces would merely be connected. However, the space fissure creates a crater in the pool of water, causing water to flow out of the hole."

The fine difference between the two was a source of debate in the game by many guilds. The trigger for this debate was none other than the increasing mana intensity

of the World of Firuman.

A faction believed that the reason for the increasing mana intensity was due to the Dark Elves constantly using cross-dimensional summoning magic to summon demons. However, there was another faction that believed it was due to the summoning of various Divine Gears by the different races of Firuman throughout history, and the reason for the increase in mana intensity was merely a side effect of the Divine Gears.

Previously, Link merely thought that these guilds had too much time on their hands. However, after delving deep into the principles of the World of Firuman himself, he realized that the latter faction was the correct one.

A Divine Gear could tear through space easily. When a tear in space happened, the energy within the Sea of Void would enter Firuman through this tear, resulting in the increase in mana intensity.

Naturally, the impact of a single Divine Gear entering the world was minor. The World of Firuman had not yet experienced any major changes. However, as the races continued to strategize against the Dark Serpent and come up with ways to summon their own Divine Gear to go against it, the collision between these forces would then cause the mana intensity to rise drastically.

However, Vance did not fully understand the characteristics of space. He then asked in a worried tone, "If that is the case, won't the water in the pool eventually run out?"

Link then shook his head and said, "No, it is the exact opposite. Not only will the water not run out, something else will be added to it... Well, this has nothing to do with our magic puppet as of now. Let's get back to the main topic."

He then pointed at the equation and said, "The power of mortals definitely cannot cause a tear in space. However, we can distort them. If this distortion frequency is high enough, a space turbulence which possesses incredible destructive force can be created."

Vance then replied in shock, "You are referring to the space turbulence? If we can really accomplish that, then Nana will possess the power to destroy every being on the World of Firuman."

"Yes, that is exactly my thoughts!" Link's eyes gleamed as he exclaimed. His eyes

seemed as though he had witnessed the wisdom as far reaching as the countless stars in the galaxy.

He then half sprawled on the enchanting table and tried to figure out the equation. He spoke with fervent passion, "In theory, all beings will be affected by some sort of spatial turbulence, including the Divine Gear! This is because for the Divine Gear to exist in Firuman, it will have to conform itself to the principles of this world. If we can vibrate it at a frequency high enough, it is possible to eject the Divine Gear out of Firuman before its expiry... Look, if we do this, we might be able to increase the frequency just a little..."

Link spoke at a fast speed and even made some logical leaps along the way. Vance tried his best to keep up with Link and listened intently. When he was truly lost, he would stop Link and request for him to explain again until he understood the principles. After Vance understood Link's idea, he then gave his suggestions and comments on the feasibility based on his experience in magic puppet creation.

This process repeated itself over and over again. On a stone table in a rundown cave by the coastline, a human race magic prodigy and a one-thousand-year-old Magician pieced together a magic puppet that was bound to leave her name in the annals of history.

At that moment, the two creators of the magic puppet had no idea what she would be able to achieve in the future. They were only doing their best to make Nana more perfect in their eyes.

On the first day, Link only slept three hours on top of a cold rock. Luckily, it was summertime, and Link brought a blanket with him on this trip. Coupled with his young physique, he was able to hold on.

When he woke up, he cast an Elemental Healing spell on himself and immediately became energetic again. He then once again immersed himself in the heated discussion.

Link was fully focused on Nana's creation and had placed everything else at the back of his mind. He felt himself transforming into a burning flame, and Nana was the mineral on top of this fiery passion.

It was a process where the flames of wisdom were forging true gold!

Vance similarly gave up on his decadent lifestyle and did not sleep for the entire duration.

While Link slept, Vance tried to educate himself on the space equations that Link wrote so that he could better understand the power they were dealing with and also to keep up with Link's thought processes. While Link was awake, he would then give suggestions based on what he had understood.

He felt as though he was a full 900 years younger, back to the times when he first started learning magic, when his heart was still filled with curiosity and anticipation.

"This is how life should be!" Vance exclaimed as he delved even more fanatically into the creation of Nana.

All in all, these two prodigies had gone insane!

The World of Firuman had once again made a full rotation around the sun, all in the blink of an eye.

By the third day, the two of them had completed Nana's right hand.

This was Nana's master hand, the one she would use to wield her dagger. It thus had to be the most delicate structure in the entire body. In order to create this hand of the reaper, Link used the best materials he brought and made many adjustments together with Vance. After nearly a hundred adjustments, they finally created a beautiful hand with features similar to one of a young girl, but a power equivalent to that of a terrifying ancient dragon.

They completed the torso on the fourth day. This would be the source of Nana's majestic strength.

They then started building the main body... Nana would still be flat-chested. There was no other way. When the body was moving at high speed, a huge bosom would only become a burden to the body, greatly affecting the body's balance and was prone to damages. For example, when Nana had to come to a sudden stop, the bosom would continue to move forward due to inertia and risk breaking off from the body.

That would be awkward.

On the sixth day, the two of them attached a pair of beautiful slender legs to Nana's

torso.

This pair of legs would be Nana's driving force. There was even a coordination field attached to the legs to ensure that Nana could make a turn if she wanted to while traveling at an extremely high speed. When needed, Nana could even make use of sonic explosions to walk in the air or maintain aerial battles for a short amount of time.

On the seventh day, the two of them completed the left arm.

From Nana's past battle experiences, the left arm was usually used to maintain the balance of the body. However, the left arm Link and Vance created was not much weaker than the right arm in terms of both strength and flexibility.

Both of them believed that after a few more battles, Nana would definitely familiarize herself with the use of the left arm and fully utilize its potential.

On the ninth day, both of them created Nana's weapon. It was a pair of daggers.

This time around, Link had pushed his enchanting skills to the limits and handpicked the best materials for this weapon.

When this dagger was completed, the Storm Lord's sword uttered a faint sound before falling silent again, choosing to not give his comments.

However, that sound alone was enough to show his astonishment.

Player has successfully created an Epic quality weapon, Omni points +200 (payable in 100 days), please name your weapon!

The in-game system had immediately rewarded Link with a hefty reward of 200 Omni points, a testament to the power of the two daggers.

Link then asked Vance, "What should we name these dagger?"

Vance then shook his head and said, "I shouldn't be the one naming them. You did most of the work. You should do it."

"We have two daggers, let's name one each," Link said.

"That's fine," Vance nodded and continued. "You take the main dagger wielded by the

right hand."

Link then thought for a moment before he started writing down a line of beautiful runes on the dagger surrounded by multiple air ripples, spelling "The Last Nightmare."

Vance then thought for a few moments as well before carving onto the near transparent left-handed dagger, "Whispers of the Forest."

When Vance wrote down the last word, an in-game system message appeared in Link's field of vision.

Weapon naming Completed.

Main Weapon: The Last Nightmare

Sub Weapon: Whispers of the Forest

Quality: Epic

Main Weapon Effect: Able to trigger the space distortion effect while attacking. Has the ability to destroy any mortal beings.

Sub Weapon Effect: This sword has practically no quantitative weight. The user can use this sword to accomplish high-speed defensive movements from any angle.

Combined Effect: Space Fortress. This property ensures that the two daggers are protected by an almost impenetrable barrier.

(Note: Nana's little toy)

So far, the body and weapons were already completed. Link and Vance then exchanged glances and started working on the final step, which was to fix the heart of the puppet onto Nana's head.

They did not make any changes to the features and shape of the head, merely improving on some minor details. However, the interior of the head, also known as the heart, had received a tremendous upgrade. Apart from keeping the battle experience memories intact, everything else had been upgraded.

This took the two of them a total of ten days, more than the combined time of what

they used to create Nana's exterior and weapons.

...

Three o'clock in the morning.

When the sun rose on the horizon, Vance gently placed Nana's head on her body. Link then used the magic field to repair the runes connecting her head to her body.

Two hours later, everything was completed, and the sun was already high up in the sky. A golden ray of sunlight illuminated the cave and landed right where Nana was lying.

"She should be waking up soon right?" Vance was slightly apprehensive.

"I have not activated it, hold on... Alright, it is activated," Link whispered.

On the enchanting table, Nana still lay flat on the ground, seemingly lifeless. After around 15 seconds, she suddenly blinked and sat up on the stone table.

"Nana, Alive."

The voice was as crisp and sweet as before. However, her tone was no longer monotonous and robotic. She sounded exactly like an ordinary person.

Chapter 266

The North Has the Divine Gear, the South Has the Undead Army

Seaside cave.

After Nana woke up, she looked between Link and Vance. Finally, she looked at Link and opened her arms. "Clothes gone," she said. "Nana wants clothes."

Link was Nana's highest authority, and she would go to him whenever she needed something. Link quickly took out the feminine leather armor he had prepared beforehand. Nana was actually ungendered, but her outer appearance was feminine to fool the enemies. It wasn't good to let her run around naked.

Unexpectedly, Nana shook her head. "War kilt. I want war kilt."

Link didn't understand why a magic puppet would care about clothes.

Thinking for a bit, Vance said, "I got it. In battle, clothing greatly affects movement. The magic puppet's combat experience has gotten used to the variable of the war kilt. That's why it would make this choice instinctively."

However, a war kilt wasn't the best for movement. Link put the leather on Nana. "We wear this now."

This was the command from the highest authority, so Nana accepted it. What was interesting though was that she let Link put it on her without moving but she kept pouting, seemingly unhappy.

"You'll get used to it." Link knew this was programmed, but Nana was too mesmerizing. Seeing her like this, he comforted her reflexively.

The armor was blue too. It looked like leather, but it was actually a special type of metal. It was resilient and had high magic resistance. It had a high buffering capacity toward attacks from the outer world and was the first layer of defense for Nana's body.

After putting on the armor, Link helped Nana put on boots and gloves. He hung two swords on the weapon hook at her waist, and then he stepped back. "Okay," he said. "Get up and take a few steps."

Nana nimbly jumped from the enchantment podium. She landed on the ground and walked around.

She was now 5'5", and her curves were perfect. Wearing the dark blue and finely made leather armor with two magnificent weapons, she looked like a handsome warrior.

At the side, Vance commented, "Her movements are smooth. There isn't any sign of stiffness. Her eyes are coordinated too, and her skin looks no different than humans. From the outside, she basically looks like a regular person.

Link was satisfied as well. Turning toward Vance, he said, "I'll take her back to Scorched Ridge. My Mage Tower should be done now. I'll find time to make the Flesh Magic Puppet for you. Give me a sketch image of what you want the outside to look like."

"I'm flattered." Vance chuckled and thought for a moment. He pointed his wand in the air, and an image appeared. It was an average-looking man. "This is what I looked like in life. Just use it."

Link studied it and nodded. "Got it." Without wasting any more time, he waved at Nana. "Let's go."

"Yes, Master." Nana followed behind Link, steps in sync with his.

But just as Link reached the cave entrance, an unexpected voice rang out. "Lord, so you're hiding here! I had such a hard time looking for you!"

Link was shocked. Vance immediately got into a defensive position, ready to fight whoever was outside. Link stopped him with a wave. "Let's test Nana's abilities."

He could tell who it was from the voice, but he wanted to test Nana. Retreating, he said to Nana, "Send the guy outside to the ground but don't hurt him."

"Yes, Master."

With a clang, Nana grasped a short sword and activated. There was a boom, and she

disappeared from Link. It was the speed and decisive actions he was familiar with.

Half a second later, there was a shocked cry outside. "Hey, who is this? No, what is this...!"

Mid-sentence, there were clangs of weapons, and after three seconds, there was a muffled thud. "Impossible!" the man wailed outside. "What is this? Let go! Let go of me! Ah!"

Link walked out at this time. He saw Nana dressed in her dark blue leather on the beach, her hair pulled in a ponytail (buffering the damage to the magic puppet's heart), with a foot on Skinorse's chest.

Her legs were long and curvy, looking even better in the leather pants. However, these slender legs had terrifying strength. Under her foot, Skinorse struggled in vain. He was immobile as if he had been nailed to the beach.

Seeing Link, he smiled wryly. "It's just a Lich, not a big deal. You won't kill me, right?"

"Nana, let him go." Nana stepped back and pouted with her red lips. "Master," she said, "This opponent is as weak as a chicken."

Skinorse was speechless. He clutched his chest, heartbroken.

Link was speechless too. He had designed this language set for Nana so she could communicate. These instigative phrases were used to destroy the opponent's confidence. He didn't expect Nana to use it now in such perfect context, completely destroying Skinorse's self-esteem.

Face pale, Skinorse looked cautiously at Nana as if scared she would do something. Nana glared and pursed her lips. She jutted her chin out in disdain. "Weakling, are you fearing me, the queen?"

Her voice was crisp and lovely. She was looking down on him but still seemed playful. Skinorse clutched his chest again. He looked mesmerized, and he sighed in regret. "If only she' wasn't a magic puppet!"

Link laughed. "Her name is Nana. As you can see, she's a magic puppet. She saved my life in the North."

"Nana? That's a good name. Her appearance has gone to waste. I was almost won over by her." With that, Skinorse walked around Nana to Link's side. He peered at Link suspiciously. "Why are you with a Lich? To be honest, the majority of these undying things aren't good news."

This interested Link. In the game, Skinorse had traveled the world and had vast knowledge. He was very open and would never judge someone too quickly. Now, based on his words, Link realized that his personality was the same as in the game.

He laughed. "You yourself said 'majority.' There's also a minority."

"Fine, that Lich does seem different." Skinorse glanced at Vance, who had exited the cave, and tipped his hat.

Vance was curious about this young Assassin. Smiling, he asked, "Boy, have you met good Lichs before?"

"Of course. It was in an ancient tomb when I was still young. I'd broken in without meaning to, and he helped me out in the end. He even gave me 100 gold. It was really memorable... But that's all unimportant stuff. Can I know your name?"

"I'm Vance."

"Oh, Vance. A good name," Skinorse said politely. He obviously didn't know the creator of the Battle Art. After the polite stuff, he turned to Link. "I finished investigating Delonga. Do you want to see?"

"Of course." Link nodded.

Skinorse tossed a scroll at him. "Everything's in there, so look by yourself. Notify me whenever you're free, and we'll set out."

Link opened the scroll and scanned it quickly. His pupils restricted, but his expression didn't change. "It probably can't be too soon," he said. "The northern battle needs me. I have to at least wait until the northern front is stabilized."

Skinorse was shocked. Brows furrowing, he said, "I heard the Northern Dark Elves had received the Dark Divine Gear. Is this true?"

Rumors had spread everywhere, but Skinorse rarely trusted rumors, so he didn't care

for this one.

Link nodded. "Indeed. I had fought with it and barely survived."

"Are things that bad...?" Skinorse looked anxious. Others spread rumors, but from Link, it would definitely be the truth. After a few seconds, the red-haired Assassin glanced at Link. "So are you preparing to head north?"

"I'll set out soon. You know, the Iron Wall cannot be defeated." As Link spoke, he could feel that the Assassin wouldn't just stand to the side.

As expected, Skinorse fell silent again. After a while, he said, "Hey, Dark Elves are all crazy. Count me in... No, I'm not enough. I'll get a few of my friends too."

If the Iron Wall of the Norton Kingdom was breached, it would be a catastrophe to the mainland. Anyone with common sense understood the severity of this. Skinorse seemed unreliable and careless, but he actually had foresight.

At the side, Vance sighed, face filled with regret. "Ah, if only I wasn't like this. Otherwise, I'd go north too."

If he showed up in his undead state, he would probably be exterminated by the king before he could even do anything.

Link comforted him. "Don't worry, old guy. You won't have to worry after I make your Flesh Magic Puppet." Then he said to Skinorse, "I'm going back to the territory now. If you really want to go north with some friends, you can set out with me. At least I can speak to the higher-ups. You won't be looked down on after you go."

Skinorse nodded. "No problem. The time seems tight, so I'll go tell them now."

The Assassin moved quickly. As soon as he finished speaking, he jumped backwards, ready to leave in a flash. However, he hadn't changed. When he passed by Nana, he sent a flying kiss. "Hey, girl, chase me if you can!"

Nana saw that as a provocation. With a muffled boom, she burst forward without warning and kicked Skinorse's butt. Thankfully, she had control over her strength and didn't injure him.

Still, Skinorse was sent flying 300 feet. He landed pathetically with a plop in the water.

"I'll get back at you someday!" came the depressed roar from this silly Assassin. Then, he swam away.

On the other end, Vance looked at Link and asked, "Is the situation with the South bad?"

Link nodded and showed Vance the scroll. "Roy the Fifth has gone crazy," he said. "He's collecting bodies from the battlefield, and currently, he already has an undead army of around 30,000."

The most intimidating thing about the undead army was its numbers. Anyone who died in battle would become their soldier. In war, the undead army would grow with every battle. Like a snowball, it could turn into a super army of one million within a short time.

If this really happened, it would be a disaster even more terrifying than the Northern Dark Elves. The only solution against the undead army was to stop them before they started developing. Once it reached a certain state, it could defeat anyone purely with their numbers!

Vance looked at the scroll in disbelief. "I can't believe that the genius Wavier has become Demon God Tabinos' puppet and even joined the Syndicate. What a pity."

Demon God Tabinos was a demi-god of the Sea of Void. He was also known as the ruler of the dead and was the controller of death. He was powerful enough to be in the top ten of the demon gods.

Link sighed. "No matter what, I must do something about it. Before going north, I must visit the Southmoon Kingdom."

Nowadays, Delonga Kingdom's enemy was the Southmoon Kingdom. If the Southmoon Kingdom didn't have any measures against the undead army when they appeared, they would be unable to hold on. If Southmoon collapsed, the Ferde Wilderness would be next.

At that time, the Norton Kingdom would have to face the Dark Elves in the North and the undead army in the South. It would be checkmate! Therefore, he must stop the undead army before they could start developing!

Time was tight, and Link couldn't waste a second. He called to Nana and hurried back

to his territory.

He could see the tip of the Mage Tower before he reached the territory. There was already a ten-foot wide Mana Light Ball at the top. Around the ball, dozens of Mana threads reached into the air. From a distance, it looked like a spider web. This meant that the Mage Tower had started operating and had successfully integrated with the Mana of the wilderness.

The Mage Tower has finally been completed. Good news. Link instantly felt better.

He sped up. As soon as he reached Scorched Ridge, someone recognized him. It was Eliard, who looked at Link with a pleasant surprise. "Link, you're better?"

"Uh, yeah, I'm okay now," Link muttered in reply.

"Then let me take you to tour the Mage Tower. I participated in the entire process this time," Eliard said with a smile.

Link had this intention too, so he naturally nodded.

Chapter 267

The Infiltration of the Undead Knights

Link spared no thought for the cost of the construction of his Mage Tower.

The Mage Tower comprised of the main tower which was 540 feet in height, and three other auxiliary towers which were each more than 300 feet in height. The four Mage Towers covered an area of more than 20 acres, making it a gigantic architecture in the Ferde Wilderness.

Standing below these Mage Towers, Link and Eliard seemed extremely insignificant, as though they were merely ants beneath the feet of a giant.

Eliard then told Link excitedly, "Currently, there are still a few minor magic formations in the tower that is not completed. However, the detection magic formation is already operating, and it's monitoring range is around 40 miles, around 50 percent wider than the Heaven's Thorn. This means that the entire Ferde Wilderness will be under its surveillance. The Elemental Pools within the Mage Towers have also started operating. They are all of high quality and can support experiments up to Level-8 in strength. We also left lots of room for upgrades for the future. This is all Sir Romilson's work. He had provided us with a lot of help."

Link smiled as he listened, satisfied with the results. With the completion of his Mage Tower, he was now a fully-fledged successful Magician.

The two of them then entered the Mage Tower where many other Magicians were already busy with the daily tasks that needed to be completed.

Eliard walked in front as a guide and introduced the facilities to Link.

"That is the entrance to the basement of the Mage Tower. It houses a Level-8 earth elemental ring that can be further upgraded in the future. Look, here is the parliament hall that can house 1000 people. Even if all the Magicians from the Norton Kingdom were to arrive, we could easily accommodate all of them. This is the enchanting workshop. It is huge, though we have not fully equipped it with the necessary equipment. This is the library that can hold at least 10000 magic books. Of course, we

still have not started stocking it up with the relevant materials," Eliard explained.

Link observed all these facilities carefully and realized that this Mage Tower had one very commendable trait—almost every aspect of the Mage Tower had left plenty of room for future upgrades.

This meant that as Link grew more powerful, he could also upgrade this Mage Tower to complement his strength, rather than build a new one. It seemed like both Master Grenci and Master Ferdinand were very optimistic about his future developments.

After making the tour with Eliard, Link felt satisfied. However, he still had one concern, "We do not have any enchanting or alchemy tools. Furthermore, our library is totally empty. We need time to accumulate and gather these things."

A Mage Tower was akin to a small-scale magic academy. While one could compromise on the basic facilities, the enchanting workshop, alchemy workshop, Elemental Pools and library must be top-notch. These four areas were what determined how prestigious the Mage Tower was.

If the Mage Tower did not provide such facilities to their Magician's Apprentices, why would any of them want to study there? After all, they were not here to serve as guards.

"We can use gold coins to purchase enchanting and alchemy tools. We can even purchase Magicians with some gold coins. However, high-level magic books, also the most alluring of them all, were not something that could be bought using gold coins alone."

After a while, Link had an idea. He said, "I have to start collecting magic books. In fact, I have many of them housed in my head. I will copy them out in my free time and categorize them respectively... This is going to be a tedious project."

The construction of the Mage Tower was only the beginning. If Link wanted the Mage Tower to mature and grow stronger, he would still need to continue investing in it and give it a lot more time.

The Mage Tower was huge, and they spent over an hour before they finished the tour. Eliard and looked at Link and asked, "So are you satisfied?"

Link then nodded and said, "It is much better than what I expected."

"Naturally. The cost that went into creating this Mage Tower is insane. By far, the rough estimate of the cost is around 200000 gold coins, excluding the money used to purchase those rare materials. If we try to even count those materials in, we might not be able to give you even a specific number. If you ask me, I would say that the total cost is definitely more than two million gold coins. This is double the construction cost of the Heaven's Thorn!"

Eliard witnessed the construction process of this Mage Tower first-hand. He had gained lots of insights in that time as well. When he was done speaking, he looked at Link, seemingly wanting to speak but choosing to keep silent.

Link was familiar with Eliard's antics and said, "You seem to like this Mage Tower a lot. Why not you stay over here to continue your magic research?"

Eliard immediately broke out into a smile and said, "Link, you know me well. Indeed, I have fallen in love with this place. Not only the Mage Tower but even the entire Ferde Wilderness. I feel like it gives people a sense of optimism and energy."

The Ferde Wilderness seemed to be ever changing, progressing towards a thriving city one day at a time. For people with great ambitions, this place was akin to heaven on earth.

Eliard was one who harbored such ambitions.

Link then asked, "Are there any more Magicians who wished to stay in my Mage Tower?"

Eliard then nodded and said, "Of course. Out of all the Magicians who arrived, at least one-third of them wished to do so."

"That's good news. I welcome them any time," Link smiled as he said. There were at least seven Elemental Pools in this Mage Tower. He could not possibly use all of them throughout the day. The original intention of building such a huge Mage Tower was to attract more Magicians to the Ferde Wilderness.

At this moment, Eliard moved away from the topic of the Mage Tower and stared at the woman quietly following behind Link all this while. He then asked quizzically, "Who is this woman? Why haven't I seen her around?"

"She is called Nana," Link smiled and said. Along the way, Eliard had stolen glances at

Nana many times. His curiosity had finally gotten the better of him.

"How do you do, Magician," Nana walked forward and said. Her voice was crisp and delicate as she greeted Eliard with a youthful smile on her face.

Eliard scratched his head and asked Link in a confused tone, "Why does she look a bit strange to me. How do I put it? It's just extremely awkward; something is off."

Link could not help but chuckle at his confusion and said, "This is a magic puppet that I created. My magic rebound status had already been dispelled ten days ago. This was what I had been busy with all this time."

"Magic puppet?" Eliard could not believe his ears. He was fairly sure that it was a living young girl standing in front of him. How did she become a magic puppet all of a sudden?

He then circled Nana and finally found some inhuman traces. He then asked, "Is her skin made from metal?"

"Yes, it's metal. It's flexible Iridium that has been treated through a special process. Many other precious metals had also been mixed in during the process, allowing it to have a flexible, soft, yet hardy texture. Ordinary blades will not be able to leave even a scratch on it. Furthermore, if she suffers minor injuries, she can even regenerate automatically without external help."

Link introduced Nana simply. This was merely a small part out of the myriad of outrageous things Nana could do with her new enhanced body.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that simply by comparing the number of materials used, Nana would be on the same level as this Mage Tower. However, if we were to go deeper into the wisdom used to create both of them, then Nana would be the clear winner, outperforming the Mage Tower in almost every aspect. They could not even be categorized under the same level.

Eliard was still observing, but after a while, he gave up and said, "It is way too delicate. It is still completely out of my league for now. What can she do?"

"She is a perfect Warrior," Link said with pride.

"Warrior? She looks so meek and delicate; can she fight?" Eliard did not believe him.

"Oh, she is very good" Link assured.

"Alright then," Eliard laid out his hands and said. However, one could tell from his expression that he was still not bought over.

At that moment, Link then left the Magicians to do the final touches to the Mage Tower and left together with Nana to Scorched Ridge.

Link then first approached Celine and ordered Nana to follow her around. He then approached Master Grenci and Master Ferdinand to discuss the counter-strategies with the information brought back by Skinorse.

The Delonga Kingdom was, after all, an established Kingdom. The Ferde Wilderness had just taken its first few steps and was definitely not strong enough to defend against any upcoming attacks. Link had to borrow the strength of the Norton Kingdom to go against it.

When he was halfway there, he saw Gildern who immediately strode over with big strides upon seeing Link, as though he had something important to say.

Link then stopped in his tracks.

Gildern had a serious expression on his face and bowed upon reaching Link and whispered, "Sir, I just received some bad news."

Link then cast a Soundproof Barrier before saying, "Tell me."

Gildern nodded and said, "Our scouts seemed to have met a group of extremely strong Undead Knights in the forest to the North of the Black River. Thirteen of our scouts have already died within a day's time."

Link frowned as he asked, "Extremely strong? Can you describe in more detail?"

"The scout who was lucky enough to escape mentioned that these Undead Knights have the power of darkness and ice. They are extremely strong and seem to have no weaknesses in their bodies. They can still fight even after their heads are severed and can even pick up their severed heads and place them back on their necks. Their bodies are also filled with corrosive liquids that can kill anyone within a minute if they make contact with it. Battle Aura will not work against them. The scouts who were killed by them would then stand up in ten minutes' time as Undead Warriors... It truly is

terrifying."

Link then frowned. Gildern seemed to be exaggerating the situation. Even if they were Undead Warriors, they should not possess such powers. This type of Undead Warriors did not even exist in the game.

"Do we have any traces of their whereabouts now?"

Gildern shook his head and said, "They have a total of 35 people and seem to be doing a mission. They are moving very quickly. When the scouts found them, they were already heading towards the northwest region of the Girvent Forest."

The moment Gildern ended his sentence, Link saw a message from the in-game system.

Mission: Tracking

Task: Enter the Girvent Forest and track down the group of Undead Knights. Investigate the purpose of their mission.

Rewards: Lost Magic Book, Space-Time Fusion.

Time Limit: Eight hours. Exceeding the time limit will be deemed as a failure!

To think that there would be a mission connected to this. Furthermore, the reward was a magic book! From the title of the book, the magic book seemed to be a high-quality one. Link was enticed by the reward immediately. From the time limit, it seemed like it would be an important and dangerous mission.

Link then accepted the mission without hesitation and handed the scroll containing Skinorse's message to Gildern, saying, "Hand this over to Master Grenci, let him settle this issue."

"My lord, what about you?"

"I am going to stop these Undead Knights myself. I will set off now!"

After speaking, Link immediately went to find Dorias.

Dorias seemed to be enjoying life a bit too much nowadays. He had put on weight and,

another Wind Tiger half his size lay beside him, probably a mate he found while wandering off on his own.

Upon seeing Link, he shook his head and said, "Link, I know that something has happened from your expression. Where are we headed to?"

"Northwest side of the Girvent Forest. I am tracking down a bunch of Undead Warriors."

"That's near," Dorias crouched down for Link to mount on before he roared, "Let's go. I can definitely reach them within two hours' time."

He leaped forward and seemed to be running at a speed much faster than before.

Upon seeing Link's surprised expression, he growled in disdain and explained, "I have been locked up for too long previously and was too weak. Now, I have regained most of my strength. I am now close to the peak of my past strength."

"Peak? How strong were you?" Link asked.

"I was Level-7 in strength at my peak. After I was locked up in the Tower of Azula, I slowly became weaker," Dorias explained.

"That is good news."

Dorias ran at full speed the entire time and took only an hour to reach the junction between the Girvent Forest and the Ferde Wilderness. Once he reached here, he lifted his head and took a whiff before saying, "I can already smell the stench of the Undead Warriors!"

Chapter 268

The Real Undead Race?

There was a creek between the Ferde Wilderness and Girvent Forest called the Moon Creek.

Dorias followed the aura in the air and walked along the bank of the creek. After around one mile, he sped up again. After running for another mile, Link could see from atop him the corpse in the tall grass beside the creek.

The corpse's clothing was ragged and old. He wasn't a scout from the Ferde Wilderness. From the looks of things, he seemed more like a refugee from Delonga.

Dorias got a little closer. Finally, he stopped around 15 feet from the body. A little suspicious, he said, "I don't think he's completely dead."

Link had a similar feeling. The man was covered in dried blood and had a giant hole in his stomach, but the bare skin on his face still shone like a living man. The slightly opened eyes seemed to be like a living man's too.

Even stranger, he was clearly not breathing anymore, but there was still a faint heartbeat. The visible veins bulged, meaning blood was flowing.

"Dorias, can you sense if he has a dark aura? I can't." This was the part that was hardest to explain.

Dorias shook his head too. "No dark aura at all. It feels like he's just asleep but with his guts spilled out..."

Earlier, Gildern had reported to Link that the Undead Army was very special. They were a type of undead that had never appeared in the game. The corpse before Link's eyes now was similarly out of his knowledge.

This had completely destroyed the balance of the world!

Getting an idea, Link used the Magician's Hand to pick up a fist-sized rock and tossed

it at the body.

Plunk! The rock crashed against the body, ricocheted, and rolled to the side. The body shuddered. The action wasn't caused by the rock's strength; it was more like a reflexive convulsion.

"He really isn't dead, but he's not alive either. What the heck is this?" Dorias felt as if he'd really seen a ghost. This was beyond his common sense. He'd never seen anything like this in his long life.

Link didn't know either. He tried casting a Glass Orb at the corpse. With a boom, flames burst forth and burned the body. The guy seemed to be in pain. He suddenly sat up on the ground for three seconds before falling straight back.

Other than having no consciousness, he was completely like a living person. However, his action had revealed more of his wounds. One was at the back of his head. Dorias had sharp eyes and saw it first. "Oh my god, look!" he cried. "He was stabbed in the head, and his brains have all come out!"

If he had these kinds of wounds but still wasn't completely dead and didn't have any dark aura, it meant he wasn't undead. However, Link still had no explanation.

He jumped down from Dorias's back and studied the corpse's surroundings. "From the footsteps, a cavalry had passed by once. Let me count... One, two, three... 37 types of horseshoes. This mostly matches Gildern's report."

This meant that there were 37 Undead Knights.

Link continued investigating. He used the traces in the environment to deduce the fight that had ensued by the creek bit by bit.

"There are human footprints here... Three people—two men and one woman. One is around six feet, uh... This footprint is from that corpse. That leaves two people. The other man's figure is similar to the corpse. He was probably hurt. Look, that's his blood. From the shape and position of the bloodstains, he was probably hurt in the left arm. The wound is pretty deep... He was probably protecting the woman and stuck out his arm to block an Undead Knight's sword. He blocked it like this... and then... they jumped over the water."

Link followed the footprints along the riverbank and finally found two very deep pairs

of footprints. They were different and came from two individuals.

"The Moon Creek is 33-feet-wide, but these two crossed it with just one jump. They're very strong physically and might be strange undead people like this corpse... Let's go across and take a look."

The situation was already apparent from the current observations. These Undead Knights hadn't been targeting the Ferde Wilderness. They were chasing after these targets. So who were these three undead? Why did the Undead Knights want to kill them?

Link was very curious. He climbed onto Dorias again. The beast pounced and jumped over Moon Creek.

"The aura in the air is really obvious. They chased all the way into the Girvent Forest." Dorias followed the smell in the air and advanced.

After walking for around half an hour, they found another corpse beside the path!

The corpse's left sleeve was torn with a shallow wound. Like the other corpse, he was filled with life. He'd been stabbed in the back of the head too, so he could only lay on the floor unmoving as if in a vegetative state.

Link started investigating the ground again. Ignoring the marks made by the Undead Knights, he focused on the woman's footprints. Ten seconds later, he found her trace.

"She ran in that direction and was very fast. Come, let's go after her."

Dorias pounced in the direction Link pointed out. After running for around one mile, things suddenly changed. There were three corpses of Undead Knights beside the road. They wore dark silver body armor and emanated a dark aura. After dying, the dark aura poured out of their bodies. The plants within 30 feet of them had all withered.

Link deduced the situation from the evidence he could find. "The woman ran here, the Undead Knights 65 feet behind her. She was at a dead end, but then, another burst of power came from the forest. It killed the three Undead Knights closest to the woman and took her away at the same time. The Undead Knights continued pursuing instead of retreating."

He couldn't see clearly from atop Dorias. He cast the Eagle's Eye for himself and discovered many more details of the fight.

"This newcomer controls the fire element. They're probably a Magic Swordsman. They're not that powerful, at the base of Level-6. After killing the three Undead Knights, they were also heavily injured... Huh? How come their blood is dark purple? They're a Dark Elf?"

A group of Undead Knights chased after three undead, and a Dark Elf Magic Swordsman suddenly popped up who even rescued the undead woman. The situation had become a bit complicated and mysterious.

Dorias was shocked. "Link, the Undead Knights' armor has an eagle emblem. That's the emblem of the Delonga Royalty. They're from Delonga!"

Link wasn't surprised by this. "Delonga's King Roy the Fifth has gone crazy," he explained. "He's working together with Wavier, another madman, to create an undead army. It already has 30,000 soldiers."

"When was this? No way!" Dorias was totally shocked. He didn't know about the Delonga Kingdom yet.

"It's true... Alright, I'll tell you in detail later. Right now, we don't have time. The Dark Elf Magic Swordsman can't keep up for too long. Let's pursue them to see. Go that way."

"Okay." Dorias pounced in the direction Link pointed out.

This time, they ran one mile, and two more Undead Knights' corpses appeared. Link scanned them and frowned. "It's weird. These were all killed by the Magic Swordsman, but he shouldn't be powerful enough... Look here, he's clearly aon the brink of death, but the Undead Knight suddenly made a mistake and was killed."

Dorias was utterly confused by the mysterious situation. "What's going on?" he just asked. "It's too complicated!"

Link didn't reply. He continued observing and discovered a fresh mark on a tree half a minute later.

"Look, the bark is gone. Someone had been here... He perched on the tree to watch the fight on the ground and acted here... I got it. It was a pebble. He tossed a pebble,

resulting in the Undead Knight's mistake."

"So another person appeared?" Dorias finally understood something.

Link nodded. He looked at the eerily dark forest up above and knitted his brows. "So many strong figures appeared. This can't be a coincidence. This woman is most likely important and involved in something very beneficial, so many are focused on her. Dorias, there will most likely be many unpredictable dangers up ahead. We must be careful!"

"I understand." Dorias grew serious for once. Things were too complicated today, and he could sense the danger.

For the rest of the journey, he slowed down a bit for safety.

This time, they traveled for around two miles when Dorias' ears twitched. "Listen," he whispered to Link. "There's commotion in the forest ahead. The fight seems intense!"

"Stay down low... Be careful!" Before Link could finish, he felt heart palpitations. It was fatal danger.

Without even thinking, he moved his wand. Spatial Distortion!

Spatial Lens appeared in all directions, surrounding Dorias and Link. Practically at the same time, a purple laser appeared behind him. It shot into the distorted space and veered to the side. With a sizzle, it shot into a thick tree.

The tree was instantly shot through by the laser, but the laser didn't stop. It continued through five more large trees until it finally disappeared.

Seeing this, Link was extremely shocked. "This laser's strength is at least at the pinnacle of Level-7, but where do you get so many Level-7 Magicians?"

With this thought, the alarms went off in his mind again. Danger came from behind him. Just as before, it was another purple laser beam. He could tell that the enemy had adjusted his attack direction. Based off of the previous distortion angle from the Spatial Distortion, then the laser would hit Dorias after the enemy's adjustment.

Thankfully, the powerful thing about the Spatial Distortion spell was that Link could adjust the frequency however he wanted.

Boom! This fatal laser brushed past Dorias again, but Link wasn't happy at all. Even after these two continuous attacks, he still couldn't nail down the enemy's exact position! The laser seemed to have come out of thin air. There was no one at the other end.

This meant that he couldn't fight back; he could only defend himself passively.

"Two Level-7 spells in an instant. This should be some kind of Magic Tool and this person is great at hiding. Who exactly are they?"

Link had a feeling that he had been sucked into a giant vortex, and the strange woman was at the heart of everything.

Chapter 269

Enemy of Our Enemy

"Link, what do we do?" Doria's voice was shaking as he spoke. There was no helping it; he was extremely nervous. If not for Link's assistance, he would already have died twice from the previous attacks.

This place was way too scary!

"Don't fret. Their assault had ended," Link whispered. Even if it was the work of a magic equipment, based on the mana intensity in the World of Firuman, two consecutive Level-7 spells should be enough to completely deplete their energy.

Link estimated that the other party probably still held one trump card in their hand. However, this time around, they would not cast it as easily as the first two unless they were sure of securing a kill. Hence, they were safe for now.

Clang! The sound of swords clashing against one another could be heard from the woods in front of them. Occasionally, a strong wave of energy could even be felt. The situation there must be chaotic and heated.

Behind them, an unknown professional was lurking in the shadows like a venomous snake, waiting for the right moment to strike. After a few seconds, Link said, "Let's go, we will proceed in front to see the situation."

If he was not wrong, the person behind them was there for the special girl as well. He could not possibly stand by and watch, and they would have to take action if they moved forward.

"Alright then. It's all up to you." Dorias then focused and leaped forward.

From the moment Dorias leaped up, Link pointed his Wrath of the Heavens Wand towards the woods beside him without warning. In an instant, a single-directional Flame Blast spell took form and spewed fiery demise throughout the forest after a deafening explosion.

"Where can you hide this time!"

In that instant, when the lurking shadow was attempting to strike while they were in mid-air, Link noticed his movements and retaliated before he could even react.

Amongst the eruption of flames, a figure stood out. It was enveloped in a dark purple Battle Aura, and Link could not make out his features from afar. Their speed was insanely fast, and in half a second, they managed to escape from the casting range of the Flame Blast spell.

This person was extremely decisive. The moment they realized that they were exposed, they escaped without hesitation. Strangely, the moment this person got out of the flames, their figure immediately blurred, as though their presence was about to disappear into thin air.

"You are planning to escape?" Link then focused and locked onto his opponent who was on the run and cast a Vector Field spell.

As Link deepened his understanding of space, his control over field-type spells also increased. He could already control them almost perfectly, manipulating the angle and strength to his own liking.

This spell came out of the blue and hit the enemy at the perfect angle. It was impossible to defend against.

The figure stumbled upon this impact. After the disruption, the figure once again became apparent.

Due to their insane speed, it was difficult for the figure to regain his balance. Link would also not give them the chance to regain their composure. Link was looking for a fatal flaw in his opponent movements to finish him off once and for all!

This person was clearly experienced in battle. They could roughly guess Link's intentions and immediately gave up on regaining their balance. They then allowed their body to fall to the ground, and while in mid-air, they pointed a thing similar to a wooden stick in Link's direction.

A purple colored ray shot through the forest.

This was supposed to be a game-changing attack. It took advantage of the enemy's

upper hand and retaliated the moment the enemy let down their guard. If it was anyone else, they might already be defeated.

However, Link had been through many battles and was a Master Combat Magician. He would not make such mistakes.

Whoosh! The sound of space distortion rang through the air as though Link had predicted his opponent's every movement. A space lens appeared around Link, and when the ray hit the lens, its trajectory was forcefully manipulated to veer away from its original path.

Around 0.1 seconds later, Link canceled the space lens spell and started retaliating with full force.

The purple ray grazed past Link's body. The nearest it got was merely ten centimeters away from Link's body. However, as with all light-based spell, accuracy was of utmost importance. Even one centimeter would become an insurmountable distance.

At that moment, that figure was still in mid-air, and they could not regain their balance. They had also used up their trump card and was completely open to Link's attack.

Link then immediately used his signature move, the Titan's Hand.

Whoosh! The wind howled as the fire elemental concentrated on Link's wand. A huge hand took 0.2 seconds to take form and grabbed the figure tightly.

Link then exploded the fire elementals within the hand without hesitation.

Boom! Boom! The first sound came from the explosion within the Titan's Hand. However, the second one came from the figure, who had exploded their Battle Aura to escape from the attack.

Link had already seen through their ultimate retaliation move. They thus had no intention to be entangled with Link any longer. The moment they escaped from the Titan's Hand, they started running in the opposite direction.

This figure seemed to be using all their strength this time around, releasing their Battle Aura constantly and evoking a Battle Skill meant for escaping purposes.

Whoosh! Three identical dark purple images appeared in the air and ran in three

different directions. Link then had to choose one of them to attack.

Dorias was completely dumbfounded by the Battle Skill. He muttered, "The one on the left is real... no... it's the one on the right... that's not correct either. Don't tell me it's the one running straight?"

He basically said a bunch of crap.

If it was another Magician facing this figure today, he would definitely have escaped. However, Link was an exception. Link was not all that powerful, but he recognized this exact tactic.

"I was still thinking who this was. So it is you, Dark Prince!"

The Dark Prince was the third successor to the throne in the Dark Elves Pralync Kingdom. He possessed the royal Silver Moon blood and was known to like adventures. He had an extremely high reputation and was a highly-regarded Dark Elf Ranger.

This man was blessed by fate and had great talent in both Battle Aura and magic. He was especially skilled in crafting magic equipment.

The purple ray just now was from his prided weapon called the Remnant of Death. Its special effect was its ability to fire three Level-7 spells consecutively. However, after the third time, it then had to be recharged before it could be used again.

His Battle Aura was unique as well. Half of it was from his family traditional Battle Aura stance while another half was of his own innovation. This Battle Aura had many advantages, the unique one being its invisibility effect. If the Dark Prince did not receive any damage or interference for three seconds, he could enter the invisibility state.

The current skill he was using to split himself into three images was called The Dark Flower Blossoms.

This was the Dark Prince's most prized escape technique. He could produce two completely indiscernible images of himself and had never failed him before. At least, that was what happened before he met Link.

Link paid no attention to the three images. Instead, he once again cast the Titan's Hand

and grabbed the area in the center of the three images. He then exploded the fire elementals within it without hesitation.

Argh! A cry of pain shot through the air. The Titan's Hand had caught the real Dark Prince!

The reason was simple. The three images formed by the Dark Flower Blossoms Skill were all fakes. The real Dark Prince would be forced to stay in the original position for around 0.2 seconds after casting such a complicated Battle Skill.

If someone did not know about this trick, this Battle Skill would have been the perfect skill to use for escaping purposes. However, once someone had discovered its true form, this 0.2 seconds would be fatal to the Dark Prince.

The Titan's Hand then brought the Dark Prince back to Link's side. He was now barely hanging onto life.

With a thought, the Remnant of Death weapon on the Dark Prince's hand was transferred to Link. After observing it for a moment, Link said regretfully, "It can only be activated using a special Battle Aura. It won't be of any use to me. Forget it; the material is still good. We will disassemble it and use them for other purposes next time."

He then stared at the Dark Prince held in the air by the Titan's Hand before saying, "Walter?"

This was the Dark Prince's name.

Walter then sighed as he said, "Since you recognize me, I don't wish to live anymore. Please give me a quick death."

The human race and the Dark Elves were deadly enemies. They would not end a fight without one party dying. There was nothing left to say.

Link then shook his head and said, "That will be going too easy on you. You are here for the same reason as us. Both of us want to get our hands on that woman, but along the way, you have also protected her multiple times. She seems to be your friend and probably would not bear to see you die. I can use you to coerce her into giving me information."

Upon hearing Link's words, Dorias was slightly puzzled. What did he mean by here for the woman? Didn't they track the Undead Warriors down all the way without knowing what exactly was happening?

He was just about to clarify things with Link when he felt a pinch on his back. He then had the sudden realization that Link was trying to trick information out of this Dark Elf.

Walter indeed thought that Link already knew the situation and sneered, "You have gotten the wrong idea. Allos is my enemy. I attempted to kill you only because you are Link."

Allos? Link gasped. Allos. Human and Dark Elf mixed blood.

In the game, she first served the Dark Elves and subsequently joined the humans after the Dark Elves started summoning demons from other dimensions.

Her magic talent was merely ordinary. Even in the late game, she merely just reached the strength equivalent of Legendary. However, she possessed amazing talent in terms of insight and observation skills, a talent that even put Eliard to shame.

Hence, she had another alias called "the Maiden of Truth."

In the game, Allos was of great help in their fight against the dark forces. Before her death, she cast her final spell, Ripples of Destruction, in an attempt to stop the demon army from heading South.

Destruction Ripple

Ungraded Rank

Forbidden Curse

Effect: By taking advantage of the flaw in the principles governing the World of Firuman, it creates waves of destruction ripple in a hundred-mile radius that can eradicate all beings in Firuman with the exception of Divine Gears!

The official site of the game had also created a detailed cutscene for the explosion of the spell. Link had witnessed its power first-hand, and he could testify that even a Legendary spell did not possess even a thousandth of its prowess.

The game company even created a special documentary titled the "Fall of the Maiden of Truth" due to the popularity of this scene.

Using the power of the Destruction Ripple spell, Allos destroyed the entire demon army in one blow. Almost 50000 high-level demons were reduced to nothingness, though she had also disappeared without a trace. No one knew her whereabouts till this date.

Link did not think that the Maiden of Truth would betray the Dark Elves so soon in this timeline.

After he heaved a long sigh of relief, Link felt something moving in his field of vision. Upon closer inspection, he realized that it was the message for the completion of the quest. A new mission then appeared.

Mission: Rescue

Task: Help Allos regain her freedom.

Reward: None

Alright, this was the first mission that would offer no reward at all. However, simply from the fact that Allos had created an immortal body, she was worth saving.

Link believed that he would benefit greatly if he saved Allos.

He then looked at Walter and asked, "Since she is an enemy, why wouldn't you kill her... you won't answer my question, so let me guess. She must have found something peculiar that you want. Therefore, you people want to force her to hand it in. Am I right?"

Walter then sneered, "Even a fool would realize that."

Dorias was infuriated. If Link was a fool, then what would that make him? He pressed his paws against Walter and said, "Link, let me end him!"

Link then shook his head, "No, he is Dark Elf royalty. He will be useful. Take him to the Northern Fortress and hang him on the castle wall. I believe the Dark Elves' expressions will be fun to watch."

"Damn it, kill me now! Kill me!" Walter started struggling while he bellowed.

Dorias then gave him a hard smack on the head to knock him out.

Link then dismounted from Dorias' back and said, "Dorias, bring this guy back to the Scorched Ridge. He is important, do not let him get away."

"No problem at all. What about you?"

"The enemy of our enemy is our friend. I am going to save her," Link said.

Chapter 270

Pursuit in the Forest

Girvent Forest

After watching Dorias leave with Dark Elf Prince Walter hanging from his mouth, Link cast a Traceless spell and snuck forward.

Perhaps due to the commotion from his previous fight with Walter, the battle sounds in the distance had disappeared. The forest had become silent again.

Link followed the direction the sound had come from and crept forward. After around 300 feet, Link saw the first corpse—an Undead Knight.

According to Gildern, these knights were practically impossible to kill. However, in battle, the other party seemed to have a solution against the Undead Knights. The corpse before Link now seemed to have been filled with some horrible power. The gray-white skin was riddled with holes like a sieve. Black blood flowed out of the holes and corroded the grass around him.

The blood was poisonous, so Link didn't dare touch it. He carefully bypassed the body and continued forward. He tried to organize his thoughts about the relationships between everyone.

"Alloa betrayed the Dark Elves, so they wanted to capture her. That makes sense, but then what's with these Undead Knights?"

Their armor had the Delonga Royalty's emblem, so they were from the South. Could it be the Syndicate? But wasn't the Shadow Stalker working with the Dark God? Why would a mistake like this happen?

If it was the Syndicate, it wouldn't make any sense. While thinking, Link suddenly remembered what Skinorse had told him. He'd said that Wavier had become Demon God Tabinos' slave and had created these Undead Knights.

"So these Undead Knights have nothing to do with the Syndicate and belong to Wavier

himself?" Link wondered aloud. "Or more specifically, are they under Tabinos?"

Demon God Tabinos was not compatible with the Spider Queen Lolth that the Dark Elves worshipped. It was understandable if the believers of both sides fought over the Maiden of Truth.

However, this explanation also had uncertainties. How did Wavier get the information that Alloa had escaped from the North? Pondering hard, Link could only come to the hypothesis that Wavier had something to do with the Syndicate, but they were only close on the surface and had internal conflicts.

In order to capture the Maiden of Truth, the Dark Elves asked the Syndicate for help. In the process, they found Wavier, but the Dark Elves didn't expect Wavier would break the alliance halfway through.

This was the only logical explanation Link could think of. Of course, this was only Link's guess. As for the truth, he still had to see. He followed the signs of struggle and continued forward.

After around 650 feet, there was a clearing in the forest, but it was covered with corpses! This was probably the scene of the previous battle.

Link circled it, studying the traces in the area carefully.

"Eight Undead Knights, two Dark Elves..." he said to himself. "Hey, these are ghouls. Many footprints—Undead Knights, ghouls, this hoof print... Is it a demon?"

After investigating for five more minutes, Link discovered that three new people had joined the fight. One was a demon, and one was a Dark Elf Magician.

The last one was the most mysterious. The footprints indicated that he had existed, but he'd always stayed in the sideline, watching without participating. Link didn't know what kind of power he had.

"This guy stood by the tree without releasing any aura. He seems similar to a common man but who exactly was he? Is he from the Dark Elves' side or Delonga?"

Things were becoming more and more complicated; Link grew more cautious.

Investigating for a bit longer, Link confirmed that the enemy was still up ahead and he

started pursuing.

There was another forest. The tall arbor blocked the sunlight, and the lush shrubbery practically blocked off all paths. The only path available had been created forcefully by someone. Here, the Undead Knights had abandoned their horses and went by foot.

From the prints, they had been here less than ten minutes ago.

Link observed carefully the entire way. His target was not the Undead Knights, ghouls, or the Dark Magician but the mysterious man who didn't fight. This guy felt the most threatening, and Link had to be cautious of him.

The mysterious man was very prudent. He didn't leave behind many traces, but they still existed. Link was detailed too. He never lost his target during this entire time.

After around two miles, he came across corpses again. There were three—two ghouls and one Undead Knight. Link glanced around and felt something was amiss.

Before, the Undead Knights had all seemed mutilated, but this corpse was better off. It had fallen mostly because his head had been chopped off. Link realized that the Undead Knight's body still maintained its vibrant strength. If someone found his head and put it back, he would probably be able to stand up again after a period of time.

The ghouls' corpses were much worse off. Two seemed to have exploded. Their internal organs, blood, and muscles were scattered on the ground, turning this place into a hell on earth.

After observing for ten seconds, Link concluded, "The mysterious man finally acted. His spell was... huh, it's the Black Fire Beetle!"

Black Fire Beetle

Level-4 Dark Magic

Effect: Creates a beetle with very high penetrative abilities. The beetle contains extremely condensed black flames. Once inside the target's body, it will either become parasitic or explode depending on the situation.

(Note: Boom! An exploding watermelon!)

The problem was, this Dark Magic spell was very powerful for sneak attacks, but the spell structures were also complicated. It was much higher than the difficulty of a Level-4 spell. The difficulty and effect were unequal, so very few people would choose to learn it. In the game, the Dark Magicians Link had encountered who used this spell were almost all demon god believers. This was because the demon god's power could lower the difficulty of the spell.

Link got an idea. "Demon god believer Wavier, did you come too?" he asked aloud.

This was his guess. Following this idea, Link started investigating the situation of the small battlefield in detail. Within two minutes, he found a large number of clues. He had mostly recreated the battle in his mind.

The Dark Elves captured Alloa and continued northwest, preparing to retreat... From the marks, there weren't many Undead Knights anymore, only... 13. Two ghouls were left to stop the incoming enemy. Two against one—they could've killed the Undead Knights easily, but Wavier suddenly came out... Now, the Dark Elves should be at a disadvantage. This Dark Magician used three Level-6 spells and ten Level-4 spells along the day. Here, he only used a Level-3 spell to block the path. His Mana was practically all spent.

Link had received a lot of information from the countless small clues. He had a general idea of the opponent's power.

He continued chasing for around one mile. Along the way, three more Undead Knights had fallen while more ghouls had died. There were nine, all killed from exploding.

Link could see from the footprints that the Dark Elves were disordered. The footprints had different depths which reflected their anxiety. On the other hand, Wavier's footprints were all equal. He was like the king of the jungle, calmly advancing and reducing the places his prey could run to.

"Wavier is much stronger than before. Seems like the demon god has given him many benefits."

After around 300 feet, Link suddenly felt something wrong. Then, a black shadow abruptly jumped out of the forest nearby. Without hesitation, it swung a sword at his area.

Poof! The Battle Aura created a seven-foot-long arc through the air, slicing down

towards Link's position.

The opponent sensed my existence but couldn't determine my specific position, Link thought. This attack is to force me out! If an Undead Knight can create a Battle Aura Cut, he'd be at least Level-6. So powerful!

His fight with Dark Prince Walter had made a big commotion. If Wavier was here, he'd definitely know that someone was chasing after him. If he kept some Undead Knights behind, it was to delay Link.

These thoughts flashed past Link's mind. He reacted instantly. Casting Cheetah's Agility on himself, he ducked down speedily. With a whistle, the Battle Aura Cut flew past, a hair's breadth above Link's head.

He had dodged the attack but also revealed his position. The Undead Knight adjusted his body slightly and unhesitatingly charged at Link.

Link focused, and the opponent's actions slowed instantly. He aimed carefully and activated the Vector Force Field.

The Vector Force Field may only be a Level-1 spell, but Link had greatly improved the spell's structure. Now, its power was comparable to a Level-3 spell.

Of course, this wasn't much to a Level-6 Warrior. However, after experiencing so many battles, Link had raised his understanding of a Warrior's different actions of instinctive reactions. Using a force field against them was easy and familiar.

As expected, there was a light thud. The Undead Knight had been attacked by the force field in mid-charge. The crash sent him stumbling back. Because he had been running at full speed, he lost his balance suddenly and couldn't recover.

The forest's terrain was complex. The Undead Knight's left foot had a misstep and twisted. With a crack, a bone was broken, and he flew out. The sneak attack had succeeded; this Undead Knight was no longer a threat.

Link dodged beforehand and avoided the Undead Knight's flying body. However, he was still in danger; two knights had been left behind.

While the previous one charged, the other also started charging from the other side of Link.

Link's solution against this knight was even simpler. He hid behind the two-foot wide tree beside him. The opponent instantly lost sight of him, but it was difficult to turn while sprinting. The Undead Knight could only halt but he reacted quickly too. He instantly activated the Battle Aura Cut to chop down the tree.

Link didn't give him the chance. He had completely grasped the Undead Knight's rhythm!

After hiding behind the tree, he didn't waste any time. He pounced sideways but halfway, he flashed and cast the Traceless spell. He disappeared into thin air, and his aura disappeared.

When the Undead Knight hurried to the tree, Link was already gone. The knight looked left and right. He swung his sword wildly at where Link could possibly be hiding but how could Link be there?

Helpless, he turned back to his companion. "Ford, how are you?"

"Broke my kneecap. I'll need half a day to recover." Undead Knight Ford's voice was gloomy.

His kneecap had been twisted badly, but as if he couldn't feel any pain, he sliced it open with a sword and started fixing the bone.

While treating himself, he asked, "Where's he?"

"He slipped away like a rat. I don't know where he went!"

"He must've gone after Master. Leave me here and go reinforce him!" Ford said anxiously.

"Okay!"

The Undead Knight flew deep into the forest. However, he didn't notice that while he was running, a figure was following dozens of feet behind him.

It was Link.

If he went alone, he wouldn't be able to know the enemy's specific location. He would need to spend time searching for clues and also be cautious of attacks. Now, he had a

straightforward guide. It was much safer this way.

Chapter 271

It Sure is Crowded Today

Girvent Forest

"Master, there are four of them left," an Undead Knight whispered.

A black-robed Magician stared silently by his side. He looked extremely ordinary from his features. There was neither a veil of black aura encircling him nor a pair of merciless bloodshot eyes. The only thing peculiar about him was his skin color.

It was sickly white and had sort of a matte finish to it, making it look just like a corpse.

There was a vacant space a few hundred meters away from them. On the open space was a Dark Elf Magician and three ghouls huddled together in a circle. In the middle of those two parties was their target, the mixed blood Dark Elf Alloa.

This woman was petite in size and looked disheveled. She was drenched in blood, and her hair was a tangled mess. It covered her features completely, and the low-quality cloth used to make her blouse was also completely tattered. From afar, one could tell that this woman had a very good figure, especially her waist. Her waist was extremely thin, giving her an exaggerated hourglass figure.

Alas, there were only undead and Dark Magicians on the battlefield. Furthermore, they were amidst a heated battle; no one bothered to stop and observe her beautiful figure.

From afar, the Dark Magician opposite used a spell to increase the volume of his voice. He shouted, "Wavier, you will regret what you did today!"

Wavier then smiled as many wrinkles showed up on his dried face. He then lifted his wand and instantly, the tip of the wand was enveloped in a thick black mist. "Stop talking trash; leave Alloa with me, and I will let you go."

"Do you think I am a fool? Alloa's fate can only go two ways. She either dies, or she'll be taken back to the Dark Forest. As for you Wavier, the Death's Hand will not let you off easily after what you have done today. Prepare yourself and await death in

Delonga!"

This Dark Elf Magician spoke with an accusing tone. However, Wavier merely pouted and ignored his aggression. He then turned to the Undead Knights beside him and said, "Kill them."

He had nine Undead Knights with him and would have no problem dealing with three ghouls. Furthermore, that Dark Elf Magician was almost out of Mana Points. He would not be much of a threat.

The Undead Knights immediately rushed towards the Dark Elves.

On the other side, as Alloa stared at the Undead Knights who were closing in, she whispered, "Rovia, you have no chance of winning. Kill me."

Rovia was the name of the Dark Elf Magician. He was a member of the Silver Moon Alliance and was Level-6 in strength. He just turned 35 years old and was a rare magic prodigy in the Dark Elf race.

Upon listening to Alloa's words, Rovia squinted her eyes. He did not reply to her statement and merely suppressed his anger. His fine Magician upbringing allowed him to control his emotions well.

The Dark Elves consider betrayal as one of the most intolerable crimes. Alloa's actions had already crossed his bottom-line. In his eyes, Alloa was already a dead person. If not for her value to his race, he would personally give her a taste of misery over and over again.

However, a ghoul beside him did not manage to contain his anger. It's face immediately contorted and swung his hand at full force on Alloa's face. Alloa then fell onto the ground light-headed after that huge impact.

"You traitor! How dare you speak!" This ghoul spoke coldly as he walked forward, pressing one of his feet on Alloa's thighs. He then started grinding his feet with fervor.

He possessed Level-6 strength, and Alloa had slender legs. She would never have been able to withstand that pressure. Instantly, the sound of bones cracking reverberated through the atmosphere. Her legs also started to show signs of deformity.

"Haven't you discovered the law of the Divine Gear? Aren't you immortal? Then, I will

make you experience what hell is like!" This ghoul snickered as he pressed down with even more force.

Alloa's body trembled violently under the immense pain. The only thing she could do was to scream involuntarily. Her body would twitch ever so often from the great pain.

Rovia stared at the scene without compassion. Five seconds later, he then spoke, "Alright, stop. We should focus on the enemy. Do not lose hope! We still have reinforcements coming. The prince and Master Aymons are coming over to help us. We only have to hold on for a while longer."

The three ghouls were revitalized upon hearing those words. They immediately put up a defensive posture and prepared themselves for the enemy.

"After the battle begins, be careful of the beetles on the ground. Do not let Wavier have a chance to sneak up on you," Rovia whispered.

The three ghouls nodded.

At that moment, an Undead Knight had already reached a distance 90 feet away from them. He bellowed and charged straight towards Magician Rovia.

A ghoul stood in his way without any hesitation. He did not have any weapons with him. The only weapon he had was the body bestowed to him by the Divine Gear.

Boom! A huge collision occurred on the open field. Both of them appeared to be of equal strength!

The Undead Knight swung his sword towards the ghoul. However, the material used to create the sword was far too ordinary. The ghoul could grab the sword with his bare hands. Although his claws suffered deep cut from that collision, such wounds were nothing to a ghoul as they would heal in a matter of seconds. His other hand then became enveloped in a black aura as it swung at full speed towards the abdomen of the Undead Knight.

This black aura was terrifying. In previous battles, as long as an Undead Knight came into contact with it, they would explode like water balloon instantly. There was no way to survive that attack.

"This will not work on me!" The Undead Knight held a shield in his left hand and

blocked the ghoul's attack just in time. He then pushed his shield forward with all his might, shouting, "Go to hell!"

Boom! After a muffled collision sound, the ghoul could be seen being knocked back. He staggered as he tried to maintain his balance.

"Be careful!" Rovia suddenly shouted as he pointed his wand at the ground, "Wind Blade spell!"

A crescent-shaped translucent wind blade then flew towards a specific direction. Half a second later, the wind blade had collided with the beetle that was crawling at high speed on the ground.

This spell completely destroyed the magic structure of the beetle and caused it to disintegrate almost immediately. The elemental energy within the beetle exploded instantly, and the area around a 15-foot-radius from it was covered in a fiery wave of incandescent flames.

This was a Level-4 spell. If it exploded within the body of a ghoul, it could be lethal. However, now that it was released outside of the ghoul's body, coupled with the fact that this fire-elemental spell was not pure in nature due to the corruption of dark forces; it had almost no effect on the ghoul.

The ghoul merely covered his face to shield himself from the heatwaves.

"Wavier, you have gotten the Divine Liquid and created the Undead Knights. How dare you go against my race. Aren't you afraid that we will retract our forces?" Rovia snickered.

Wavier then said with a smile on his face, "Divine Liquid? I think it is more like a poisonous concoction. However, there is one thing you got wrong. I did not give my Warriors the perfected version of the liquid. Therefore, they could attain strong vitality while not at the expense of being controlled by the Divine Gear. If you don't believe me, you can bring it back and test it out... Of course, that is, if you survive this battle."

At that moment, a huge explosion sound could be heard. This sound was extremely low, much like the rumbling sound when a fireball exploded within an underground chamber.

Following which, a ghoul could be seen being torn apart by the explosion.

"He insulted Alloa and even broke her leg. This means that he needs to receive some punishment. Rovia, you will support my decision, won't you?"

Wavier then smiled. The beetle that was released previously was just to attract Rovia's attention. When he was preoccupied dealing with that beetle, another one had already crept onto its intended target.

This ghoul was so focused on the onslaught from the Undead Knights that he did not realize any peculiarities. From his own perspective, his life probably ended in the most unexpected way possible.

Rovia then gritted his teeth. He hated people who thought that the world revolved around them simply because they are more privileged or born with stronger talents. They would even flaunt their skills in the middle of a battle. He wanted to smash Wavier's head into the ground before stomping it to pieces if he could.

However, all these were simply thoughts that he could not fulfill. Rovia snickered and said, "Doing such things would make you a traitor of the Syndicate. Don't think that you can escape from their clutches!"

Wavier then laughed as he said, "No, no. That's not right. The Syndicate wants this to happen. You really think that Morpheus wants to work with you lunatics? You guys want to destroy the entire human race! Morpheus was, after all, a human, though the destruction of his race probably means nothing to him. He will choose to ignore the incident today as long as it does not infringe on his fundamental interests. If I give the Syndicate more benefits, they would then have no reason to intervene!"

Morpheus only wanted to become a god. In this aspect, the Dark Elves could possibly help him do so. However, Wavier's master Demon God Tabinos could help as well.

In this case, to act ignorant and stay passive would be the best strategy for Morpheus.

Rovia immediately fell silent. He had access to secret documents in the Dark Forest and had a good grasp of the situation as well. He knew that Wavier was speaking the truth.

Wavier seemed to be intoxicated with such an overwhelming victory, and he chuckled, "Alloa is like a priceless treasure. After I get my hands on her, I will cherish her well

and capitalize on her wisdom. I will not torture her like all of you did!"

Rovia then shook his head and said, "You are being too optimistic! This will be dangerous!"

At that moment, the screams within the forest ended. The Undead Knights had attained a victory, losing five of their members to all three ghouls.

Wavier then smiled and said, "Alright, it's over, Rovia."

However, before he could speak, a voice appeared from the sky, "No, it has just begun!"

Wavier was taken aback and lifted his head immediately. He then saw a giant owl with a white-haired, old, Dark Elf on its back.

This was one of the pillars of the Dark Elves—Level-7 Master Magician Aymons.

He looked at Wavier from a vantage point and snickered, "Young man, let me give you some words of caution. The power of a demon god is not infinite. Your end is already in sight. You are destined to just be a demon god's plaything!"

"Aymons... you have arrived," Wavier muttered as his wand began to glow with a blinding brilliance. "I have always respected you. Now then, let me see if you are really as strong as the rumors said!"

However, Aymons shook his head to everyone's surprise. He then said, "No, I did not come to fight. I am here to settle the dispute!"

As he said those words, he lifted his wand and pointed towards Alloa and said regretfully, "She is the source of this conflict. After her death, all will come to an end."

A beam of purple light appeared from his wand and charged straight towards Alloa. At the same time, a few spatial ripples appeared around Alloa. She seemed like she was covered in a vortex of lenses.

The beam then missed its target. Alloa was still alive!

Aymons then frowned as he squinted his eyes at the thick overgrowth in front of him. He then sighed, "It sure is crowded today."

Chapter 272

You All Have the Intelligence of Mortals

Girvent Forest.

Wavier seemed to have been prepared. "Link, you're finally here," he said, laughing. "You're faster than I expected."

Even though there were many rumors about Link, even though he had once killed Level-8 Demon Lord Tarviss, Wavier's power was nothing like before. He wouldn't go look for trouble with this genius younger than him, but if they ran into each other, Wavier wouldn't retreat.

If he could kill Link, Wavier's name would be known throughout the mainland within a night.

After he spoke, the forest was silent. There was no response.

"What, you're going to keep hiding?" Wavier sneered. "You refused to come out at the Opal City too and secretly used the Teleportation spell to take Celine away. Do you want to do that again?"

Wavier already knew about the event at the Opal City—Andrew had told him. After learning about this, his first reaction was jealousy. He was endlessly jealous of Link.

He would possess the woman he wanted. Someday, his undead army would flatten Ferde, kill Link, and he would take Celine for himself. He believed it would not take long.

After a while, there was still no response. There was no abnormal aura in the surroundings either. The opponent was well-hidden.

Aymons was waiting for Link's reply too. Seeing this situation, he said, "I don't think he'll come out by himself. Wavier, Link also came for Alloa. I'm determined to kill her. What do you think?"

Wavier sneered at this. He instinctively wanted to disagree, but then he saw Aymons' eyes. Those white eyes stared at him, seeming to send a message.

He was an intelligent man and instantly understood. This old guy wants to use Alloa to force Link out!

Link was hidden very well right now. They couldn't find him, but according to his earlier actions, Alloa was his weakness. If Link acted again, he would reveal himself and sink into danger.

Even more, if Link didn't act, Aymons would use the chance to kill Alloa. In that case, there would be no point of conflict between him and the Dark Elves. They wouldn't need to fight anymore.

This was hitting two birds with one stone for Aymons.

This old guy is such a cunning fox! Wavier thought. Thinking of this, he nodded and took the chance to make it beneficial for himself. "You can kill her, but I need more venom from the Dark Serpent. If you don't give it, don't blame me for continuing to fight against you."

"No problem." Aymons was decisive. He raised his wand, poured Mana in, and slowly created a Flame Blast fireball.

"Rovia, move aside. I'm going act!" Aymons said.

Magician Rovia walked to the side instantly. He understood Aymons, so he was on full alert. As soon as Link appeared, he would attack!

Alloa lay on the ground. She had recovered consciousness now, and most of her wounds had healed. She knew her death was coming, but she still wasn't afraid. Instead, she laughed. "Aymons, I knew I would die in your hands the first time I saw you. I guess I was right."

Aymons multitasked. He cast spells while he said coldly, "In that case, had you prepared to betray long ago?"

"I guess. At first, it was just an idea. Later, you killed countless elves to summon the Dark Divine Gear. Recently, you started summoning demons at all costs. This made me feel that the Dark Elves had gone on a mad road. You will go extinct, and I don't wish

to be with such an idiotic race."

"Idiotic?" Aymons was shaken, but he didn't become angry. Instead, he shook his head and sighed. "You're not exactly wrong. Unfortunately, not many of our race are clear-headed."

Of course, he knew that the Dark Elves were in a dangerous situation. The entire race was like a carriage racing down an uneven pebble road. One small mishap would cause a disaster.

All he could do was try his best in keeping the carriage from overturning.

Heaving a sigh, Aymons completed the Fire Blast spell. "You are very clear-headed, but you chose to betray us, so you must die. Farewell, Alloa!"

The blue-white fireball came closer and closer. Alloa closed her eyes, but for some reason, her lips were curled into a smirk.

Hum. There was a soft sound, and a red dome barrier appeared around Alloa, protecting her. The next instant, the Fire Blast spell was activated. With a boom, flames burned around the blood-red barrier, but they couldn't break through.

Aymons frowned and turned toward Wavier. "What are you doing?"

In the last moment, it was Wavier who acted instead of Link. Wavier shrugged. "Sorry, I thought you would pretend to kill Alloa, but I didn't expect it to be true... To be honest, I must have Alloa. If I can't... Everyone. Will. Suffer!"

Wavier forced the last few words out from between his teeth, one-by-one. He was not joking.

"You're crazy!" Aymons had finally lost his temper. Wavier's interference had made his earlier actions seem just like a fool.

Wavier laughed maniacally, cackling. "I am indeed. I killed my advisor with my own hands and sacrificed my soul to the demon god. Why would I still care about the rules of the mortal world?"

With that, he walked toward Alloa. As he walked, he said, "My master's majestic power flows within me. If you think you can kill me, feel free to try. If you have no confidence,

then let me take Alloa away!"

Dark Elf Magician Rovia couldn't keep watching. He raised his wand at Waver. "Ball of Decay!"

Black light gathered at the tip of Rovia's wand. It quickly formed a thick ball of black light the size of one's head. But at this time, Wavier raised his wand and pointed carelessly at Rovia. "Take a break!"

Boom! A red ball of light formed instantly. It rushed toward Rovia and exploded. The attack's speed was extreme and only took 100th of a second. Rovia's Ball of Decay hadn't even formed completely, and Aymons had no time to interfere.

Rovia's spell was stopped forcefully. The blood-red attack had sent him flying almost 100 feet, crashing against a thick tree.

Thud. Rovia slid down against the tree like a rag doll. He had stopped breathing. Seeing this, Aymons still did not act. He sat atop the Blood-winged Owl and stared coldly at the approaching Wavier.

It wasn't that he was not angry now. He had just successfully restrained his anger, so he could preserve his logical thinking. He knew clearly that if they fought, Link, hiding in the darkness, would be the one who benefited.

He was waiting!

If he let Wavier take Alloa, Link would definitely do something if he didn't want another terrible opponent in the future. Aymons was sure of this.

If Link attacked, Aymons and Wavier would have the same target, and they could partner against Link. Aymons didn't fantasize about killing that human. It would be a victory if Link was badly hurt and ran away. At that time, he would turn back to deal with Wavier.

That was the safest plan.

Wavier squinted and laughed. "Old guy, are you waiting for Link? You're really looking at the big picture, and I'm kind of touched. Don't worry. If Link appears, I'll definitely work with you, hahaha!"

"Madman!" Aymons muttered.

On the ground, Alloa had managed to sit up. Her clothes had become even more torn during the previous struggle. Only a few rags remained, and she was basically naked. She ignored her pathetic state and waited patiently as the situation unfolded.

Seeing her like this, Wavier smiled. "To be honest, you're a beauty too. If I saw you like this before, I'd definitely fall for you. But now, you're just a mix of blood and flesh... Oh, I almost forgot that you also have a good brain. Your brain is what I need... Ah, why did you have to run south with your entire body? That's such a big target. If you just ran with your brain, we wouldn't have to do all this."

This was obviously spoken by a madman.

Alloa look sympathetically at Wavier. "You're a genius," she replied indifferently, "But still, you only have the intelligence of a mortal."

Seeing her like this, Wavier was confused. "Tsk, poor girl. Where do you get your confidence from?"

Alloa was still smiling. "Wavier, Aymons," she said. "You're all powerful Magicians so let me ask you, how many realms does the Firuman world have?"

"What do you mean?" Wavier was confused. He was a genius but he was still too young, and his magic knowledge was too shallow. All his terrible power came from the demon god. At this time, he didn't catch the meaning behind Alloa's words.

However, Aymons was a true Master Magician. After half a second, his expression changed. "No, Link is in the Isomerism Realm!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Alloa's body vanished. Her presence and aura disappeared as if she had evaporated from the world.

"Where did she go?" Wavier was shocked. What was the Isomerism Realm?

Aymons had already started casting spells while explaining hurriedly, "Link is already here, but he hid into the Isomerism Realm. That's why we can't sense him. Now, he took Alloa there too. They're using the Isomerism Realm to escape! F*ck!"

How could he fall for this trick? Back in the Black Forest, Link was already able to move

freely between the realms. How could he not use it now?

Aymons had overlooked it!

With that, Aymons' spell was completed. There was a flash, and everything desaturated into a black and white world. Aymons, Wavier, and the four Undead Knights had all gone into the Spiritual Realm.

Once they entered, they could sense Link and Alloa's Mana presence clearly. They could also sense that the two were getting further quickly.

"Hurry!" Aymons seemed flustered for the first time.

Chapter 273

A Gift from the Maiden of Truth

Ferde Wilderness

Dorias bolted through the Girvent Forest with the Dark Prince Walter at top speed. He was extremely fast and covered more than 30 miles within 20 minutes. He was just about to head straight to Scorched Ridge when he heard trotting sounds in front of him.

Dorias was curious and accelerated towards the top of the hill. He then saw two women riding at full speed towards him.

He squinted his eyes and immediately recognized who they were. One of them had purple colored hair and wore a light brown armor. She also had a magic pistol hanging by the side of her waist—it was Celine.

There was also a young woman beside her with a ponytail. She looked innocent and wore an intricate armor. This was Link's magic puppet Nana.

The moment he saw familiar faces, Dorias was ecstatic. He bolted forward and dropped the Dark Prince right in front of them. The Dark Prince then grimaced softly, and a trail of blood appeared on his lips. It seemed like Dorias did not put him down lightly.

However, Dorias could care less and asked quizzically, "Celine, why are you here?"

This place was at least 30 miles away from Scorched Ridge. Even if Celine wanted to train her sharpshooting skills, she should not have come so far.

Celine then took a look at the Dark Elf on the ground before a hint of worry appeared in her eyes. She then said, "If you are back with a hostage, I would suppose that Link is alone right now?"

Dorias seemed unworried as he said, "Yes, but it will be fine. Link is fighting them; they will not be able to win him."

Celine seemed to think otherwise and asked urgently, "Do you know which direction he went?"

"This... I'm not too sure. It has already been 20 minutes since I left him."

Celine grew increasingly worried. At that moment, Nana spoke and pointed in the north-western direction, "Master is in that direction. He is heading towards us at high speed."

"Are you sure?" Celine was doubtful. After all, Nana was merely a magic puppet, how could she pinpoint Link's location so accurately?

"Master's blood has a familiar presence. Nana can feel it."

The moment she said those words, Celine was immediately reminded of the situation when they first met Nana. Link suffered a blow from Nana at that time, and the micro-metal on her blade managed to fuse with his blood, allowing Nana to track him down. She even managed to run underwater while trying to eradicate Link.

It seemed that she still had that ability.

"There must be someone going after him if he is running so fast. Let's go! We will get him!" Celine waved her hands and charged forward, and Nana followed closely behind.

"Then what about me?" Dorias was left alone once again.

"Take that hostage back to Scorched Ridge," Celine said.

"Alright then," Dorias once again picked up Walter with his jaws and charged towards Scorched Ridge.

...

Soul Realm.

Link was running for his life while carrying Alloa on his back.

In this space, the power of ordinary spells would be suppressed while the power of the soul would be magnified. Link was somewhat familiar with this space. He could still run at a fast speed despite having an extra deadweight.

However, the people chasing him was fast as well. Amongst them, the most terrifying one was Wavier.

His soul was unusually strong. Link glanced behind him and saw a huge shadow engulfing his sight. Even the sky was dyed a greyish-black due to the dark aura emanating from his soul.

Link was horrified as he said, "Tabinos is truly generous. To think that he would give Wavier such a huge boost to his soul power."

There were two methods to increase the strength of your soul in the World of Firuman. The first was through training. Magicians would meditate to strengthen their souls while Warriors would put in their sweat and tears to grind their tenacity. The strength of their soul would then grow as they develop their strength in the Physical Realm. The strength of a Level-9 Magician's soul could be around 1000 times stronger than an ordinary human. He could scare the wits out of an ordinary human anytime he wanted to.

The second method was through a divine blessing. Link had the blessing from the God of Light. This blessing, coupled with his training had granted him with an extremely strong soul.

However, Wavier's soul was at least ten times more terrifying than Link's!

It truly was infuriating.

Fortunately, while Wavier's soul was powerful, he did not seem to be used to wielding this power. He was also not familiar with the principles within the Soul Realm, which greatly diminished his traveling speed. He was only slightly faster than Link despite having a soul that was much stronger. Furthermore, Link was carrying a deadweight which reduced his speed.

After Alloa heard Link's words, she spoke with a nonchalant expression, "Of course Tabinos will be generous. You have no idea what Wavier did."

Link was startled for a moment before he asked, "How many people did he sacrifice?"

In order to appease the demon god, one would have to make a sacrificial ritual. Furthermore, it had to be the sacrifice of souls.

"At least 50000!" Alloa reported a striking figure.

Fifty thousand souls? Link was horrified.

The Dark Elves merely sacrificed 15000 souls to get their Divine Gear. How did Wavier get that many souls to sacrifice in such a short period of time?

Alloa was extremely observant and could already guess Link's thoughts from his actions. She then snickered and said, "Why do you think the Delonga Kingdom and the Southmoon Kingdom are engaged in such a fierce war? The deceased Warriors and refugees all add up to an estimated number of 50000. This is already the most conservative estimate."

Life was truly worthless in times of chaos. One could only give an estimated number of the deaths in a battle, suggesting the cruelty of the war. However, Link did not expect such a huge motive to be hiding in the shadows behind the war.

At that moment, he had a deeper understanding of the darkness in the World of Firuman. In this world, strength would speak for itself. This was exactly why dark forces would easily go out of control, and eventually result in horrifying events.

"This is preposterous! I did not expect such things to happen. Furthermore, it happened in the South, right where my territory is!"

It was no wonder the Delonga Kingdom refugees would seek shelter in his territory. Those ordinary people had no idea what was truly happening within the Kingdom. However, this did not prevent them from sensing danger.

Alloa then sighed as she said, "This is exactly why I wanted to escape from the Dark Elves. They are too scary and too insane. Their actions now will not only destroy their entire race, but also the whole of Firuman!"

Following which, she stared at Link and said, "I intended to approach you the moment I escaped the Dark Forest. However, I met with some accidents along the way and was intercepted by my pursuers the moment I reached the Girvent Forest. However, the result was still satisfactory. You still came to find me."

"Me? Why me?" Link was perplexed. While he was speaking, he glanced behind him once again.

At that moment, he had already run out of the perimeter of the Girvent Forest onto the Ferde Wilderness. This place had unobstructed vision. He could clearly see that Wavier was merely 900 feet away, with Aymons being 15 feet behind Wavier and the undead knights being 80 feet away from Aymons.

Wavier was able to close the distance by 150 feet every minute. If they continued traveling at their current speed, Link would enter Wavier's spellcasting range after four minutes.

Link could at most cover three miles in four minutes. He was still some distance away from the Scorched Ridge and would not be able to call for reinforcements in time. However, he did not panic. He still had 7000 Mana Points remaining, which was sufficient to cast a Dimensional Leap spell. When Wavier was about to catch up, he would just use that spell to escape.

If they dared to chase him all the way back to the Scorched Ridge, Link would merely call for Nana and give them a taste of his prided magic puppets power.

Alloa then answered Link's question very seriously, "Because you know how to use spatial magic."

"Spatial Magic? What has that got to do with you?"

Alloa then nodded with a serious expression as she said regretfully, "It matters, it matters a lot. The things that I am researching on has already exceeded the wisdom of mortals. You are the only person in the World of Firuman that can understand my research. Therefore, you are the only person I can approach."

Link fell speechless. This woman seemed to be flaunting her wisdom and intellect as though she was meant to be superior to other human beings.

"What exactly did you figure out?" Link asked. He predicted that these findings would be a rude shock to anyone. This would explain why the Dark Elves would chase her all the way to the South and even send Aymons on this mission.

As he speaks, he once again glanced behind him. Wavier was still leading in the race and was less than 600 feet away from him. Aymons, on the other hand, was already 60 feet behind Wavier.

If Wavier was alone, Link would have already engaged him in a fight. However, there

were two Magicians on his trails. Aymons was also a terrifyingly strong Magician. Coupled with the Undead Knights, Link had no confidence in defeating all of them. Therefore, he could only run.

When Link spun around, he noticed a strange phenomenon. He felt that something was obstructing his view. Upon closer inspection, he was then startled. It was Alloa's chest.

He did not realize before, but Alloa had a pretty developed chest. This was especially so as he was running at full speed while carrying her, causing it to bounce invitingly with every step. Link averted his gaze and ran even faster after that.

On the other hand, Alloa did not realize Link's peculiar gaze as she was deep in thought. After around ten seconds of silence. She whispered, "My father is a member of the Silver Moon Family. Therefore, the Silver Moon blood also runs through my veins. However, since my bloodline is not pure, I was chosen to be the sacrifice, the vessel for the Dark Serpent."

"Then why are you? Did you bring the Divine Gear with you? But it doesn't look like it."

"I was indeed fused together with the Divine Gear. However, I created a puppet to go through most of the process in my place. Following which, I freed myself from the control of the Divine Gear. In this process, I discovered a principle governing the Divine Gear... And as you have witnessed, I became immortal while being untainted by the powers of darkness."

Link was dumbfounded upon hearing those words. It was amazing enough to free oneself from the control of the Divine Gear. To be able to discover a principle at the same time required wisdom that exceeded his wildest imaginations.

No wonder she would be revered as the Maiden of Truth and acted so intellectually superior. She was not arrogant per se. Her perspective of the world was merely too different compared to that of an ordinary mortal.

"Your motive for finding me is?"

"As you know, the Divine Gear possesses a Divine Skill that can devour souls. I have tried solving it but to no avail. I realize that it would be impossible if I try to do it myself. I need another person who has also exceeded the wisdom of an ordinary

mortal to assist me. You are the first person that came to mind. Therefore, I brought with me a treasure trove of the Divine Gear's statistics."

Link was taken aback, but this was followed by a wave of euphoria. He said, "Rest assured that I will ensure your safety!"

This was probably the reason the in-game system would issue a sudden mission that had a time-limit. Allos indeed possessed such value. If he had known this would happen beforehand, he would gladly make another trip to the Dark Forest!

Allos seemed satisfied at Link's passion and nodded. She then said, "Enthusiasm is the best mentor. However, we have to first get rid of our pursuers. They are catching up."

Link nodded and looked behind him once again. Wavier had already closed the gap and was only 150 feet behind. In a minute's time, Link would enter his spellcasting range.

Link did not dare to take the risk and immediately prepared to use Dimensional Leap to escape.

Dimensional Leap was a Legendary spell whose power was not constrained by the Soul Realm. This was also the reason Link dared to take Allos into the Soul Realm to begin with.

However, a strange thing happened.

Upon seeing that familiar white brilliance surrounding Link, the black aura around Wavier suddenly increased in size as well. He then snickered, "Link, I knew you would use this dirty trick! Alas, my master had also taught me something. Let me see if you can escape after this!"

A black miasma rushed towards them at the speed of light, covering Link within its demonic grasp. After which, the white glow around Link was blown out like a candle flame in the wind. Allos and he remained standing in their original position.

Link fell speechless. He had made a mistake by underestimating Wavier's strength. He should have used Dimensional Leap earlier on when he was still in the lead. The situation was not looking good.

"That should have been Demon God Tabinos' strength. He had sealed this entire

dimension. You will have to defeat them to proceed," Alloa explained with a nonchalant expression, not showing any signs of fear and shock, as though she had already predicted this would happen.

"It seems like it will be another tough fight." Link took out the dimensional scroll. Even if they were to fight, he would prefer it to be held in the Physical Realm. Only in the physical realm would he be able to unleash his full power.

Chapter 274

I Blocked It!

With a whoosh, Link returned to the Physical Realm.

It was a wilderness covered in broken stones. The deep-plow magic puppet hadn't reached this area yet, so no one lived here. All he could see was miles of empty land. In the distance, there were some hills.

It was too open here. It was unsuitable for fighting, and there was nowhere to hide. Even if he used a disguise spell, he would be found easily.

Without hesitating, Link tried to use the Dimensional Jump again.

And he failed again.

Link sighed. "It really is the god's power. This place is sealed from all realms." Since he couldn't escape, Link began to prepare to fight.

First, he activated a Level-5 Crimson Edelweiss for Alloa. This defensive spell's power was now outdated and couldn't help Alloa block all attacks. However, it could act as a buffer and ensure that Alloa's body wouldn't be destroyed.

She was immortal. As long as her body was complete, she would be able to survive.

Then, Link cast the Cheetah's Agility for himself. This would ensure his speed and strength. At the same time, he said, "Alloa, can you walk?"

When they were in the forest, Alloa's leg had been shattered by a demon. It had healed a lot already, but it still looked very mangled.

Alloa touched the ground with her broken leg and shuddered. Her features twisted instantly, but she didn't make a sound. Gritting her teeth, she stood with both legs adamantly. "I won't die anyway. I can walk so don't worry about me. Focus on them!"

With that, she limped and ran deep into the Ferde Wilderness. She wasn't too slow,

but it was obvious that with each step, Alloa had to withstand terrible pain. She gasped continuously, running and screaming to vent her pain.

Link watched all this and had to be impressed. What an extremely logical girl.

Yes, logic could almost perfectly control a person's emotions. She was the same type of person as Link.

During this, Link started preparing as well. He took out the Prophet White Stone. He could only use this stone one last time, but he was prepared to use it without hesitation because Alloa was critical in fighting against the Divine Gear. This involved the fates of countless people.

She could not die. Even more, she couldn't fall into the hands of the Dark Elves or Wavier. Link would save her at all costs!

After taking out the Prophet White Stone, Link drank a bottle of an Advanced Mana Potion. It replenished the Mana he had used up earlier. At the same time, he activated the Clear Thoughts effect on his Flame Controller robe.

His maximum was 8,500 Mana. The Clear Thoughts effect had an effect of recovering 2,000 Mana within five minutes, so this gave him a total of 10,500 Mana to use. This was great, but it would probably only last one and a half minutes for Level-9 spells.

This meant he must win within one and a half minutes!

At this moment, there was a flash of Mana aura in the distance. Then, several figures appeared out of nowhere. It was Wavier's group who had followed Link back to the Physical Realm.

There were six men in total. Wavier was the closest to Link, around 400 feet away. Around 30 feet behind him was Aymons. The four Undead Knights were another 15 feet away.

After appearing, Wavier looked at Link and laughed uproariously. "Link, you didn't expect this, right? No matter how strong you are, you're just a mortal, but me? I have a god's strength!"

Link ignored him. He took a deep breath and gathered his thoughts, entering a focused spell casting state. To his perception, time had slowed. At the same time, he started

retreating toward the Ferde Wilderness.

Alloa had only run around 30 feet. Seeing how pained she was, Link asked, "Aren't you a Magician? Why don't you use a spell?"

Even with a broken leg, she could still use a spell to speed up.

"I can't. My immortal body has broken the world's equilibrium. The world's laws reject me. My magic has all disappeared."

"Makes sense..." No wonder Link hadn't seen Alloa use any spells. After entering the focused spell casting state, Link no longer worried about being gentle. Taking advantage of the fact that the enemy hadn't reached spell-casting range, he got an idea and cast two low-level spells as fast as lightning—Lightweight and Vector Force Field.

The Vector Force Field pushed Alloa forward. With the help of Lightweight, she was at least ten times faster. Practically flying from the collision, she traveled around 30 feet instantly.

This way, Link had nothing to worry about.

At this time, Wavier had rushed over. He was only around 300 feet away from Link. The four Undead Knights were with him, surrounding him protectively. However, Aymons' actions were more interesting. This old fox paced around 330 feet from Link. He neither approached nor retreated.

Wavier was extremely confident in his power, and he laughed loudly. "Link, have a taste of my master's power! The Eye of Death!"

Eye of Death

Level-7 Spell

Effect: Creates a huge magic eyeball. Everything under its gaze will become the territory of death!

Blood-red aura poured from Wavier's wand. It gathered into a huge bloody eyeball 16 feet in diameter. It was very realistic, and once it appeared, it focused on Link.

Poof! There was a light sound, and a bloody beam shot from the Eye of Death to Link.

"Spatial Distortion!" This was the best way to counter beam-like spells.

The next instant, the death ray turned through Link's Spatial Lens and went around his body. Link was unhurt, and he started fighting back!

Without hesitation, he activated the Prophet White Stone. There was a strong flash of white light. A terrible aura started spreading in all directions. The elements of the Ferde Wilderness seemed to revolt.

The elemental gathering was so fast and violent that the distortion of the air around Link was visible to the naked eye. This was Elemental Turbulence!

Aymons' expression changed drastically. He retreated immediately and yelled, "Wavier, this is Level-9! Don't block it!"

"I'm going to!" Instead of retreating, Wavier advanced while laughing maniacally. "I have an immortal soul! I have an undying body! So what if it's a Level-9 spell? It's still mortal strength, but my strength is from God!"

As he spoke, countless rays of blood-red light poured from Wavier. They formed a red crystal light shield around him. Countless strange dark runes flew through it quickly.

"The Carmine Crystal Wall!"

Carmine Crystal Wall

Non-level spell

Effect: This spell will suck the surrounding vitality to replenish its own consummation. As long as there's enough supply, it basically doesn't have a maximum limit.

(Note: everything can be sacrificed to it. Only it will survive!)

The moment the Carmine Crystal Wall was completed, Link's fortified Level-9 Titan's Hand arrived.

At Level-9, the fingers of the Titan's Hand were more than 10 feet wide, and the palm was more than 150 feet long. The moment it appeared, it clenched into a fist and punched down at the Carmine Crystal Wall.

Boom! Titan's Fist and the Carmine Crystal Wall collided with a terrifying boom. Pebbles and dust flew up, and one could see the shockwaves in the air with one's naked eye.

Aymons, who had retreated more than 150 feet, was quickly caught up by the shockwaves. He had a protective spell, but he could barely keep his balance, let alone cast a countering spell.

One second later, the dust settled slightly, revealing the result of the collision.

The Carmine Crystal Wall was still there, but it had dimmed considerably. Inside, the four Undead Knights had all died. They looked strange, their bodies dried like rotten wood. Their soul's auras had disappeared completely too. It was obvious that the Carmine Crystal Wall had sapped all of their vitality.

However, the four of them were not enough to withstand a Level-9 spell. Wavier's own body had withered too, looking like a skeleton now.

The Level-9 Titan's Hand had fallen apart from the powerful reverberations of the Carmine Crystal Wall.

"Hahaha! I blocked a Level-9 spell!" Inside the dim shield, Wavier laughed crazily.

Once upon a time, a Level-9 spell was as far away as the peak of an impossibly high mountain. When he heard from his advisor that a young man from the North had used a Level-9 spell to kill a big demon lord, he was so shocked. He couldn't imagine what kind of power that was.

But now, he'd successfully blocked a Level-9 attack. This was like a dream. If news of this spread, his name would become a nightmare in Firuman!

"Hahaha, old man, did you see? I blocked it! I blocked it!" Wavier still wasn't satisfied, so he turned and roared at the miserable Aymons, completely wild.

Aymons was shocked too. He didn't think that Wavier would become so powerful after defecting to the demon lord. Level-9 spells were at the pinnacle of power, but Wavier could block it like that. He was terrifying.

Not only was his power terrifying, his methods were terrifying too. Aymons believed that if he was a bit closer, Wavier would have sapped his vitality without hesitation to

block Link's attack.

Seeing Wavier like this, he muttered, "Madman!"

After blocking Link's fatal attack, Wavier had no more worries. He turned toward Link. "Link, today is the day of your death. I'll take out your soul and imprison it in the wall art of my room. I'll capture Celine and torture her in front of you. Ha, I'll torture her to death!"

On the other hand, Link was surprised by this too. However, even if his Level-9 spell had been blocked, it still wasn't an unacceptable thing because it had done what he wanted it to.

Without wasting his breath, he raised his Burning Wrath of Heavens wand. He activated the flame flood effect and activated a Level-7 pinnacle Titan's Fist.

Like the last spell, Titan's Fist crashed against the Carmine Crystal Wall.

There was a crisp sound, and the wavering Carmine Crystal Wall was instantly shattered. Titan's Fist continued forward, crashing into Wavier.

"I have the Reaper's Sword. I'll block it again!" Wavier cackled and put his wand before him. A giant black sword appeared. There was a black halo behind it, similarly filled with runes.

The black sword pierced toward Titan's Sword while the light protected Wavier. It was a defensive and offensive action in one.

Boom! The fortified Titan's Fist was shattered. After the spell collapsed, the fire element flowed out but was blocked by the black halo. It couldn't harm Wavier at all.

The Reaper's Sword also collapsed. Wavier looked even more withered. He was practically a dried out bag of bones. After blocking Link's attack, he yelled, "Aymons, when will you attack?!"

After blocking these two intense spells, Wavier only had one-fifth of his strength and could barely keep going.

Aymons finally stopped retreating. Wavier had stopped the strongest attacks, and now it was his turn. "Link, a group attack is a bit shameless, but this is necessary. Sorry."

He raised his wand and activated a soaring spell. He immediately shot forward and prepared to enter the spell-casting range. However, neither Aymons nor Wavier realized that on a hill three miles away, two more figures had appeared.

Link sensed this, and he was overjoyed. Without hesitating, he retreated. Now, he just needed to drag things out.

...

On the hill.

"Oh no, Master is in danger," Nana said. With a blast, she disappeared.

Celine sighed. "An impulsive girl, but no matter how fast you are, you're not as fast as my bullet." She took out her pistol, found a rock to lie down on, and took aim.

Chapter 275

Nana, Keep Them Alive!

Ferde Wilderness

"You old dog, run faster! He is going to escape soon!" Wavier hollered.

After blocking Link's Level-9 spell, Wavier felt extremely accomplished, as though he were already at the peak of his life. He waved his wand brazenly and cast an agility spell on himself. He then chased after Link with big strides.

Aymons was slightly offended at being addressed as an old dog. After all, he was highly respected within the Dark Forest. As he moved towards Link, he snickered at Wavier, "Look at your arrogant face. I can even hear your family jewels knocking into each other. Take better care of them!"

"One day, I will turn you into a dead dog!" Wavier kept a spellcasting distance of 270 feet from Link. Blood-red rays shot from the tip of his wand. Once Aymons reached his side, he would cast a simultaneous spell together with him.

Time seemed to pass extremely slowly. After three seconds, Aymons finally got into the spellcasting range as he decisively shouted, "Dark Crystal Dragon Cannon!"

Dark Crystal Dragon Cannon

Level-7 Spell

Effect: Concentrates dark elements to form an extremely sturdy spear. It possesses great penetrative power. If it fails to pierce through an opposing force, it will explode instantly, turning into a powerful dark elemental Flame Blast spell.

(Note: Aymons' trump card; you will not be able to defend against it!)

Within half a second, Aymons completed the casting of this Level-7 spell. Upon completion of the spell, the black colored crystal at the tip of his wand immediately turned translucent. In the air, a 15-foot-long spear spinning at a high frequency flew

at top speed towards Link.

This spear was extremely fast. It left a long black line of destruction in its trails.

"Great! You are truly something, old dog!"

Wavier commended on Aymons spellcasting technique. The blood-red brilliance at the tip of his wand had also taken form. He had learned his lesson this time around and stopped casting light-based spells. Instead, he used a wide-area offensive spell, "Messenger of Death!"

Messenger of Death

Demon God Spell

Effect: Summons a flock of crows. Each crow is extremely agile and possesses extremely high offensive power. They can completely devour the flesh of the opponent. In this process, crows can devour life force as well, making themselves stronger.

(Note: The crows would bring about the orders of the Reaper. Welcome to hell, mortal!)

Caw! Caw!

The crows appeared consecutively from Wavier's wand, making a sinister sound as they emerged. They had extremely black feathers and bloodshot eyes. Within a second, fifty crows had already been summoned, circling at high speed in the air. The area seemed as though it was covered in a layer of thick black mist.

This black mist then quickly charged towards Link.

Both the Dark Dragon Crystal Cannon and the Messenger of Death were very agile spells. Even if Link had mastered spatial magic that could deal with most mortal attacks, it would still be difficult for him to escape.

At that moment not only Wavier but even Aymons felt a little short of breath.

Link Morani—the person who destroyed their plan to massacre Gladstone City the moment he appeared. He then single-handedly destroyed the Level-8 Demon Tarviss and saved Dawn Swordsman Kanorse from the Dark Forest. He even killed the wielder

of the Divine Gear Auselia.

He was an exceptional prodigy, the strongest combat Magician, the Chosen One and much more. He was given many accolades and emitted such a blinding brilliance that Magicians of his generation could not even hope to compare.

However, this legend would come to an end. Furthermore, he would be the one personally ending this spectacular legend. It was impossible for him to stay calm.

Ah, this must be the greatest achievement of my life, Aymons thought.

From today onwards, no one in Firuman will be able to defeat me! Celine, you are mine! These were Wavier's exact thoughts.

At that moment, Link seemed to have given up on defending against such an attack. He even stopped running away, merely standing at his original position and casting a Level-5 defensive spell on himself.

"Has he given up? What a clever yet helpless choice," Aymons sighed.

"That's not fun! Why won't he struggle?" Wavier seemed extremely dissatisfied.

However, just when this thought appeared in their minds, there was a change in the situation!

Aymons suddenly felt that something was amiss, as though he was locked on by a ferocious beast. He felt a shiver down his spine as he said, "Not good, it's an ambush! This will be fatal!"

He had lived for over 70 years and had ample battle experience, especially in protecting himself. Once he realized he was trapped in these situations, he decisively gave up on controlling the Dark Dragon Crystal Cannon and charged the defensive ring on his hand with mana. The ring then brightened up and instantly formed a high-level defensive spell, Multi-Crystal Barrier, around him.

Multi-Crystal Barrier

Level-7 Spell

Effect: Concentrates dark element particles into a web of intricate lines. Extremely

effective against both physical and magical attacks.

(Note: It is very gorgeous as well.)

Instantly, countless dark elemental threads appeared around Aymons. The threads were extremely thin and numerous. They crossed each other in an orderly fashion, creating an exceptionally beautiful and translucent crystal barrier.

When this spell was completed, the ring on his finger turned into fragments. His offensive spell, the Dark Crystal Dragon Cannon had also disintegrated due to the lack of control, turning into a meaningless cloud of dark elements.

However, this was not enough! Aymons could still feel the danger incoming!

He then pointed his wand in a direction and cast a wind-elemental spell. He then flew in the opposite direction from the force of the gust of wind.

Just when he completed the action, he heard a crisp sound around him. A white spot then could be seen on the crystal barrier.

Following which, the crystal barrier disintegrated into nothingness. At the same time, a flattened Khorium bullet not larger than the size of a thumb fell onto the floor.

"A magic pistol? Such firepower? And such accuracy?" Aymons was horrified. He clearly adjusted his position the instant he felt danger. However, this bullet still managed to hit him. If not for the Multi-Crystal Barrier spell, this bullet would definitely have pierced through his head.

Aymons suddenly felt a wave of terror overwhelming him. He immediately decided to escape.

However, the moment he took a few steps, that familiar sense of danger once again rose in his heart. He immediately kept closer to the side of the pathway and cast a defensive spell on himself.

This time around, he had already lost his strong defensive spell equipment, thus weakening the defensive capabilities of his spell. It was only Level-4 in strength.

Miss! Miss your shot! Don't hit me! Don't! Aymons prayed extremely hard in his mind. In the face of that firepower, his weak defensive barrier would mean nothing.

Boom! His thigh was shot. It seemed like the gods did not answer his prayers this time around.

The Level-4 defensive spell only weakened the force of the bullet slightly. This protected Aymons' life, although the explosion from the bullet still blew off both his legs, causing them both to become completely crippled. They were instantly turned into bloody foam. The shockwave of the bullets even affected his hip area.

"Argh...!" Aymons whimpered as he flew out of his trajectory. He dropped his wand as the intense pain overwhelmed him, ripping him of his sense of reason. He tumbled on the ground as he screamed.

He had completely lost all battle capabilities.

...

Three seconds ago.

Wavier did not notice any dangers. However, his crows, the messengers of death seemed to be in big trouble.

Boom! The air seemed to be trembling as the wind roared.

A figure appeared in the middle of the crows. She was simply too fast for the naked eye to keep track of. Wavier could not even see her physical shape; he merely noticed that the number of crows in the air was declining swiftly.

Boom! Boom! Boom! The crows all became balls of blood-red shadow upon a series of explosions.

With incomparable speed and impeccable skills, a powerful spell was destroyed in an instant. This was something an ordinary person would never have imagined.

"What is happening? Is this magic?" Wavier had not reacted to the situation. He thought that the shadow he saw was a peculiar spell that Link had invented.

On the other hand, Alloa had already seen through Link's tactics. She stared at the flurry of images in front of her and sighed, "Is this the magic puppet that defeated Auselia? She is indeed exceptional."

Within a second, Nana had destroyed all the crows. Her body then became slightly more visible. However, this visibility merely lasted for a tenth of a second.

Boom! With another explosion, Nana disappeared from her original position.

When she appeared once again, she was already standing behind Wavier.

Wavier had a horrified expression on his face. He looked down at his body before turning to look at Nana, who was behind him. There was only one thought in his mind. How can she be this fast?

The moment this thought flashed through his mind, Wavier's body crumbled into pieces. He was stabbed at least 20 times in that instant, causing his body to turn into countless meat pieces and bone fragments. None of these pieces exceeded the size of a fist.

A translucent soul then appeared from his body. Although Wavier's physical body was dead, he had an immortal soul, granted to him by the demon god. This soul quickly left the battlefield in search of another body.

The traveling speed of a soul was extremely fast and exceeded the reaction time limit of an ordinary human. Wavier thought that he would be safe and specifically chose a path that was only 90 feet away from Nana.

Wavier's thought process was simple. He merely wanted to see what this terrifying figure looked like.

However, in the next moment, something even more horrifying happened.

With another explosion, Nana once again flew at top speed towards Wavier. She then swung her main dagger, the Last Nightmare, forward, causing circles of powerful air ripples to appear in the air. It charged towards Wavier at an insane speed.

"This... How can this be!" Wavier was almost scared out of his wits. His only thought was then to escape, with all his might.

This time around, he was successful. The soul had no specific shape nor presence. Furthermore, it had an extremely high traveling speed. He managed to narrowly escape Nana's attack.

He then ran without turning back even once.

Nana, on the other hand, was a perfectionist. The moment she realized that her attack was unsuccessful, she immediately gave chase, striking fear to the depths of Wavier's heart. Wavier then accelerated and ran even faster.

The traveling speed of the soul could reach 3000 feet in a second. Nana lost Wavier after just a short while, though she did not seem to have any intention of giving up. Link then stopped her.

"Alright, come back."

It was only then Nana gave up. She then turned in another direction and leaped forward, appearing right in front of Aymons. She was planning to end his life!

"Keep him alive!" Link frantically shouted.

Swish! Swish! The sound of slashing blades echoed through the forest. Nana put away her dagger after slashing Aymons for a few times.

Since her master had ordered her to keep Aymons alive, she had to do so. However, apart from the things sustaining his life, nothing else should remain. For example, the legs, the hands, his hair, eyes, ears, and many more. Those that were useless could be severed in case of any hidden dangers.

"Just give me a quick death!" Aymons laid helplessly on the ground.

He was still alive, although his body was already entirely useless. He had turned into an empty Dark Elf pillar, where only his torso and head remained.

Chapter 276

Two "Madmen"

Ferde Wilderness.

"Celine, how come you're here?" Link welcomed her happily.

To be honest, it had been a bit dangerous. If he hadn't sensed Nana's aura, Link would have drunk the medicine from the Red Dragon Queen.

Holding the pistol, Celine walked over. She glanced at Aymons, whom Nana had turned into a flesh stick, and then at Alloa. One second later, she looked down at Alloa's chest and back at her own. Her expression immediately grew unfriendly. "Who is she?"

Link didn't feel this change. "She's Alloa," he explained. "She had just escaped from the Dark Elves in the North."

Alloa nodded. "I came to the South just to find Link. I appreciate his accomplishments in spatial magic."

"Oh." Celine nodded coolly and tossed over a cloak. "Put this on."

"Thanks." Alloa knew that she looked pathetic right now. She caught the cloak and covered her body.

On the other hand, Link walked over to Aymons and asked softly, "You're Aymons, right? I didn't expect that you would voluntarily run from the North to my territory."

Aymons clenched his jaw. "Stop wasting your breath and just kill me."

"It's not that simple. You're a core member of the Silver Moon Mage Council and the owner of Horton. You can't die so easily. You must go out with a boom." With that, Link turned and told Nana, "Take him back to Scorched Ridge but be gentle. Don't let him die."

"Understood!"

Nana walked up and circled Aymons. She couldn't find any way to hold him, so she decided to swing him over her shoulder.

Then Link walked to Alloa's side. He cast Levitation on her and used the Magician's Hand to pull her down the road. Celine stayed beside Link. She would constantly eye Alloa and then look at herself. Her pretty brows were furrowed as if she was troubled.

Link still didn't notice anything was amiss. He was busy thinking about the Dark Serpent Divine Gear. He kept asking Alloa as they walked.

"How are your injuries?" Link asked.

"It's no problem. They'll be mostly recovered after ten minutes." Alloa smiled politely. She was much more sensitive than Link and could feel Celine's annoyance at her. Therefore, she purposely distanced herself from Link.

"Shouldn't I try to help you fix the bone?" Link eyed Alloa's calf. He noticed it was less twisted now.

"No need. My undying body comes from the power of the laws. It'll recover completely after some time."

"I see. That's so interesting." Link studied her calf and grew more excited about the information Alloa would provide about the Dark Serpent.

Seeing him like this, Celine was even more upset.

At the side, Aymons had recovered a bit. Gritting his teeth, he said, "Alloa, it wasn't enough to betray our tribe and now you want to become a blasphemous woman too? You will have a tragic ending."

Alloa glanced at the Dark Elf stick and turned towards Link. "He's completely overtaken by his anger and keeps spouting nonsense. Can you make him shut up?"

So Link looked at Nana. "Knock him out."

As soon as he said that, there was a thud. Nana had smacked Aymons' temples, and the Dark Elf lost consciousness. "Master, he will be out for 15 hours."

"Okay, that's enough." Link was very satisfied with Nana's efficiency at handling

orders. Then he turned toward Alloa. "There's no one being loud anymore. Can you tell me the specific data now?"

Alloa nodded but then asked Celine, "Do you have a dagger?"

"Huh? Dagger? Why do you want it?" Celine snapped out of her thoughts. She found it strange, but she still handed over her self-defense dagger.

Alloa took it and, without another word, stabbed her abdomen. She made another horizontal slit and blood came flowing out. Alloa just wrinkled her brows as if she felt no pain. She reached in, felt around, and pulled out a bloody Magic Crystal.

Both Link and Celine were shocked by this self-mutilating action.

Alloa nonchalantly wiped away the blood on the Magic Crystal and gave it to Link. "This contains the records of the Divine Gear's fusion process," she explained at the same time. "The first thing I received after finishing the research was endless vitality. Look, my wound has already healed."

The two glanced at Alloa's abdomen. Indeed, the gaping wound had already disappeared without a trace. Even the blood had disappeared, and all that remained was a smooth abdomen. Alloa's calf had mostly healed as well. It was only slightly swollen now but the swelling was decreasing at a visible rate.

"Wow, this is too miraculous." Even Celine was impressed.

Alloa covered herself with the cloak again and sighed. There was no joy in her expression. "An undying body is good for the average person, but it's a drawback for me. I've lost all magic power. This Magic Crystal is the only thing I took from the North."

Link had already started looking through the contents. After a few glances, he couldn't help but praise, "This is a priceless gem... Oh my god, this is incredible, unbelievable!"

The first half was said to Alloa; he'd already started murmuring to himself in the second half.

Alloa didn't find this strange. To be honest, she had been just like this when she saw the fusion process for the first time. Seeing Link so immersed in it, she turned toward Celine. "I'm only interested in his brain," she said softly. "I'm not interested in him as a person, so don't worry."

"What do you mean... Don't worry? I'm not worried." But Celine felt caught, and she blushed.

"A Dark Elf's average life expectancy is 150 years. I may look young, but I'm already 40 years old so you can't lie to me... Alright, I'll stop now. I only care about the world's mysteries. Everything else is a burden." Alloa chuckled lightly.

She didn't betray the Dark Elves just because they were crazy. The main reason was because they couldn't accept her research of Divine Gear and no one could understand her.

Thankfully, there was someone like that in the South. Therefore, she quickly abandoned the Dark Elves.

On the other hand, Link was completely immersed in the Magic Crystal's records. There was only a tiny portion that he could completely understand. He was confused about the other 99.9%, but that was why he was even more excited.

After coming to this world, he had read countless magic books. None of them had been difficult to him; there was no challenge. Now, he had run into true trouble. If he could solve this, it would definitely be a huge achievement for him!

After reading for around 20 minutes, Link suddenly wrote a line of succinct runes in the air with his wand. "Is this the core law that you found?" he asked Alloa.

Glancing at it, Alloa's eyes focused and became extremely serious. After around one minute, she nodded. "Pretty much. Your Rune Formation is more succinct than mine, but there can be errors if you describe it like that. Look, the conclusion I got is like this... Do you have pen and paper?"

She couldn't use magic like Link, so she needed to handwrite it. Link passed her pen and paper. Alloa wrote as she walked, and she gave the sheepskin back to Link after five minutes.

"This is my conclusion."

Link studied it and praised it. "Amazing, I didn't think about a lot of this. However, I think you can still revise it here... Like this, look."

Link gave the scroll back. Alloa sank into deep thought after she read it, but she started

scribbling again after a few minutes. Then, she handed it to Link. After reading it, Link frowned as well and started revising again.

Along the way, the two barely spoke and just passed the scroll back and forth. The sheepskin was not that big, and it was soon filled with Rune Formations, Mana equations, hypotheses, guesses, and more. It was so messy that no one else could understand it.

Celine peered at it, but she gave up. To her, the runes looked like a child's doodles. She couldn't understand either of them.

When the two reached Scorched Ridge, they were completely submerged in the world of the laws of Divine Gear.

Link was dazed. If Celine wasn't there to guide him, he probably would have walked straight into the sea. Alloa was in a similar state; her eyes were unfocused, and she moved stiffly as if her mind was gone. No one knew what she was thinking.

Celine was so bored she could only talk to Nana. "Nana, look. They've gone mad."

Nana looked from Link to Nana with her big clear eyes. "With Master like that, I can fight 100 of him by himself," she said sweetly.

"Okay, all you know is fighting." Celine pouted.

The gate of Scorched Ridge was right ahead. There was a luxurious carriage parked in the square behind the gate. It was marked with the emblem of the East Cove Magic Academy. Some big figures had come.

Celine was forced to interrupt Link. "Link, wake up. I think we have guests."

"Ah... Oh, oh, got it," Link patronized.

At this time, Celine could already see the guests. She reached out and pinched Link's waist with all her power. "Oh, it's the dean of the East Cove Magic Academy!"

Link finally woke up. He smiled apologetically at Celine and returned the Magic Crystal to Alloa. "Go rest, and I'll come find you as soon as I'm free." Then, he said to Celine, "Dear, help me arrange a place for Alloa to stay."

Whenever Link called her dear before, Celine would have a comeback ready. Today, she didn't say anything and just pulled Alloa away with a smile.

"Nana, you can go too. You don't have to follow me around the camp. Oh, right, take Aymons to Gildern to take care of. Tell him not to let this guy die."

"Yes, Master."

Link walked over to Dean Anthony. "Master Anthony, how come you're here?"

Anthony looked older than before. The wrinkles on his face seemed to be carved in, and he was more stooped too. He found the pathetic-looking Aymons odd, but he knew Link would explain, so he didn't ask.

Instead, he sighed. "I was coming to discuss about the North with you and relax a bit. However, on my way here, I received Grenci's letter... Now, the South is more important."

The threat of the North's Divine Gear was still present. Now, there was also the undead army in the South. The Norton Kingdom was truly in trouble.

The undead army was especially chilling. Anthony understood clearly that if the army was allowed to grow, it would become a calamity that would sweep through the mainland within half a year.

Link grew serious. "You came just in time. I have something to discuss with you too. It's about what just happened in the Girvent Forest, but it should be good news."

Chapter 277

Wavier Must Die!

Scorched Ridge Camp

The secret meeting was held in the parliament hall within the newly-built Mage Tower.

The people present in the meeting were Dean of the East Cove Higher Magic Academy Anthony, two masters of the six-man council Master Grenci and Master Ferdinand, High Elf Princess Milda, promising High Elf Magician Romilson, and lastly, the owner of the Mage Tower, Link.

There were a total of six people. Three of them were established and respected members of the Magician world, while the other three were budding Magicians, looked favorably upon.

The Mage Tower was newly-built. Naturally, all the equipment inside was new as well. The hot summer sunlight became extremely gentle and pleasant after passing through the crystallized exterior of the Mage Tower, which served to refract the sun rays at an optimized angle. The temperature magic circle in the hall made sure that the interior of the Mage Tower was always at a comfortable temperature. There was also a wind magic circle that constantly brought a cool breeze to anyone within the tower.

It was a very comfortable environment, though it did not seem to help ease the atmosphere in the hall.

Everyone stepped into the hall with extremely heavy hearts.

Anthony sat in the main seat of the long table and listened intently at Link's report of the incident in the Girvent Forest. When Link was done, he knocked the table lightly as he frowned, his eyes full of disbelief. He then said, "Is Wavier truly so strong now? He can defend against a level-9 spell?"

Grenci, Ferdinand, and the two High Elves also turned to look at Link, waiting for his answer.

Link recalled the battle scene and nodded his head before saying, "He is indeed terrifying. However, he still has weaknesses."

Upon speaking, Link pointed his wand into the air. A hologram then appeared in the air and displayed a blurry image. It was the exact battle scene when Aymons, Wavier and he were engaged in a fight.

As this image came from Link's memory, it was somewhat distorted, as Link's focus was purely on his spellcasting and the battle at that time. However, this did not affect the details that he intended to show.

"Take a look. In this entire battle, Wavier cast four spells. These spells looked no different from any ordinary dark magic. However, after closer inspection, I realize that Wavier's exterior undergoes major changes every time he cast a spell. As he uses up more energy, he becomes more like a corpse, especially so after defending against my Level-9 spell. Wavier's looks seemed to change dramatically at that point. There is still one more important detail."

Link then displayed another image in the air. This image was a lot clearer than the previous one. Wavier's expression and Aymons reaction could be clearly seen from the image.

This image still came from Link's memories. The clarity of the image suggested that even during the most intense of battles, Link still had a subtle and delicate perception of his surroundings. Everyone present showed an expression of shock and awe, especially Romilson, whose face seemed completely horrified.

Originally, he thought the only difference between Link and himself was their battle experience. However, he was proven wrong yet again. Link could easily squash him with his adept control of the battlefield.

"What a monster!" He could not help but mutter.

Link then pointed into the deceptively real image in the air and said, "I have tried to recreate the scene from the battle. Look carefully, before I cast my Level-9 spell, Wavier looked like an ordinary person. However, the moment he cast the blood crystal shield, his life force was rapidly depleted. When the collision of the two spells reached a climax, this shield was once shattered. Following which, Wavier did not hesitate to sacrifice four Undead Knights and use their life force to reform his defensive spell."

At this moment, Romilson frowned as he asked, "Are you saying that Wavier is using life force to maintain his spells?"

"Exactly. The spells that he used after this are also based on the same principle. These spells neither a limit to their power or a certain magic structure. As long as there is enough life force, it can become as powerful as it wants. However, the moment the amount of life force depletes, these spells will be nothing more than child's play!"

Upon hearing those words, everyone exchanged glances as they had already come to a conclusion.

Milda then said the thought that was in everyone's mind, "That is to say Wavier is using a Demon God Divine Skill!"

A Demon God Divine Skill was a branch of Divine Skills, as it originated from a god. They were extremely perfect as well and could do what mortal Magicians deemed impossible.

For example, reviving spells, complete recovery spells and prophecy spells were all power that ordinary Magicians were unable to achieve. However, priests could accomplish all of those easily. The reason for that was the use of Divine Skills.

"Then, isn't it simple? We merely have to stop Wavier from absorbing life force in the middle of a battle," Romilson said casually.

However, the moment those words escaped his mouth, everyone stared at him with a strange gaze.

"This... is there a problem?" Romilson felt that his train of thought was accurate.

Princess Milda patted her forehead and felt extremely embarrassed. She then rebutted, "Do you think that he would not store excess life force? Furthermore, he has 30000 Undead Knights under his command. Their life force is completely open for his absorption. How are you going to stop him?"

"This..." Romilson's face immediately turned red. This was indeed a huge problem.

This was only a small interlude to the main topic. Anthony then patted the table lightly before saying, "Simply because Wavier possesses such qualities, we will have to destroy him before he becomes stronger. If we continue to let him run wild, no one

would be able to defeat him. Link, what do you think?"

This young man excelled at creating miracles. One could simply find him in times of trouble.

Link already had a plan. He said, "There is a problem with an undead army. It is too reliant on the Necromancer. This is an organization that is extremely centralized. As long as we can defeat the central figure, everything else will fall apart naturally. By this logic, we do not have to deal with the Undead Knights; we only need to form a small group and head straight for Wavier."

In fact, everyone present could come up with this plan. However, they lacked the resolve and determination. They were afraid that this small niche group would end up making a mistake, causing the mission to fail.

On the other hand, Link seemed to be able to see through the mist and guide them onto the correct path.

"But you mentioned that he has an indestructible soul," Grenici said.

Link nodded and said, "Indeed. Therefore, we will need the help of the Holy Knights, just like how they helped us imprison the soul of Blood Demon Talon 200 years ago."

The soul belonged to the realm of the gods. Mortals had little to no understanding of this area. Both the demon god and the God of Light had a deep understanding of this realm of power. Their underlings would thus have the power to deal with the soul.

Blood Demon Talon also liaised himself with the demon god and attained an indestructible soul. However, it had been 200 years since he was captured. Many had already forgotten the details of his downfall, though Link still remembered it clearly.

Upon saying those words, a detailed plan formed in Link's mind. Furthermore, this plan was highly feasible.

Anthony thought for a moment before saying, "The pope and the archbishop are both stationed at the Northern Fortress. However, the bishop of Hot Springs City is still present. I will contact him."

Milda then asked, "Since we are doing an assassination, we will have to discuss the

members involved. I believe the opponent will not give us many chances to accomplish this. If we fail this time around, it would be extremely difficult to do this again. Therefore, the members of this mission must be extremely strong. We must have confidence in the success of this mission."

"Both my magic puppet and I will take part," Link said.

The bulk of the Norton Kingdom army was in the North. The strongest available combat Magician that was left in the South was Link. Furthermore, he was the most familiar with Wavier's fighting style. He had no reason to stay out of it.

As for Nana, it had already become a habit to bring her everywhere as his personal bodyguard.

Milda then added, "Count me in as well. I have fully recovered after resting for so many days."

Romilson quickly continued, "Since the princess is going, I am going as well."

Anthony, Grenci, and Ferdinand could only smile bitterly as they watched. They were all too old for such an intensive infiltration mission. They would only be a burden if they joined.

Anthony pondered for a moment before saying, "Since it is an infiltration mission, you will need as much speed and anonymity as you can get. I will make a trip to the Yabbas. In three days, I will bring back a combat airship after three days."

An airship was a convenient long-distance flying vessel. It could also be equipped with a variety of weapons. An airship was like a floating and mobile fortress. It had always been a prized treasure of the Yabba race.

The fact that Anthony could promise an airship in three days demonstrated his wide connections.

With the help of an airship, they would not have to worry about infiltration and retreating.

Ferdinand then mentioned, "I know the Chief Court Magician in the Southmoon Kingdom. Both of us used to study in the same magic academy when we were younger. I will pay him a visit and ask for his help. The appearance of a huge undead army is

also a huge threat to the Southmoon Kingdom. I believe he will assist us in controlling the Delonga Kingdom."

It was also important to disperse the strength of the undead army.

Lastly, it was Grenci's turn. He laid out his hands helplessly as he said, "I do not have any connections. However, I have a bit of experience in alchemy and have a collection of potions back in the academy. Some of them can be used to heal wounds while some to raise offensive and defensive power. I won't keep them in my stash anymore. Make a trip to the Mage Tower and take all that you need."

After the Holy Knights, the airship, potions and a huge group of court Magicians were in place, the assassination could begin.

Link then added, "Wavier's physical body has been destroyed by my magic puppet, Nana. After he returns to Delonga, he will accumulate an insane amount of power. He will also devise plans to defend against Nana. Before we leave, I will make some adjustments to her."

Everyone nodded. Link's magic puppet was extremely strong and could determine the success of this mission. This was a common consensus.

The discussion ended here as everyone went to prepare whatever they needed. Link then approached Anthony and said, "I have captured two important figures of the Dark Elves in this mission. One of them is Dark Prince Walter, while the other is an elder of the Silver Moon Alliance, Aymons. I believe sending them to the North will be a good idea. We might be able to delay the time of the decisive battle."

At this moment, the entire Kingdom was searching for a way to defend against the Dark Serpent. The longer the time they had to prepare, the higher their chances of success.

Anthony was slightly surprised at these two opportune hostages and said, "You are right, I will inform the people at MI3 to take care of this."

"That will be great."

Following which, Link went to find Alloa.

Alloa had already changed into her sleeping attire at that time. She was wearing a

blouse and let her hair down freely on her shoulders. Her pair of crimson eyes typical of Dark Elf royals was exceptionally charming. Her figure was even more attractive.

Upon seeing Link, she smiled and said, "I can feel a sense of animosity on your face. Are you preparing to kill people? Let me guess... Is it Wavier?"

"This is not difficult to guess." Link laid his hands out helplessly. He then glanced around the room and asked, "Where is Celine?"

The moment he asked that question, a mysterious smile crept up on Alloa's face. She then said, "I cannot tell you. She said it was a surprise."

"Surprise?" Link did not understand. However, he chose to ignore it and simply wait patiently for the surprise to happen. He then continued, "Do you know magic puppet theory?"

"I started learning about magic puppets after Auselia was defeated by one. You can say that I have a little bit of experience with it."

"That is sufficient," Link was slightly surprised. He also only began delving into magic puppet theory after Auselia was defeated. Currently, he was already considered a master in the field. Based on Alloa's intellect, if she mentioned that she had experience with it, it would probably mean that she had already done ample research.

"Do me a favor; I need to adjust a few flaws that Nana has."

Nana was almost perfect. However, the fact that her body was made of metallic substances was a fatal flaw.

Wavier was an intelligent person. He would definitely sacrifice more souls to Tabinos after returning to the Delonga Kingdom and ask specifically for Divine Skills that could defeat Nana. Such spells would usually be magnetic in nature and were not difficult to master. Once Wavier mastered such spells, Nana would be in trouble. Therefore, Link had to get rid of this shortcoming.

Alloa certainly would not reject this offer. She nodded and said, "Making improvements to Nana? I am extremely honored to do so."

Chapter 278

Link is No Longer My Threat

Alloa's personality was very similar to Link's, especially in how she could sink into the magic spell she was studying and forget all about her surroundings.

That day, they lost track of time in the enchantment room. They used Elemental Healing to replace eating.

Alloa wasn't familiar with Nana's body structure, so they didn't start directly on the modifications. Instead, she studied the information on the structure. During this time, Link read the first magic spell book that the system had rewarded him—Integration of Time and Space.

This was a book purely on spatial magic but also tied in concepts of time. Space and time involved the basic nature of the world. Even Link felt the Mana theories in the book were obscure. Thankfully, he had been deducing the spatial thesis all this time and was extremely familiar with space. After three hours, he had a general understanding of it.

There was not much content in the book. The core was an explanation of how to use spatial power to influence time. It was a great supplement to Link's spatial thesis.

After finishing, he looked up at Alloa. Seeing that she was still immersed in the explanation of Nana's Mana structure, he didn't disturb her. He took out his thesis and started deducing further.

The Integration of Space and Time had given him a lot of inspiration, so this time, the deduction was very successful. He made big advancements in a short while, and he came up with an entirely new spatial formula.

The Integration of Space and Time says that space and time are one body and can transform between each other. Turns out it's right. Ah, what a wonderful world.

Link's inspiration bloomed. He continued going through the formula. After another period of time, the formula before him was completely different—it was replaced with

a Mana structure.

This structure was abnormally complicated, even surpassing the Titan's Hand that Link had modified. It contained nearly 1500 runes, including Link's newest results as well as integrating all of his past knowledge of magic.

Looking at the splendid Mana structure diagram, Link was satisfied. However, there was still room for improvement, so he continued revising.

This time though, things weren't as smooth. Link was quickly stumped while fixing a flaw. There seems to be a logical endless loop. Tsk, how can this be? Is this the highest level for this spell?

He couldn't figure it out and made no progress in half an hour. Link didn't force it though. He told Alloa that he wanted to go walk around outside and clear his mind. Alloa was completely immersed in the magic puppet structure, so she just waved to show that she heard him.

Link opened the door and started out. He pondered while walking and reached his room in the Mage Tower without realizing. Looking at the window at the end of the hallway, he saw that it was dark out. He took out his pocket watch and realized that it was already 11 at night. Link sighed.

Time really flies. Whatever. My body can't be compared to Alloa's, so I'll go rest and wait until my mind is awake to continue.

He opened the door and entered his room.

The room was very big and had a living room outside. When he walked into the living room, he surprisingly found Celine curled up on the leather chair, asleep.

She was a light sleeper. When she heard the noise, she twitched and opened her sleepy eyes. Seeing it was Link, she woke up immediately and jumped up from the chair. Smiling, she asked, "Link, are you done?"

When she stood up, Link realized that her clothing was weird. All she wore was a black robe. It was really, really thin and he could vaguely see her graceful curves through the fabric under the magic light's illumination.

After a few takes, Link confirmed that other than the robe, Celine wore nothing else.

Seeing that Link had found out, Celine blushed profusely, but she didn't hide. She smiled shyly and made some poses.

"How do I look?" she asked playfully.

Celine was tall at 5'5" and only a bit shorter than Link. Usually, Link didn't feel much when he looked at her body. But now, Celine was basically displaying her entire body. Link could see a pair of long, straight legs that became thicker as he looked up, turning into a perky butt. Higher up, her curves turned smaller into a thin waist. She had a perfect hourglass figure... Link's heart started pounding.

"Pretty." Link felt weird, but he wasn't stupid enough to ask stupid questions like "why are you here?" and "why are you dressed like this?"

"Do you want to see more?" Celine's cheeks were as red as an apple. She looked up with shy flirtatiousness. Link's reaction satisfied her because he was finally not like a block of wood.

Her anxiousness from before had faded a lot, and she became confident. Hehe, she thought happily. Seems like I'm pretty attractive.

Link gulped; he didn't feel tired at all now. He nodded and said, "Of course I want to see."

"Then bring me to the bedroom." Celine opened her arms wide.

Link didn't use any spells this time. He wasn't that strong, but Celine wasn't heavy. He picked up his lover and entered the bedroom.

Everything else happened smoothly... Afterwards, Link was in a great mood. He hugged Celine's soft and warm body, a hand toying with the small red nub on her breast. "What happened today?" he finally asked.

"Nothing, I just wanted to be intimate with you." With that, Celine suddenly flipped onto Link, pushing her chest out. "Am I pretty or is Alloa pretty?"

Link was kind of confused. Celine's breasts weren't big, but they weren't small either. They felt great to the touch, and they hung in front of him now, trembling a bit. Link would be an idiot to talk about Alloa now. He closed his lips around a breast without hesitation.

"You bad boy!" Celine yelled, forgetting her question completely.

They did another round.

Link overslept that night, which rarely happened, He had planned to only rest for four hours, but he ended up waking up the next day.

After waking, he felt unbelievably refreshed, and his mind was abnormally clear too. He quickly found the answer to the unsolvable problem from last night. It was as if all his pores were clear now too.

"Ah, why didn't I think of this earlier?" Link was overjoyed. He was just about to get out of bed when he touched a warm and soft body. He suddenly thought of what happened last night. Seeing the beautiful feminine body beside him, he felt a rush again.

No, I can't. Lust is the path of decline. Enough is enough! With extreme self-restraint, Link pulled the covers over Celine and pressed a kiss to her cheek.

Celine didn't wake up. She made a soft noise and turned over to continue sleeping. Link padded out of the room. Once outside, he cast Elemental Healing on himself and ordered one of the Mage Tower's maids to make Celine breakfast on time.

The maid was a 40-year-old woman and was obviously experienced. Seeing Link's state, she smiled brightly until Link escaped. He ran all the way to the enchantment room. When he opened the door, he found that Alloa was still studying.

After looking, he realized she was not looking at the magic puppet's structure. Instead, she was staring blankly at Link's spatial thesis. More specifically, she was in deep thought over the Mana structure Link had left last night.

Link had had a taste last night and suddenly thought of Celine's question. He took a look at Alloa's chest and was shocked. I was wondering why Celine asked me that! It seems that she felt threatened, haha.

So he had to thank Alloa for their night.

Hearing the noise behind her, Alloa turned around. When she saw Link, she waved without any sign of fatigue. "Good morning."

"Good morning." Link was feeling energetic. Seeing that Alloa was reading his thesis, he asked with some pride, "What do you think?"

"Not bad. It's pretty deep and completely different from my direction of study, so it enlightened me." With that, Alloa handed a copy of handwritten notes to Link. "This is my research. Perhaps it will be helpful to you."

Link accepted it. He flipped through it and instantly felt that he had received something treasurable. "I'm sure this will help me greatly."

He was itching to start reading immediately, but Alloa stopped him. She pushed Link's Mana structure over. "You wrote this last night, right?" she asked.

"Yes, but I didn't finish yet. I ran into a problem last night and couldn't solve it." Link pulled a chair over and sat across from the enchantment table.

Alloa's brows knitted. "I looked through your train of thought. It's intriguing, but there's an endless loop. I thought for half a night and thought that if you continue down this road, the spell's power will be limited even if it's successful."

Link laughed. "I was thinking that too, but I have a new path now."

Alloa's eyes brightened. "Coincidentally, I do too. How about we both write ours down and see whose is better?"

"Sure." Link laughed out loud. He took out pen and paper and started writing.

This time, his thoughts flowed smoothly. Within ten minutes, an entirely new Mana structure appeared on the paper. It was mostly similar to last night's, but many details had been changed, especially one part of the core. The endless loop was broken, bringing new hope to the spell.

Alloa finished too and pushed her scroll over. Link did the same.

They exchanged the scrolls and fell silent after reading. Then they met each other's eyes and burst into laughter. It felt as if they had found their soulmates.

Their solutions were exactly identical. They both wrote on their scrolls that they were the most powerful, but the spells had the same structure.

"Is there a max limit for this spell?" Link asked while laughing.

Alloa shook her head. "The only restraints should be the spell caster's own power. With your current Mana, you can probably reach the pinnacle of Level-7. If you add some medicine and wands, it'll be even stronger."

"Why don't you name it?" Link asked. For some reason, the game system didn't give a reward. There probably weren't enough Omni Points.

Alloa thought for a moment and said, "This combined the mysteries of time and space's laws. The original state of magic is a small ball, so let's just call it Space-Time Orb."

Once she said this, a message appeared in Link's vision.

Player created spell Space-Time Orb

Space-Time Orb

Non-level Master Magician Spell

Effect: Create an incredible ball of time and space. This ball can change its shape at the spell caster's will. It possesses the amazing power of killing all organisms and freezing time and space!

(Note: Link's toy ball.)

At this moment, Alloa looked at the spell's structure and could not help but sigh. "Ah, giving myself the undying law was the worst idea. Now I'm looking at such a beautiful spell, but I can't learn it. It's such a pity. Such a pity!"

It was like a man who had been starved for three days and three nights suddenly tied onto a chair and placed before a feast. It was torture.

"Is there no way around it?" Link asked.

"There is. If we completely understand the Dark Serpent Divine Gear and then I light the Sacred Fire, I'll be able to go against Firuman's laws."

"Light the Sacred Fire... How about we think about more realistic problems now? Are

you familiar with Nana's situation now?"

"Yes, and I have some ideas already. Look at this." Alloa took out another scroll for Link.

Link studied it and sighed after ten minutes. "Alloa, this is perfect. This way, not only will Nana not fear magnetic spells, but she'll also be able to use them."

No wonder she was the Maiden of Truth; she was incredibly efficient. Not only did she understand Nana's structure within a day, but she'd even found a way to make up for the flaws. She was amazing!

Link was completely impressed.

"Then let's start with the modifications. I'll call Nana over."

...

Just as Link and Alloa were busy with fixing Nana, Wavier had returned to the Delonga Kingdom in the South. He was in a hidden valley. It was his own Necropolis.

After resurrecting a corpse, he had prepared long ago, Wavier's eyes darkened. "Link is no longer my threat. I must find a way to deal with that piece of metal."

He couldn't do this, but he believed his master would have an idea. However, he needed more sacrifices for this.

Thinking of this, he called, "Taroko! Taroko!"

After a while, an Undead Knight dressed in glamorous black thorns walked over. He was shrouded in a cloud of dark red blood mist, and he grasped a sword made entirely of white bone.

Clang. Taroko stabbed the sword into the ground before him, and he knelt onto one knee. "Master, what is your order?"

Wavier gazed at Taroko in satisfaction. This was his strongest Warrior with perfect battle techniques. He strengthened Taroko, no expenses spared. Now, Taroko had reached Level-8 and was an important general of the Necropolis.

"I need as many living humans as possible. At least 10,000!"

"Yes, Master. Give me two days!" Taroko said hoarsely. His tone was emotionless. Ten thousand living beings were like 10,000 ants to him.

Chapter 279

Saving His Mentor

The creaking sound of wheels could be heard.

A prisoner carriage was heading slowly northwards on King's Lane.

There were two people inside the carriage. One of them was Aymons. He had neither arms nor legs and was thus placed within a bag made out of ropes. The material was extremely soft and comfortable. He had also been given some basic treatment for the wounds he suffered from that battle. The second person was Dark Prince Walter. Walter was a young man and had a strong physique. He thus received harsher treatment. He had injuries all over his body and was wearing an inmate attire with an unbearable od

The carriage was filled with feces. A small part of it was from the previous inmates who stayed in this carriage. However, most of it came from the both of them. This was the most embarrassing part of the entire trip.

"Aymons, are you alright?" Walter asked, concerned about Aymons' wellbeing. Aymons did not move for the entire trip and had faint breath. Walter could not help but worry.

Seeing that there was no response, he then shouted, "Master? Master? How are you?"

As he shouted, he stuck his hand into the rope bag.

Aymons finally spoke, "Stop shaking, I am still alive!"

"How are you feeling now?" Walter asked concernedly.

Aymons then replied grumpily, "Look at my current state. I am placed inside a basket like a goddamn baby. Do you think I would feel good?"

As Aymons spoke, he shook his body to show his displeasure.

Walter fell speechless. Although the situation was dire, he could not help but laugh

upon seeing Aymons actions.

"I'm sorry, Master, I did not mean to laugh at you, I just cannot help it. Hahaha... Pft..." Walter felt that he was seeking joy amidst sorrow.

Aymons was too devastated to feel anger anyway. He said, "Laugh all you want. Laugh while we still can."

The moment Aymons said those words, Walter stopped laughing. He truly felt like crying. As the prince of the Dark Elves, his powers were completely sealed by his enemy. The muscles in his arms and legs were also destroyed. They even smeared a withering poison on his wounds. He had become a completely useless individual.

He had no hope of recovery. The people who administered these treatments on him were not humans, but High Elves. They were a hundred times more effective in these areas. He would live the rest of his life as a cripple.

From his perspective, he would be better off dead.

"To think that after chivalrously roaming the Dark Forest for 20 years, Dark Prince Walter would end up dancing with excrements and urine in the final moments of his life!" Walter sighed as he said. He looked forward to the end of his life, which would also mark the end of this humiliation.

Aymons stayed silent, although his mood was no different from Walter.

The people in charge of bringing them back to the Fortress were elite scouts from MI3. There were 30 of them. Furthermore, the Norton Kingdom also assigned 100 well-equipped elite Warriors as extra defenses.

The war had lasted for a long time. Those who managed to stay alive were all experienced soldiers. They carried out their mission with an expression of indifference, bolstered by their strong physique.

The elite scouts around the carriage could understand the Dark Elf language. The moment they heard Walter's words, he turned his head and snickered, "I say the both of you deserve it! Why didn't you guys stay in the Dark Forest? Instead, you went to the territory of the revered Demon Slayer! Isn't that courting death?"

Another scout then laughed, "I think they are not courting death; they are merely too

dumb!"

The scouts immediately laughed hysterically. One of the scouts even found a stick to poke Aymon's rope bag as he was feeling bored. He then sneered, "Hey, look at this old guy. Everything below his waist was completely severed! Do you think he is a male or a female?"

"If I were to say, the part above his waist is a male, but anything after that belongs to a female," another scout laughed as he said.

"Haha, this Dark Elf had an interesting life."

"Well, the Dark Elves are capable of anything. I even heard that the Silver Moon Family allows incestuous relationships. What were they thinking?"

A scout then stared condescendingly at Walter and provoked, "That is simple. We have a Dark Elf royal right here with us."

Following which, this scout stuck his face closer to Walter and said, "Tell me; how does it feel getting it on with your sisters?"

Walter felt that his lungs were going to explode anytime soon. He gritted his teeth as he said, "You despicable ants! Be glad that you did not see me before today. If not, you people would already be weeping in hell!"

Splat! The sound of meat tearing and being squashed echoed through the area. A scout had cut off a lump of meat from Walter's crotch area.

Walter merely felt a chilling sensation around his crotch. As he looked down, the place where his prized possession once lay was now an empty space. Blood was gushing out profusely from the wound.

"Ah? Argh!"

The scout was way too fast. It took Walter's body three seconds to register the intense pain. He then cried out in despair.

The scout then threw the severed piece of meat on the ground as he laughed, "A prisoner should act like a prisoner. You will have to pay a price for spouting nonsense. Look, your prized possession is now food for the dogs."

The Warriors who accompanied the scouts on this mission all laughed at these words. No one thought that this was a cruel act. They had experienced true terror and cruelty on the battlefield. If they ended up in the hands of the Dark Elves one day, they would be subjected to torment a hundred times worse than this!

This was war.

At that moment, the carriage had already reached the north side of the Norton Kingdom. It was less than 125 miles to the Orida Fortress. Usually, they should be safe when they were in this proximity to their home base. However, all the scouts heightened their senses in case of any emergencies.

Before they left, Master Link had specifically mentioned the high possibility of a Dark Elf ambush along the way. The people from MI3 had great respect for Link and took his words seriously.

After around a mile, a huge overgrowth could be seen on King's Lane. The scout leading the way suddenly lifted his hands and took the Sacred Silver crossbow off his back. He then shouted, "My brothers, there is something wrong with the road in front! Be prepared!"

The forest was extremely thick with overgrowth. There seemed to be no peculiarities, except for the fact that it was way too quiet. The closer one got to the forest, the more intense the uneasiness.

"Leader, shall we burn it down in flames?" a scout whispered.

The trees of the Dark Forest were sturdy and sparse. It would be a futile attempt to burn down the Dark Forest. However, the trees here were crumbly in texture and densely packed. Anyone inside would be burned into a crisp if they set fire to the area in front of them.

After the scout leader inspected his surroundings, he felt great imminent danger and nodded. He then shouted, "Set fire!"

At the same time, he ordered, "Get into formation, stay alert!"

All the elite Warriors immediately took down the shields on their backs and formed a compact shielding formation around the carriage. On the other hand, the scouts took out countless low-level fire elemental runes and threw them into the forest after

activation.

Boom! Boom! The fire runes were engraved with a Level-1 fireball spell. Upon landing in the forest, it exploded and ignited the flammable overgrowth around the area. The flames then began spreading.

Everything was fine... until something strange happened!

At the spot where the flames were the most intense, fire elementals started concentrating and moving as though they were alive. Eventually, a terrifying giant more than 15-foot-tall appeared, his body covered in flames.

The moment this giant appeared, it bellowed before charging straight towards the carriage.

"It's a summoning spell! Quick, the dispel scroll!"

A scout immediately brought out a scroll shining with a silver hue. He immediately tore it apart. This scroll was special; after tearing it, the mana energy stored within would be released. A Level-4 dispel spell then formed swiftly in the air.

A silver hue then spread with the scout as the center in all directions. The flaming giant was also engulfed in this spell. Upon touching the silver hue, the giant stopped in its tracks before the fire elements condensed within its body lost control, causing flames to erupt from its body and eventually disintegrate.

The scouts then took out another scroll enveloped in a silver brilliance as a backup. This was an extremely strong Level-6 magic scroll. It could instantly cast a strong defensive spell. It was a gift from the High Elves for them to defend against any strong Dark Elves Magician they met along the way.

He kept it close to him the whole time. The moment he felt the presence of a Level-6 spell, he would activate this scroll instantly.

"Be careful! The ghouls are here!" Someone shouted.

Within the flames, many figures charged forward at high speed. They were extremely fast, and there were more than 20 of them. This normal forest fire seemed to do little to no damage to them. Not only was it not effective in causing injuries, but the fire even ignited the burning desire to kill within these ghouls.

Whooo! The ghouls were emitting a strange sound as their bodies burned with flames. They looked like demons possessed by flames as they charged forward.

"Shoot!" The leader of the scouts shouted. They were all elite troops of MI3. Everyone was equipped with the newest Sacred Silver crossbow and had experience in dealing with ghouls. They adapted to the situation with ease.

Boom! Boom! The crossbow arrows rained down upon the ghouls. Countless white lines flew through the sky as the arrows were imbued with tracking spells to make sure they hit their target.

These arrows were made specifically to deal with objects moving at high speed. They could adjust their trajectory and was the perfect weapon against the ghouls.

In an instant, the sound of arrows penetrating flesh echoed through the forest. The accuracy of the magic arrows was at a staggering high. Screams of pain could be heard constantly from the ghouls. The Sacred Silver was indeed a huge bane to their powers.

There were 20 ghouls to begin with. They started charging at the 150 feet mark. However, when they reached the 90 feet mark, there were only eight of them left. The rest were already lying motionless on the ground.

"Kill them all! Kill them all!" The leader of the scouts bellowed and quickly reloaded his crossbow. He then continued firing at the ghouls. He had already practiced these actions more than a thousand times during the war and completed it in less than a second.

The crossbow then continued firing at high speed.

Within the timespan of three breaths, the last ghoul fell at a distance of 15 feet away from everyone.

"Tsk! A bunch of fools who only knows how to charge!" The scout leader spat at the fallen ghouls and checked his crossbow carefully. After making sure that there were no damages, he then put away this treasured weapon safely.

He then ordered, "Alright, burn these ghouls and collect all the undamaged arrows. Keep an eye out for them! These arrows are not cheap!"

The moment he finished his sentence, an astonished voice rang behind him, "What?

Why is the carriage empty?"

Everyone immediately looked behind, and sure enough, the prisoner carriage was completely empty. Two of their prized prisoners were gone just like that.

"The lock is damaged, someone saved them!"

"But we did not see anyone; we were guarding the carriage!"

The scout leader's face immediately sunk. He walked towards the carriage, and after careful inspection, he gritted his teeth and said, "It's the work of a Dark Elf Magician. Where are the hounds? We will catch up to them! They must not have gone far!"

"Leader, all the hounds are dead... No, one of them lives! It's old Hallie!" The scout shouted.

Old Hallie was a ten-year-old hound. The fur on his body was sparse and usually hounds his age were no longer suited for the battlefield. However, resources were scarce in the Norton Kingdom. Their war horses and hounds were depleting at an insane rate. They had to use whatever they had.

This old hound was extremely intelligent. It seemed to have detected danger a long time ago and got out of his cage early, escaping death.

Hallie was brought to the carriage for a sniff. It then barked a few times at the forest which had not been burned down and rushed inside.

"Follow him!" The scout leader waved his hands and commanded the scouts to charge forward.

After a few steps, a scout shouted, "Look! It's footprints! They must not have gone far!"

The scout leader was elated. He exclaimed, "There should not be many enemies. Just one or two Magicians. Everyone spread out, be careful of any ambush attacks!"

Chapter 280

Fuse Divine Gear? Sure

Rustle, rustle. Close footsteps sounded in the forest. Lawndale had cast the Levitation spell on Aymons and Walter and then pushed them through the forest with the Magician's Hand.

"Lawndale, you shouldn't have come!" Aymons couldn't see, and his Mana had been completely sealed off—he was completely useless now. Only death awaited Dark Elves like him, and he didn't want to involve his favorite disciple.

After Walter lost his man's pride, he became completely decadent. "Lawndale," he said in pain. "The Master is right. If you really want to help, kill me!"

Lawndale didn't speak. He glanced back, sensing that the human pursuers were getting closer and closer. There were also barks from dogs, shocking him. He immediately realized that he had panicked while rescuing them and made a mistake. He didn't kill all the hounds.

He was not as fast as the scouts, especially with two others with him. If he kept running like this, they would catch up.

He was a Level-6 Magician right now, but those human scouts weren't weak either. From their past exchanges, he could see that they had rich experience in dealing with Magicians.

Even more importantly, they had an advantage in numbers and also had consecutive crossbows. If they opened fire, Lawndale could kill half of them at most. Then he would be killed by the remaining half of the enemies. His teacher and Prince Walter would be defeated too.

The situation was horrible.

"Look, he's there! Hurry, I can see him!" someone behind him yelled. It was a human scout; they were around 650 feet away.

An old hound raced before the team and growled loudly. This old dog's teeth were dull, and its fur had started molting. Its eyes were cloudy too, but it was still ambitious.

Aymons panicked. "Lawndale," he said furiously. "I command you to put me down and go! Go before it's too late!"

Lawndale shook his head. "No. Teacher, I will take you to the North."

As he spoke, he suddenly started running in another direction. The scouts behind him did not give up. They were less than 600 feet away now. With this distance and the hounds, Lawndale practically had nowhere to run to.

Just at this moment, there was a loud boom behind him. A huge pillar of blue fire shot up to the sky. It was the Hellfire that Lawndale had prepared!

Inside the fire, four scouts were burned directly to ashes. The other scouts were terrified and stopped immediately.

Hearing the explosions, Lawndale said, "I set many magic traps in this area. If they dare to chase after us, at least half of them will die!"

Aymons sighed. "Ah, you're still as thorough as ever, even though I made such a big mistake of being captured."

Of all his disciples, Lawndale was the most similar to him; he also thought the highest of Lawndale.

There was a messy commotion behind them.

"Be careful; it's a magic trap! F*ck! Spread out, spread out! Watch your steps!" the lead scout yelled.

Thankfully, the old hound Hallie was fine. The dog was abnormally sensitive to danger. Even though it ran in the front, it had carefully avoided the trap.

Boom! As soon as the leader finished speaking, another scout stepped onto a trap. Thankfully, the group had already spread out with 50 feet between them. This time, the trap didn't hurt anyone else.

However, setting off so many traps had scarred all the scouts mentally. They all grew

fearful, and they slowed down considerably.

The distance increased again.

"Follow old Hallie! It can avoid the traps so follow it!" a scout suddenly cried. He'd discovered that the dog would go around all the traps.

The scouts followed his suggestion, and it worked. Everything was safe if they followed in Hallie's path.

In the distance, Lawndale frowned. He had prepared carefully before rescuing the two and set ten traps along the way. He'd put great thought into every single one and were hard to miss. How come there were only two explosions?

Walter realized what was wrong. "It's that hound. It's leading them."

Lawndale glanced back and saw the dog cleverly bypass a trap. The scouts behind it ran along its path, turning Lawndale's trap into a piece of decor. He couldn't believe his fatal trick would be ruined by an old dog. Thankfully, he always had a backup plan.

After another three minutes, the scouts at the front were around 250 feet away. They had already raised their crossbows and were ready to attack. At this time, no one cared about the lives or deaths of these three Dark Elves. No one thought about keeping captives; they just wanted to kill these three guys.

"They're going to attack!" Walter exclaimed.

He was very clear about the power of these continuous crossbows. One or two were fine, but there were at least 30 soldiers. If they started attacking, there could be more than 100 arrows in an instant. In this situation, even a Level-6 spell wouldn't be enough. Furthermore, Lawndale didn't even know Level-6 defensive spells.

Lawndale could feel the danger too, but he knew he was already safe. A river had appeared before them. It had fast rapids and was more than 300 feet wide. The deepest part was 100 feet, and it had many undercurrents too. Even the strongest Warrior would have a hard time swimming past it. However, it was no problem for a Magician.

Lawndale sprinted to the riverbank and jumped. Simultaneously, he cast the Levitation spell for himself. Then he multitasked and cast a Level-4 defensive spell—

Frost Crystal Shield!

Ping! Ping! Ping! As soon as the shield was formed, five or six white dots appeared on it. The enemy had attacked, and the rate was abnormally dense.

Ping! Ping! Ping! There were three more arrows, and the Frost Crystal Shield cracked just like that. It had only survived for around one second, and Lawndale had only floated out around 30 feet. More arrows came, but Lawndale discovered he had no time to cast spells.

How can the human crossbows be so powerful? He was totally shocked, but thankfully, he had a third trick. He had a very strong Defensive Magic Tool with him.

Buzz. With a soft noise, a light green halo appeared. This was the Level-5 defensive spell Advanced Arrow Defense.

Puff, puff, puff, puff. The arrows rained down like a thunderstorm. After three seconds, the Level-5 spell was defeated too, but Lawndale's group had only floated out around 130 feet. They were still within range of the arrows.

"Shoot! Kill them all!" the lead scout roared.

Boom, boom, boom! Nearly 30 scouts stood in a row and released a flurry of arrows at Lawndale. After the Frost Crystal Shield was broken, Lawndale had run out of tricks!

Are we really going to die? Lawndale didn't expect he would end up like this. He couldn't help but think of how Link had brought some scouts into the Skeletal Fort and left unharmed. Now, he only faced a few scouts but had become so pathetic. He was forced into a dead end by a dog.

Are we really that far apart? Lawndale was depressed.

At the last moment, Walter, who had been quiet the whole time, suddenly jumping before Lawndale.

Pop, pop, pop. Nine arrows shot into Walter at once. All of his vitals were stuck with Sacred Silver arrows, but he still didn't die. Blood trickling from his mouth, he said, "Lawndale, when you return to the Black Forest, tell... tell Wasia... I died on the battlefield—"

Before he could finish, an arrow shot through his head.

Lawndale was shaken. Using Walter's block, he completed another defensive spell, but it was too late. Walter was dead.

Pop, pop, pop. Arrows continued to bury into Walter's body, practically turning him into a training target. Using this opportunity, Lawndale finally floated more than 250 feet; they were out of the range of the humans' continuous crossbows. They were temporarily safe.

Plop. Lawndale let go of Walter's body, letting it disappear into the water.

"Don't worry," he said quietly. "I'll tell Wasia that you're a hero!"

Wasia, the royal princess, was Walter's aunt. Ten years apart, they were aunt and nephew, as well as lovers. This was common in royal families.

Wasia was also a genius Magician. She was 46 years old and was already a Level-7 Magician. She followed the royal family's low-key style, but everyone in the Dark Elf Magician world knew that she had a powerful Warrior talent. She also had a staunch temperament.

Lawndale could already imagine Wasia's reaction after learning about Walter's demise. She would definitely go onto the battlefield to take revenge personally.

After that, Lawndale and Aymons were both silent. They floated toward the other riverbank without a word.

...

The other side.

The scouts looked at the rapid current powerlessly. The leader's expression darkened. He turned back and said, "Did anyone bring the mail carrier crows? Send this news to Orida Fortress. Tell them to barricade the front."

For them, this was the most embarrassing solution and had low a chance of success, because the enemy was a powerful Magician. He had a thousand ways of passing through the kingdom's Iron Wall Defense Line.

"Yes," a subordinate answered.

After a while, a few crows flew up. They flapped their wings, heading toward the Orida Fortress.

Lawndale discovered this too. He knew that within a short period of time, there would be many human scouts and Magicians on the road to stop him. His only solution in the Norton Kingdom would be to hurry up.

"Lawndale, you shouldn't have rescued me!" Aymons said again.

"Actually, this wasn't only my idea. Chancellor Romand supported me too," Lawndale said.

"Romand? Ah, he only cares about his spells. Since when would he care about other things?" Aymons didn't understand this. Romand, chancellor of the Silver Moon Mage Council and the only Level-8 Master Magician of the Black Forest, was obsessed with magic. All he thought about was studying spells and rarely took part in the government affairs of the Black Forest.

"The fusion of the Dark Serpent failed. This is the biggest event in history. Of course, the chancellor will pay attention. In reality, he already knew about your situation. His idea was, if you agree, you can fuse the Divine Gear."

"Me? But I'm disabled now. If I can do, I definitely will, but I don't have the Silver Moon blood. How do I fuse it?"

The fusing of Divine Gear had always been limited to the Silver Moon royal tribe.

"This is not a problem. We can perform a sacrifice to the Lady of Darkness. I believe she will agree for you to handle her weapon," Lawndale said.

The Divine Gear would not care that Aymons was disabled because it could easily recover his power. It just needed Aymons' head.

This way, Aymons would only have half a year left in existence. After half a year, the Divine Gear would return to the void, and his soul would be torn to pieces.

He agreed without hesitation. "Let's do it!"

Chapter 281

Honestly, I Do Not Like These Wretched People

Three days later, in a valley within the Ferde Wilderness

The valley was extremely spacious. The two mountains surrounding it was more than 300 feet in height, making it impossible for anyone outside to notice what was going on in the valley.

There were 14 people standing in the middle of the valley: Link, Milda, Romilson, Nana, eight Holy Knights, and two archbishops. They were all members of this assassination mission.

It was right in the heat of summer. The sunlight shone mercilessly on their faces. Although there were spells that could lower the temperature around them, it was still uncomfortable to stand under the sun. Everyone had a look of restlessness on their faces.

"Why are they still not here?" Romilson said impatiently.

Link then took his watch and said, "We are still five minutes away from the agreed timing. The Yabba race is pretty punctual. They should be here anytime soon."

"I've heard that the battle airship of the Yabba race is not that reliable. It could fall from the sky just due to a slight navigation error. Is that true?" a Holy Knight wiped the perspiration from his forehead as he said. He was wearing an entire set of Sacred Silver imbued armor. It was extremely stuffy and warm.

Romilson laughed as he said, "There is truly more to be desired for its reliability. However, it is indeed extremely fast. Furthermore, even if it truly falls, we still have some levitation spells. We will be fine."

"Alright. Stop spouting nonsense." Milda stared at Romilson sternly. Romilson then shrugged his shoulders and stopped talking.

Four minutes later, the whirling sound of machinery could be heard from the sky. In a

few moments, a huge black shadow appeared on the sky above the Ferde Wilderness.

Everyone glanced towards that direction.

This was an extremely huge airship. It was 50 feet long and 20 feet wide. The exterior of the airship was made from a pure black metallic substance. There were a huge number of magic circles drawn on top of the metal. The air right below the airship also showed signs of distortion, with huge fluctuations in the wind elements around the airship. On the sides of the airship was one black cannon each. They were the Yabba race's prided magic cannons. It was rumored to have an extremely fast firing frequency, up to a maximum of 30 shots per minute. The firepower of each shot was no weaker than a Level-6 spell. It possessed extremely terrifying offensive power on the battlefield.

This humongous object slowly descended. By the time it reached the ground, the magic circle at the bottom of the airship had made contact with the valley.

Whoosh! A huge amount of dust and gravel were blown up from the ground, coupled with a strong gust of wind.

Link immediately released a Level-2 defensive spell, enveloping everyone in a light glow, preventing them from being hit by the wind.

Milda then glanced at Link before asking, "You seem to have achieved another breakthrough in your spellcasting techniques?"

Link nodded before saying, "I have to thank Alloa for this. She helped me perfect many of my spellcasting techniques these few days. I have also progressed greatly in the area of Spatial Magic.

"That mixed-blood Dark Elf? I am curious. Why did you choose to believe her right away and even shared Nana's information with her? What if..."

Milda did not complete her sentence. Link naturally understood what she was getting at. He could not mention that he had information from the game. Furthermore, history was changing in this world. If he continued using his in-game knowledge to judge a person's character, there was bound to be problems. One example would be Wavier. He was not an interesting figure in the game. However, he had turned into a huge boss in this timeline.

More often than not, the final state of a person was determined not by their character or personality, but by their fate.

Therefore, although Link had pretended to give Alloo great trust on the surface, he had planned many things in the shadows. He then said, "I did not believe her entirely. I have placed many spies around the Mage Tower. This was also the reason why I did not bring Celine with me this time around as well."

With Alloo's wisdom, these spies would not be able to fool her. However, Link believed that if she harbored no harm, she would not be affected by time as well."

At that moment, the airship had landed, and the door on its left open. A staircase was then lowered, and a small, green-haired Yabba stood at the door. He waved at them as his sharp, child-like voice echoed through the area, "Hey, big guys! Come on in!"

Link and the rest then walked over.

Fortunately, the airship that the Yabba race created was not as small as their build. In fact, their airship was really spacious. Furthermore, it was extremely luxurious. It was filled with many magic circles meant for increasing the comfort of the ride.

"Come, sit here." The previous Yabba led the way and only stopped when they reached the front of the airship.

The front of the airship was in the shape of a semicircle. There were large transparent windows around and provided a good view of the surrounding area. Everyone also got to know the name of the Yabba along the way. He was called Merlin, the captain of this ship named USS Owl.

"Hey big guys, sit down. I have heard about your encounters. Killing a Necromancer... That is truly an exciting adventure. It should be fun!" Merlin found a chair for himself and lifted his head to look at everyone enthusiastically.

Everyone exchanged glances in confusion. From their perspective, this mission was extremely dangerous, and they had a high chance of dying. However, this little guy actually mentioned that it would be fun. That was unimaginable.

The name of the commander of the Holy Knights was Joseph Hannibal. He was a level-7 Holy Knight from the church and was extremely powerful. He was 38 years old and once single-handedly defeated an evil, thousand-eyed demon from another

dimension. He had a prestigious reputation in the church and was one of the six Knights of Judgement. The success of this mission depended largely on him.

He then whispered to Link who was beside him, "Master, I feel that this little guy is not very reliable."

Link then smiled and said, "Don't worry; they are usually like this—careful but adventurous. The moment the battle begins, you will realize that they are extremely reliable partners."

Link was not exactly soft when he said those words. Merlin could hear them clearly and smiled cheerfully at those words. He then said, "Master Link is right! You can leave it up to us the moment the battle begins!"

Milda also started to converse with the Yabba. She said, "Three years ago, I met Lady Fortuna Elin. Is she alright?"

Upon mentioning about Elin, Merlin did not smile. His face sunk as he frowned and sighed, "Not good. Not good at all. Elin seemed to have seen a terrifying future. She kept saying that the Dark Elves would infiltrate our Scientific City of Lariel. She has been persuading the king to move northwards. However, all of us thought that the Dark Elves had no such power."

Link was startled when he heard those words. He then asked, "Do you guys not trust her?"

Merlin shrugged his shoulders and said, "Elin has great talent in the field of magic. That is something no one doubted. However, something like seeing the future is only possible if you are a god. This thing is way too intangible. Furthermore, the Yabba race has already lived in Lariel for 3000 years. You cannot possibly ask an entire race to move just because of a vague prophecy. Am I right?"

He was right as well. Prophecy spells were often vague and mysterious. After all, no one knew what the future held.

Merlin then laid his hands out helplessly and sighed before saying, "Actually, I do believe Elin on this. The Dark Elves are too insane. Who knows what they are capable of? However, the faith of one person is not enough."

This was the internal politics of the Yabba race. No one dared to continue this

conversation. Milda then broke the silence by saying courteously, "May the God of Light be with us."

Everyone then echoed her words, "May the God of Light be with us."

The atmosphere was slightly tense, and after a few minutes, Merlin broke the silence as he brought a letter to Link. He said, "Duke Abel wanted you to have this when we passed by the Orida Fortress. From his looks, it does not seem to be something good."

Link was startled and tore it open upon receiving it. After reading the letter, Link's face sunk.

"What happened?" Milda asked.

Link then handed over the letter.

After Milda saw the letter, she pursed her lips in silence. Seeing that Joseph was interested as well, she handed the letter over.

After Joseph read the letter, he patted his thighs in exasperation and gasped, "The Dark Elves truly are nothing but trouble!"

This letter was not some top-secret. Soon, everyone in the airship had taken a look at it, though their faces were now ridden with worry.

There were a total of three information on the letter. Firstly, it informed that Aymons had been saved by the Dark Elves while Dark Prince Walter was killed on the spot. Secondly, it mentioned that Aymons had fused with the Dark Serpent, making him the wielder of the Divine Gear. Thirdly, MI3 had found the presence of high-level demons heading southwards. Currently, they were still keeping tabs on them, though their destination was unclear.

The first two pieces of information did not have much impact on the people here. However, the last one was strange no matter how one looked at it. high-level demons were creatures summoned by the Dark Elves, and they listened solely to the Dark Elves' command. Why would they head south?

Romilson asked, "Do you think they are here to support Wavier?"

Lin sighed as he said, "Without the first two pieces of information, I would not be sure.

However, now that Aymons has fused with the Divine Gear, I can confirm that we will be meeting a large number of demons at Wavier's Necropolis.

Aymons took part in the battle that day as well. With his intellect, he could definitely guess their follow-up plans. Sending high-level demons to stop them now could prevent unnecessary trouble. Even if they did not make an attempt to kill Wavier, Aymons would suffer no loss as well.

High-level demons were extremely strong creatures that came in different varieties. Each of them had a specific battle style that was unique and powerful.

In essence, it was bad news.

Everyone fell silent. Even Merlin, who loved adventures stopped joking around. Adventuring was one thing, but if the opponent was so strong that they did not stand a chance, it would not be fun.

Nana immediately asked, "Master, do I have to prioritize demons in battle?"

She was not afraid at all. Her voice was as crisp and clear as ever. Under such circumstances, it even sounded as if she was slightly excited.

Merlin looked at Nana as he patted his head and said with a bitter smile on his face, "Master, you magic puppet is so interesting. I think I have fallen in love."

...

South, Necropolis.

A group comprised of 13 high-level demons arrived at the entrance of the Necropolis. The leader of the group had curly horns, a glamorous human face, two purple wings, huge breasts, long legs, and a curvy butt. She had two purple scales covering her important body parts and sheep hooves. She even possessed a sharp thorn whip as a weapon. She belonged to a highly-regarded race of high-level demons called Fine-Scaled Succubus.

She stared at the Necropolis and cracked her whip with great force, making a loud snapping sound. She then smiled sinisterly and said, "Frankly speaking, I don't really like these bunch of skeletons. They don't know how to have fun."

Chapter 282

Necropolis (1)

Whirr, whirr. Under the soft hum of the magic seal's operation, the USS Owl flew through the thick clouds three miles in the air. It flew toward Delonga at the speed of 300 miles per hour.

Going from the Ferde Wilderness to deep inside the Delonga Kingdom did not take even one hour. Afterwards, the airship slowed down and began searching for the specific location of the Necropolis.

Skinorse's intelligence had mentioned the existence of a necropolis, but the specific location was still unknown. They only knew that it was in central Delonga. As for the information about 30,000 soldiers, he had received it from a prisoner of war. It was a conservative estimate.

The actual situation was unclear.

Looking for places was easy for the Yabba race.

"Activate the Detection Magic Seal... Begin searching for dark waves," airship commander Merlin ordered seriously. He was completely different from the smiley man from before.

Whirr. With a soft hum, a clear apparition appeared in the air of the airship. It recorded the specific details of the ground below the airship. The forest, paths, bridges, villages, passersby, and even their faces could be seen clearly.

Beep, beep, beep. Every two seconds, a blue ripple would scan the image, and every living organism in it would glow.

The average person glowed dimly. According to their different body stats, the glows of different basic elements would appear. Blue, green, white, and other colors were all normal.

After around two minutes, there was suddenly a group of knights with a black halo.

There were around 13 of them, all wearing armor. At a glance, they didn't look any different from the average man. However, at closer inspection, one could see that their eyes and skin were dark. Their armor was in the style of the Delonga Kingdom, but the runes on the surface were all dark runes.

"They're Undead Knights. They use a special method to hide their aura and disguise their appearances. This is a battle zone, and they've appeared here... Oh, they're capturing civilians!"

These knights ran directly toward a village. When they arrived, they spread out and blocked all the exits. Then a few walked into the village. After saying something, the near 300 villagers were gathered and forced out from the village by the powerful Undead Knights.

The villagers were of all ages. They didn't know what their fates were, but this didn't stop their fear. Some women cried out, while some youths tried to escape. This was all to no avail. One fleeing young man was grabbed and had his feet and hands cut off. Rather than killing him, the Undead Knight left him howling on the ground.

This terrified all the villagers. They began crying and screaming louder, but no one tried escaping again.

"They'll either be turned into sacrifices or undead soldiers. Should we rescue them?" Merlin asked.

"Of course," Royal Knight Joseph said without hesitation. "We need to capture some Undead Knights to lead the way too."

Princess Milda immediately disagreed. "I think it's best if we don't act. These Undead Knights are psychologically connected to Wavier. If something happens to them, Wavier will know immediately, and our sneak attack will be revealed."

Their plan this time was a raid. The more sudden and speedy it was, the more likely it would be successful.

Joseph opened his mouth to argue, but finally, he sighed and stopped speaking. Rescuing the villagers now would cause them to lose on the big picture. However, watching these villagers fall into the abyss of darkness and despair was against the church.

"No need to worry," Link comforted him. "If we hurry to the Necropolis before them and defeat Wavier, the villagers will be saved."

The churchmen nodded, but their expressions were all heavy.

Then Link said to Merlin, "We must speed up. Wavier's strength is increasing tremendously!"

Merlin nodded and ordered the pilot beside him, "Extend the detection range to 30 miles and use the Fuzzy Detection Spell!"

The image instantly enlarged and stopped showing the specific details. It only showed the general aura current. The auras were all different colors and kept moving, making it look like a weather radar map.

After flying for around 100 miles, Merlin pointed at a large patch of darkness. "Look at this forest. It has five percent higher black aura density than the surroundings. It must mean something!"

With that, he gestured at the pilot. This tiny pilot manipulated the magic seal before him, and the image instantly sharpened, revealing a dense southern forest.

Royal Knight Joseph only took a glance before saying, "This forest is not normal. It's too dark and doesn't have many animals!"

The image continued changing. After a while, Link exclaimed, "Stop! Look at that area!"

The image stopped. It revealed a ball of thick fog that floated above the entire forest. It covered thousands of square miles of land, making it impossible for them to see what was inside.

This was Delonga's Forest of Poisonous Mist. The entire forest was filled with miasma and having fog was pretty normal. However, the image had shown many clusters of fog, and it was abnormally dense. This was beyond the limit of a natural occurrence.

"Can you scan the auras in this area?" Link asked Merlin.

"Of course." Merlin snapped, and the area turned into the aura current map from before.

The weird thing was that there were no abnormal aura waves in this fog area. It seemed to merge perfectly with the rest of the forest.

"No abnormalities," Romilson said.

"No, the biggest abnormality is that there are no abnormalities. We saw that the white fog area is much denser than the surroundings. The surrounding fog areas are filled with thick life toxins. This area is the same, but according to logic, its toxicity should be higher because the fog is thicker. However, it's the exact same right now!"

"Someone has purposely disguised it," Milda caught on.

"Merlin, can we see through the fog?" Link asked again.

Merlin shrugged. "We can't do that. You must know, we're 18 miles above it. Showing the specific images is already the limit."

"Then we'll have to go down and check personally. The fog is filled with natural toxins, and a mid-level antidote will work. Alright, Merlin, find a place to let us down. You don't need to get too close. Just wait for us outside."

"No problem."

The airship started descending and stopped when it was around 1000 feet high. The cabin door opened and the people started jumping out one-by-one. When the Royal Knights jumped, Link cast a Levitation spell for each of them. Then it was Romilson's turn.

This guy had serious acrophobia. He clutched the door while shaking, too scared to look down.

"Your Highness, Link, you two jump first. I need to prepare myself."

"Coward!" Upset, Milda walked over and kicked him in the butt. Romilson screamed and fell outward.

Link quickly cast the Levitation spell for him. Otherwise, with Romilson's current state, he might become the first Magician to die by falling.

After kicking him, Milda smiled at Link. "He would've prepared for the rest of his life,

so someone had to help him."

With that, she jumped out, leaving Link alone.

The two priests were responsible for treatment, so they didn't participate in the battle and stayed in the airship.

At this time, one walked over, handing a palm-sized white carving to Link. "Master Link, this is the carving of Saint Rafael. It is usually placed in the Constance Church of the Hot Spring City and has 200 years of history. Archbishop Teroll asked me to give it to you. It contains Level-9 Holy Power. Take it just in case, but I hope you won't need it."

Link accepted the carving. "I understand. Thank you!"

This meant he had a backup that could save his life. After carefully putting away the carving, Link jumped down too.

In order to keep the airship hidden, everyone landed outside the forest. When Link and the others landed, the airship immediately shot up and returned to the clouds three miles in the air to hide.

"Alright, continue surveying the forest and be prepared to give reinforcements at any time!" Merlin ordered.

...

On the ground.

Link and the others all landed. Including Nana, there were 14 people, and they quickly gathered.

Link observed the surrounding situation. He saw that there were many huge beech trees that blocked the sunlight. There was a thick layer of fallen leaves on the ground. Marshes and puddles could be seen everywhere, producing clouds of the rotting odor that floated around. The entire forest was dark, damp, and decayed.

"Ah, these damn mosquitos!" Romilson suddenly slapped himself. When he removed his hand, everyone saw that there was the corpse of a huge piebald mosquito on his face. Then a red bump the size of a thumb appeared on his handsome face at a visible

speed.

It itched and hurt. Romilson reached out to scratch it, but he didn't dare use too much strength. He almost cried out.

After that, the others were attacked by the insects too. They'd just set off but already became a bit disordered. This was kind of unexpected. Even worse, they were all northerners and had no experience in fighting in a southern forest. They did not prepare enough.

Nana was the most at ease. No insects could bite through her metallic shell. Seeing everyone's miserableness, she found it weird. "Master," she asked Link, "should I put the insects on the list to be cleared out?"

"...No." Link was speechless. Nana was so belligerent that she wouldn't even let the insects go.

A few minutes later, Milda got bitten in the neck. She took out the Elf Nectar and drank it all. Treating bug bites with holy medicine was honestly like using cannons to kill mosquitoes.

After a while, Link suddenly reached out and cast a Whistle. With a thud, a black snake fell out of a pile of leaves. Link walked over and skinned it with practiced ease. Then he took out the gall.

"What's that for?" Romilson asked.

"These snakes usually eat insects and are the insects' natural enemy. The smell of the snake's gallbladder can effectively keep the insects away." As Link spoke, he burst the gallbladder. Using a wind spell, he turned the bile into a cloud of mist and blew it past everyone lightly.

Link had learned this from a biology magazine. It had explained in detail how to survive in the southern forest, and now, the knowledge was finally put to use.

Indeed, they were bitten less after they were shrouded in the black snake's smell. Everyone let out a sigh of relief. Otherwise, they would probably lose their lives during battle if the mosquitoes kept buzzing in their ears.

Later, Royal Knight Joseph led the group in the front. Link was behind him, pointing

the way. After around one mile, the fog suddenly grew thicker, and there was an acrid bite to the smell.

"We've reached the miasma area. Everyone, drink the mid-level antidote." Link took out a bottle of green medicine and drank it all. He had gotten this from Grenci, and it was very effective.

Everyone else started drinking too. As the most powerful Warrior, Joseph was still on guard while drinking. He looked in all directions, cautious of everything. Suddenly, a black shadow flashed past the corner of his vision. Surprised, he downed the medicine and unsheathed his crossed sword.

"Be careful. We might've been spotted by the undead!"

At the same time, a message started flashing in Link's vision.

Mission activated: Wavier's Necropolis

Mission step one: Find the specific location of the Necropolis.

Mission reward: Level-8 spell book Essence of the Flame.

Link took a deep breath and accepted it.

Chapter 283

Necropolis (2)

Forest of Poisonous Mist.

"Look!" Joseph stared at the area where he could see the black figure. This was a piece of marshland, and the footprints could be seen clearly etched on the soft ground.

Link walked forward at observed for a moment before saying, "The size of the footprint is around one-foot-long and half a foot deep. It looks like a demon that stands on two feet upright. Its steps are extremely wide. It can cover a distance of nine feet in a step. I predict that this demon is at least nine feet tall and weighs 1540 pounds. It is extremely strong!"

He then circled the area and quickly found more information, "There is a hint of potassium nitrate and sulfur in the air. Looking at this footprint, I would suppose that this demon could not control its power after the sudden change in geography in this area. The area around the footprint shows signs of being charred. If I'm not wrong, this is a Fodor Flaming Demon. It is around Level-7 in strength."

Fodor Flaming Demon

High-level Demon

Description: This demon controls the power of the demonic flame. It uses two flaming machetes as its weapons. Usually, this demon will be above Level-6 in strength. Adult Fodor Flaming Demons can reach Level-7 in strength. Once they become of age, their flames and sword techniques will strike fear into even the bravest of Warriors!

(Note: The perfect fire Warrior)

The moment everyone heard Link's voice, their face was consumed by an expression of horror. Milda then sighed, "It seems like those high-level demons are really here to help Wavier."

Link stood up and cleaned the dirt on his hand from his inspection of the footprints.

He then said, "It is something within expectations. Joseph, from now onwards, we will be facing consecutive waves of Undead Warriors and demons. Prepare the Sacred Silver."

Due to its effectiveness against ghouls, the recipe to create Sacred Silver was now widely circulated. The church naturally got hold of this recipe and even made many adjustments to improve its effectiveness. The Sacred Silver in their hands now were at least 50% stronger than Link's original version.

"I understand."

Joseph took out a bottle and started pouring the liquid Sacred Silver into a special groove made in their swords. This way, as long as a sword of the Holy Knights come into contact with the opponent, Sacred Silver would be injected into their bodies.

The other Holy Knights also did the same.

Link then told Nana, "From now onwards, as long as you detect the presence of any demons, eliminate them!"

"I understand, Master!"

Clang! With a light metallic sound, Nana took out her two epic quality daggers. The two daggers were extremely aesthetic, especially the Last Nightmare. The moment it appeared, air ripples appeared around Nana, which was a testament to the dagger's power. This made Nana look extremely intimidating.

Romilson and Milda were completely amazed at the two daggers. It was the first time they were seeing the true form of these two Epic daggers. They could not help but exclaim softly.

Romilson said in disbelief, "Where did these two weapons come from? Why have I not seen records of them?"

How could two such high-quality weapons that even impressed the High Elves not be written down in the annals of history?

Milda was a few steps ahead of Romilson and asked, "Link, you made them recently?"

Link then nodded his head in agreement and said, "It took me a lot of energy to craft

them. There is even some luck involved. If I were to do it again, I might not be able to craft something of this caliber anymore.

Although Link was trying to be humble, it somehow made the High Elves feel bitter.

Joseph, on the other hand, did not feel impressed by the daggers. He merely felt that they were extremely beautiful and elegant. Nana also looked strong wielding them, which would be helpful in their future battles.

"Let's go; time is tight." He then probed the rest to move forward.

Everyone followed tightly behind him. After ten minutes, they realized that something is amiss.

"I think we have come back to our previous position. Look, this was where we walked," Joseph pointed at a cork that was wrapped in aluminum foil on the ground. It was the exact thing that they threw while drinking their potions. The surrounding environment looked extremely familiar as well. As they looked to their side, the footprint left by the Fodor Flaming Demon laid right there.

Romilson then snickered as he said, "It is definitely the work of a Light Illusion spell. Simple, I will breakthrough it using a Guiding Light spell!"

He then raised his wand and charged it with Mana. An emerald concentrated light beam then shot out from his wand, extending into the distance.

The moment this light beam appeared, Romilson's face sunk.

The reason was simple. If it was an illusion caused by the Light illusion spell, the light beam should appear bent and wavy. Based on the property of light, they merely had to follow this curved line of light to navigate out of this area.

However, the emerald light was shining in a straight line. This suggests that their area was not affected by Light Illusion spell. However, they had also returned back to their starting point even after walking in a straight line... Romilson could not explain this.

Things were getting complicated.

Milda thought for a moment before saying, "I'm afraid that light is not the thing that was distorted in this area. It is the space. This is probably a demon god spell that

Wavier cast to protect himself... Link, what do you think?"

She could not depend on the Holy Knights for such intellectually intensive work, and Romilson had already been defeated by this trick. Furthermore, Link was the only one who had done intensive research into Spatial Magic. He was the only one Milda could turn to.

In fact, the moment Link realized that they had returned to the same point. He immediately started walking around to observe his surroundings. He also cast a few spells to test the waters.

When Milda posted him the question, he was still doing his tests.

After five minutes, he walked back and said, "The space of this area is indeed distorted. However, the curvature is extremely small, making it difficult for us to detect. There are still tests that we can do to determine this. Look."

A silver ball then appeared in Link's hand, as he used the vector field spell to fling the ball upwards. As the ball started rising, it traveled in a straight line. However, upon reaching a height above 15 feet, it's trajectory started experiencing abnormal bending.

"The distortion of space is definitely accompanied by a forcefield. This forcefield has little to no effect on light beams. That was why when Romilson shot that beam of light, it still maintained a straight line. However, this forcefield will have an effect on tangible matter that is sufficiently weighted, especially when they are traveling at high speed. The forcefield will cause its trajectory to change."

As Link spoke, he used the Magician's Hand to retrieve his silver ball. He then used his wand to draw a few ridiculous lines and runes in the air, as though he were calculating something.

After around five seconds, he said, "I think that the space distortion here is not done by Wavier, but by a Dimensional Demon!"

Dimensional Demon

High-level Demon

Description: This demon has the inborn ability to control space. It can even use space as a shield for its physical body and achieve a concealing effect. This is the reason why

it is termed the most powerful Assassin demon!

(Note: This demon is the nightmare of all Magicians!)

The moment the name, Dimensional Demon appeared, everyone's faces including the Holy Knights paled in unison.

The reason being this demon had made countless assassination victories in the World of Firuman. This applied to both the High Elves and the humans.

It's most recent victory was around 300 years ago. Its target was Legendary Magician Bryant. After the assassination, the Dimensional Demon escaped with serious wounds while Bryant disappeared without a trace, leaving a huge amount of blood at the battle scene.

Many people believed that Bryant was eaten by this Dimensional Demon on the spot.

How could they then not be afraid when such a terrifying Assassin appeared within the Forest of Poisonous Mist?

Romilson swallowed his saliva quickly. He was Level-7 Magician and knew many offensive spells by heart. However, he knew that none of his spells would have any effect on the Dimensional Demon.

You could wreck the environment as much as you want. The Dimensional Demon would merely hide in its safe dimensional crack and attack when you ran out of stamina, ending the battle.

"What should we do now?" Romilson looked at Link with a worried face. His handsome face seemed right on the verge of tears.

Everyone then turned to look at Link. He was the only one who could come up with a solution to this problem.

Link did not speak. He merely started casting a spell and lightly tapped the air with his wand. A transparent ball the size of his fist then appeared in the air and stayed motionless while floating.

He then told Romilson, "Use your Guiding Light spell and shoot it through the center of this sphere."

"Alright," Although he had no idea why Link had such a peculiar request, Romilson followed the instruction immediately.

The emerald light beam shot out, and it still formed a straight line into the distance. Link then turned to Nana and said, "Take note of your surroundings. The moment there is a distortion in space, act quickly."

"Nana understands!" Nana then settled herself in her battling pose. She would offer support the moment she felt something was amiss.

Link then said to everyone, "Be on alert and follow me forward. Romilson, come forward as well. Keep your Guiding Light spell active! Milda, charge a Level-7 defensive spell but do not release it. When you are sure that someone is going to get hurt, protect the victim immediately."

"Alright." The two High Elves nodded.

Link then proceeded forward. He walked in a weird direction, not one that followed the trajectory of the Guiding Light spell. He deviated slightly from the beam of light, and as he walked, he explained, "I have already calculated the curvature of this space just now. This beam of light will reflect the true structure of this space. From the curvature, I have made some changes to the direction that we should head to go forward. From a higher angle, this beam of light is actually bent, and while the path we are taking might look bent in this space, it is actually the true straight path."

This speech was slightly confusing. The Holy Knights felt like it was suicidal trying to figure out what Link just said. However, the two High Elves could understand it completely.

This was merely the basics of Spatial Magic and was not all that difficult.

Milda even asked, "The small ball that you released previously—was that an anchor point?"

"That's right. I have to make sure the starting point of the light beam is not adjusted by the Dimensional Demon, which explains the need for an anchor point. In fact, we need a new anchor point every 300 feet. Repeat this process for a few times, and we will be out of this distorted space."

As Link explained, they reached the 300-foot mark. This distance was already the

maximum distance for remote control of the Guiding Light spell. Link thus released a new anchor point.

Following which, he did not set off immediately. Instead, he started a new round of tests and calculations.

After a series of calculations that no one understood, Link pointed in a direction and said, "Just a few moments ago, the Dimensional Demon made some adjustments to this distorted space. Therefore, this is the direction we have to take. Romilson, use the Guiding Light spell here."

"Alright," Romilson would just follow whatever Link told him to do.

After the light beam was shot into the distance, Link brought the group forward again. This time, his path was even more peculiar than the previous one. In no way did anyone else feel that they were walking in a straight line. Link would take them from left to right then to the left again, stopping every so often to do a few tests.

The others could not see the point in these actions. However, Milda watched the whole process in fear and apprehension.

She was the only person present who could understand the meaning of Link's actions. Although the situation appeared calm, Link was already engaged in a battle with the Dimensional Demon.

This battle looked passive enough, though it was in actually extremely intense. The moment one party made a slight mistake, they would immediately suffer the reaper's scythe.

After around 150 feet, Link suddenly stopped in his tracks and raised his wand, "Cut!"

A transparent ball appeared at the tip of his wand. The moment this ball appeared, it turned into the shape of a sickle and charged towards a supposedly empty space 90 feet in front.

Boom! This attack actually managed to hit something. In the next moment, the air seemed to be distorting, and a black shadow appeared in the atmosphere. It was the Dimensional Demon!

In this silent yet intense confrontation, the Dimensional Demon had been trying to

interfere with Link's judgment by changing the space constantly. His brazen acts had eventually revealed his hiding spot!

Link had secured a victory in this battle amongst the shadows!

"Nana!"

Boom! Nana disappeared from her original position and appeared in front of the Dimensional Demon in an instant. Her auxiliary dagger then tried to stab the demon with unimaginable speed, her main dagger, the Last Nightmare, following closely behind.

Cling! A crisp snapping sound rang. Splash! A second sound of splashing blood then followed. A pool of black colored blood gushed out of the demon's body. In the next moment, the Dimensional Demon's body disappeared into the air.

He was escaping!

Chapter 284

Necropolis (3)

No wonder the Dimensional Demon was the archenemy of Magicians. It was extremely fast—faster than the limit for organisms on Firuman!

Even with Nana's speed, she could only make three stabs. The first was blocked by the Dimensional Demon reflexively. The second was blocked by its cuticle. Only the third one was able to cause harm, and it had fully processed everything by the time she made her fourth stab.

Clang, clang, clang. There were countless clashes, and it blocked all of Nana's attacks. As he blocked, its figure became blurry and illusory as if it would flee into space again.

Nana couldn't keep it here!

The Dimensional Demon was about to vanish into thin air soon.

"Restraint!" With perfect timing, Link tossed out a Space Orb. When it appeared, it was only the size of a fist. It was beside the Dimensional Demon in an instant, and it burst, enclosing the demon inside.

The Dimensional Demon was trapped inside, and its body became clear again.

"Brilliant Moon Arc Cut!"

Royal Knight Joseph finally reacted. It wasn't that he had a slow reaction speed but that Nana, Link, and the Dimension Demon were too quick! His sword sliced through the air. A blazing white arc of light cut toward the opponent.

"Protective Halo!"

The other Royal Knights didn't stand around either. Each one glowed with heavy light. The light spread out, jumping from person to person. Instantly, everyone was surrounded by a milky white cloud of glowing runes.

Protective Halo

Battle Aura Technique

Effect: After the halo appears, all light organisms within 150 feet will have their defensive abilities against dark power raised by 50%. Protective abilities against biological attacks are raised by 100%, and speed is raised by 50%.

(Note: this holy power comes from the Holy Grail!)

With these actions, the Dimensional Demon was finally hit. It was about to be killed, but suddenly, there were roars. The burning red figure shot out from behind a tree. Its target was none other than Link.

It was a Fodor Flaming Demon!

This Flaming Demon was very powerful and extremely fast. At its top speed, it would leave a trail of fire in the air. Its appearance had perfect timing too—it was the exact moment Link released the Space Orb to capture the Dimensional Demon.

"Master!" Nana wanted to stab the Dimensional Demon to death, but with Link in danger, her target moved to the Fodor Flaming Demon.

Boom! The air exploded, and Nana disappeared. When she reappeared, she was blocking the Fodor Flaming Demon's path.

The demon seemed to be prepared; it chopped down with its flaming sword.

Clang, clang, clang, clang. Metal clashed against each other. This Flaming Demon's swordsmanship was practically perfect. It definitely was not as fast as Nana, but each of its actions was both defensive and offensive. Its sword didn't move too much, and it planned the position of each slice. Just like that, it consecutively blocked all of Nana's attacks!

They duelled for one-tenth of a second, but their swords hit more than 30 times. Finally, it came to an end.

Nana's left arm was sliced by the Flaming Demon's sword. Her sturdy leather armor cracked instantly, and she instantly flew backwards from the force. Nearly at the same time, her other sword, Whispers of the Forest, stabbed the Flaming Demon's right

chest. It pierced the skin of its chest and left a bloody ten-centimeter-wide hole.

However, the Flaming Demon had a strong vitality. Even if there was a wound in its chest, it was still a small wound. It barely affected its fighting.

They were evenly matched; the Fodor Flaming Demon's swordsmanship was incredible!

Even more terrifying, after Nana was forced back by the strike, the Flaming Demon continued charging towards Link, ignoring its wound.

At this time, the Dimensional Demon started struggling violently. Thick battle aura appeared on its body. Not only did this help it block the Brilliant Moon Arc Cut, but it also loosened Link's spatial restraint.

Link was forced to use up more Mana to stabilize the spatial restraint. As for the Flaming Demon, he didn't worry about it because he had teammates.

"Crystal Fortress!"

Milda had been using Level-7 spells the entire time. In the blink of an eye, three semi-translucent crystal arcs appeared before the charging Flaming Demon.

Boom! An instant later, the Fodor Flaming Demon collided with the first fortress. It smashed the wall into bits of light, but it slowed down considerably.

Boom! A second later, it crumbled the second fortress. Its speed had become slower than an average person.

Nana rushed over at this moment.

Clang, clang, clang, clang!

There was another round of metallic clangs. After one-tenth of a second, the Fodor Flaming Demon roared in pain. Simultaneously, a large number of metallic shards exploded.

It wasn't that its swordsmanship wasn't well enough or that its sword wasn't strong enough. After hundreds of high-intensity collisions, the demon's sword was shattered by Nana's main sword, the Last Nightmare. The Fodor Flaming Demon paid heavily for

this accident.

Crack. Nana pierced its right arm, breaking the bone.

The Flaming Demon roared and shot up powerfully. The sword in its left hand struck down at an impossible angle. Thick blood-like light flowed through the blade. The sulfuric odor in the air suddenly made it painful for one to breathe.

Nana instantly retreated. Her past experiences told her that not only were these flames at a high temperature, they were also highly corrosive. She might not be able to withstand them.

Just as she retreated, Romulsin finally acted. It was the Thorn Python!

Boom! The ground cracked apart. A three-foot-wide python-like thing made of countless thorns shot out from the crack. There were countless sharp vines at the tip, stabbing at the Fodor Flaming Demon like spears.

The Fodor Flaming Demon finally gave up on attacking Link. It waved its sword, blocking the vines while retreating.

At the other side, the Dimensional Demon had finally sunk into despair. The eight Royal Knights, including Joseph, had rushed to it. Five crossed swords filled with Sacred Silver stabbed into it at once.

At that moment, Link transmitted his Mana at full power. The spatial restraint's strength multiplied!

The Dimensional Demon was instantly restricted strongly. It couldn't even use 10% of its strength. Faced with attacks all around it, it managed to block three swords but was powerless against the other five.

Five swords stabbed into it instantly. Under the battle aura's force, the Sacred Silver poured into the Dimensional Demon's body.

It let out a piercing screech. Its body started writhing and convulsing in pain. This was not struggling to escape; this was struggling for its life.

Even a demon could not withstand these injuries.

Seeing this situation, the Fodor Flaming Demon gave up. With a burst of dark red fire battle aura, it sliced through Romilson's Thorn Python. It used this opportunity to retreat and flee.

Nana followed after with her swords, wanting to keep the Flaming Demon here. They exchanged three blows, and the Flaming Demon was stabbed through the back, while Nana was forced back again.

It was not because Nana was too weak; her body was too light. Though it was made of metal, its goal was to increase speed and agility. While it was sturdy enough, most of the metal had a sponge-like structure. Nana was only around 200 pounds while this Flaming Demon was at least half a ton. Nana couldn't withstand the strikes at all and had to jump back.

Of course, the most important thing was that the Flaming Demon's moves had returned to the true essence of swordsmanship. It was abnormally fast, almost 50% of Nana's speed, and extremely effective. Each strike seemed brash and thoughtless but was all flawless.

This perfect swordsmanship was able to block Nana's strikes which were faster than the speed of sound!

The Fodor Flaming Demon ran at top speed too, around 650 feet per second. It was abnormally agile as well. After a few turns in the forest, it actually disappeared.

Nana chased after instinctively, but Link called out, "Come back!"

There were more demons up ahead. If they were all as strong as the Fodor Flaming Demon, Nana would be in danger. It wasn't worth it.

Nana immediately stopped and went back to Link. "Master, the target isn't taken care of yet." Her voice was still crisp and lovely without any emotions, but there was a subtle tinge of discontent.

"Don't worry. There'll be more chances."

Link glanced back at the Dimensional Demon. This guy was about to die and was surviving off its strong vitality as a high-level demon.

At 6 1/2 feet, this demon was not that tall. It was a small thing among the other high-

level demons. Its muscles and figure were perfect though. If Link's surprise attack hadn't been successful and the demon was allowed to use its top speed, probably even Nana would have a hard time against it.

Joseph walked over. He stepped onto the Dimensional Demon's chest, pointing the crossed sword at its forehead. "Tell me," he ordered. "Where is the Necropolis?"

The Dimensional Demon didn't answer. It just laughed—the sharp cackling sound was like a snake screaming.

Joseph stabbed the sword through the demon's chest, nailing it to the ground. Then he twisted the sword forcefully. "Will you tell me?"

"Sss... Master will take revenge for me!" With that, the Dimensional Demon shook and exploded with a boom. Black blood splattered in all directions.

It had chosen suicide!

Thankfully, everyone was still covered by the Royal Knights' protective halo. Other than Joseph, they were all far away so only he was affected. Everyone else was alright.

The powerful Dimensional Demon had been killed, but there was no joy in it. Instead, the people grew more somber.

They had had the advantage of striking first against these two high-level demons, and everyone had used all their tricks. But only one was left, and the other had escaped. Even Nana, their strongest fighter, had been unable to capture it.

If there were similar demons in the Necropolis—what would they do?

Everyone fell silent.

Half a minute later, Link said, "This is a mission without any choices. All we can do is go for it so let's continue!"

Indeed, this mission had no other choices. If Wavier didn't die, the undead army would surge into the mainland. They would still die on the battlefield. Rather than facing the undead army ravaging their homes, it was better to do their best now!

The group forged on. This time, they felt heavy but also resolute.

It was boom or bust!

...

Necropolis.

The Fodor Flaming Demon ran back and knelt before the succubus half its size. "Master," it said quietly, "They are very strong. They killed Milote."

"Oh, even Milote failed?" The succubus sighed at the shocking news. After a few seconds, she looked at Wavier, who was in the distance busy with the sacrifice. She raised her voice and whined, "Wavier, hurry and think of a solution. Two of my strongest Warriors couldn't stop them."

Wavier laughed. "Misamier, help me get some more time. Not too long, just one hour. I'll let them, especially Link, know what a god's strength feels like!"

He howled with laughter and waved a hand. The Undead Knight beside him dragged another batch of Delonga citizens up the altar. He raised a hand and let the sword fall. Heads rolled down; blood flowing over the entire altar.

A beautiful power descended from the air. Wavier squinted his eyes drunkenly. Watered by this power, his appearance returned to a 20-year-old's. He looked handsome, arrogant, and lively—other than those two crazed and bloodshot eyes!

"Alright, but I'll only help you delay them for one more hour." Misamier stood up. Twisting her snake-like waist, she walked toward the forest shrouded in white fog.

Chapter 285

Necropolis (4)

Forest of Poisonous Mist

The Dimensional Demon was defeated, and the distorted space had returned to normal. Everyone saw the strange cloud in the sky before. With Link's eidetic memory, they did not have to worry about getting lost in the forest.

Around 20 minutes later, they saw a running stream filled with gravel and rocks broken apart by the torrents. This was supposed to be beautiful scenery, though the terrifying scene that they saw made them speechless.

"In the name of the God of Light, Wavier has to be crucified and burned to death!" Joseph bellowed, clearly enraged.

"Unimaginable! Simply disgusting!" Romilson muttered.

"This is hell!" Milda whispered.

Link then sighed. Despite seeing a Skeletal Fort built purely from the bones of the deceased and countless barbaric souls seeking justice for their deaths in the Soul Realm, he was still shocked by the sight in front of him.

This stream was not a huge one. It was only about 45 feet wide. Although the water was running at a fast speed, the color was blood red. The air was filled with the stench of fresh blood, and countless bodies could be seen lying motionless within the stream.

These corpses were either missing their head or suffered a ghastly wound somewhere on their bodies. The fluids in their bodies seemed to be completely drained beforehand. Each of them looked as withered and dry as a mummy.

There was neither gender nor age segregation when Wavier killed those people. They were all wearing ordinary clothing, but with their eyes wide open. They seemed to find it shocking as to why they would be subjected to such treatment.

Link then saw a little girl hanging on a branch near the stream. The little girl's body was as dry as a brittle stick. However, she still held her teddy bear tightly in her hands. Her fingers clasped tightly against one another as her dirty toy hit her body ever so often, moving according to the river currents.

Link even saw a pregnant woman who had lost her head. However, she had instinctively covered her stomach to protect her child. The father was present as well. He hugged his wife's stomach, praying that his child would be saved. Alas, he was still too weak to do anything.

This terrifying stream carried whispers of Wavier's unspeakable deeds.

After staring at it for a long time, Link gave a long sigh and said, "Everyone, we must succeed in our mission! If not, the tragedy we see today will spread throughout the World of Firuman."

Yes, they had to succeed!

All the Holy Knights immediately had a sense of purpose on their faces. Joseph then grabbed his holy cross sword tightly as he prayed, "I will give up anything as long as I can kill Wavier! In the name of God of Light, please bless me with success!"

Romilson trembled as he grabbed his wand. He did not know whether he was excited or afraid.

On the other hand, Milda took out a delicately designed thorned pendant from her dimensional bracelet. An intricate emerald hand from the pendant. She then placed this pendant on her flawlessly white neck. The thorn pierced through her flesh immediately, causing blood to flow out from those wounds. However, she seemed to be unaffected by it.

Upon seeing this scene, Romilson gasped, "My Highness, you..."

Milda then interrupted, "This is my choice. Even if I am royalty, I have the right to choose what I want to do with my life. Furthermore, I still have many sisters in the Isle of Dawn."

Romilson fell speechless.

Link then shouted, "The Necropolis is right in front of our eyes. Let's go!"

Joseph still led the way, followed by Link, then Milda and Romilson and lastly, the Holy Knights. The stream was not too wide, and there were rocks above the water. They made use of these rocks to get to the other side.

After walking for a few minutes, a huge path appeared in the forest. At the same time, the mist in the air became unusually thick.

There were countless corpses accumulated on two sides of the path. There were also countless patrolling Skeleton Warriors. The moment they saw a moving target, they would wave their clubs frantically and charge forward.

These are all low-level undead. Link only needed to release a few Level-3 Storm of Daggers spells to eliminate a huge number of them at once. Before long, all these low-level undead were defeated.

At that moment, anyone could guess that the Necropolis was just right in front of their eyes.

A message then appeared in Link's field of vision. It was a mission.

Search for the Necropolis Mission: Accomplished

Player obtained magic book: Essence of the Flame

Follow-up Mission Triggered: Defeat the Demons!

Description: Defeat all demons that come your way.

Reward: Magic book—Flame and Purification

"Mission accepted," Link said without hesitation.

Link then turned to the rest and said, "Be careful, we will be facing a huge number of high-level undead and high-level demons!"

As he said those words, he took out the Blessing of the Red Dragon Queen to prepare himself for battle.

This powerful battle potion was meant for his battle against the Dark Elves in the North. However, it seemed like even before the war in the North began, he would have

to deal with this Necropolis incident. He did not have the energy to worry about the future.

At that moment, a dark figure appeared from the mist. At the same time, a gentle and seductive voice echoed, "My, my, Warriors of Firuman, you are finally here."

The figure then revealed itself. It was an extremely seductive succubus. She held a dark purple whip in her hand and constantly cracked it in the air as she spoke, creating snapping sounds.

This was not all.

There were eight other demons behind her. Each of them was a high-level demon, and there was even the Fodor Flaming Demon that ran away previously. There was also a Fear Demon, a Thousand-eyed Demon and so on. These creatures would usually cause a great ruckus in the World of Firuman if even one of them appeared.

That was not all. There were many Undead Knights behind them as well. These were all high-level undead, creatures that could fight on equal levels against the ghouls. There were around 200 of them.

"Haha, so many powerful souls? I can already smell the feast I will be having."

"That beautiful High Elf belongs to me. I call dibs!"

"Those Holy Knights are exuding a smelly odor. I am going to tear them apart!"

These high-level demons looked extremely relaxed, as though they would definitely secure a victory. They indeed had the capabilities to be arrogant. After all, the weakest of them all was at least Level-6 in strength. Their leader, Succubus Misamier, was a powerful individual who had reached Level-8 in strength.

This was not their true strength. In the void, the weakest of them all would be Level-9 in strength. Misamier had even attained the Legendary rank. Although their strength was heavily suppressed after being summoned into the World of Firuman, their battle experience and techniques were still present. Even without the Undead Knights behind them, they could still easily deal with the bunch of rookie Magicians in front of them.

At that moment, Joseph and the rest of the Holy Knights turned pale. They knew that

Wavier was going to get support from the high-level demons. However, they did not expect so many of them to arrive.

This was especially true for Joseph. He could feel immense danger from the succubus in front of him. She was the smallest of all the demons, though she exuded the strongest presence. He almost felt breathless just looking at her, as though he would be killed the instant the battle began.

Milda and Romilson were also taken aback.

Even Link felt slightly discouraged from this sight.

The reason was simple. He recognized this Fine Scaled Succubus. This tone and attitude was something he would never forget!

In the game, his team met her in the mid-game during a battle in the Obsidian Fortress. It was an event storyline quest that they had to clear, and the final boss was this succubus right in front of their eyes.

At that time, his team was tormented by this succubus to no end. They spent nearly half a month and entered the quest 326 times before they could clear it. Furthermore, it was merely a streak of good luck, and they defeated the boss with just a bit of health to spare.

After defeating the boss, his entire team agreed that getting the first kill title for this boss would be enough. They would never enter the quest ever again.

If even their elite team had a problem defeating the boss, the ordinary teams stood no chance at all. In the game, as long as one possessed the title of defeating Misamier, they would be revered as a powerful player. Any team would welcome such a player into their guilds or squads.

Misamier lived up to her name, which translated to Lady of Nightmares. She was indeed a nightmare to all those who attempted to clear the Obsidian Fortress quest!

To think that she would appear at the Necropolis at this time. Although her strength was suppressed by the principles governing the World of Firuman and was left with only a Level-8 strength, Link still felt a shiver down his spine.

Before the battle, he whispered, "The Succubus is extremely fast, and her whip is agile

and fatal. There is also poison smeared on its tip. What is even more frightening is her ability to seduce people in the midst of battle. She can cast these seductive spells at an extremely fast speed, needing only half a second to complete the spell. All of you have to be careful. Do not stare into her eyes."

"I understand!" Everyone immediately recollected themselves and focused on the battle.

"Nana, you will focus on that succubus afterward. You have to keep her busy! Do not care about me. I will protect myself," Nana was simply a magic puppet and had no soul. Seductive spells would hence be ineffective on her. She was the perfect candidate to deal with the succubus.

"Yes, Master!" Nana replied.

"As for the other demons... I will make the first strike and try to reduce their numbers!"

As he said those words, Link took out the statue of Saint Rafael. This statue contained a Level-9 spell. It was originally intended for Wavier. However, he could no longer wait until that moment; he had to deal with this group of high-level demons!

Taking advantage of the stalemate, Link silently activated the Saint Rafael's statue. In an instant, holy energy overflowed and engulfed the entire area.

Misamier's face immediately sunk and pointed to Link as she shouted, "That Magician has a holy statue. Kill him!"

In an instant, the Undead Knights and the demons charged towards Link.

Joseph then raised his holy cross sword and released his Holy Grail Thorn Battle Aura. A brilliant light enveloped his body, and countless Divine runes circled his body.

As a knight of Judgement in the church, his Holy Grail Thorn Battle Aura was the perfected version. It was extremely strong and was one of the ten Legendary Battle Auras of Firuman.

"Block their way!"

The battle began!

Chapter 286

Necropolis (5)

The road before the Necropolis' gate.

Faced with the charging high-level demons and Undead Knights, Joseph shouted, "Stop them! Stop them!"

With Joseph as the leader, the Royal Knights charged to the front and started fighting directly with the enemies! The ten Royal Knights all activated their Holy Grail Battle Auras. There was a gust of wind instantly, and holy storms swept from all the Royal Knights. The different halos appeared as well.

Protective Halo

All light organisms within 150 feet will have their defensive abilities against dark power raised by 50%. Their protective abilities against biological attacks raise by 100%, and speed is also raised by 50%.

Thorn Halo

Attacks suffered by all light organisms within 150 feet will rebound to the attacker at 30% of the original strength. The attack must not be higher than Level-8.

Brilliant Halo

All light organisms within 150 feet will have their elements raised by 20%.

Instantly, everyone was surrounded by a layer of thick white light. Various light runes flowed through it, making the sight extremely glamorous. The Royal Knights used their own power to create a territory of light in this toxic forest filled with darkness.

The next moment, the demons arrived. The first one was the Fodor Flaming Demon.

The vitality of high-level demons was honestly too strong. This Fodor Flaming Demon had been stabbed by Nana twice earlier and had its arm broken. Now, it looked

completely fine!

The only difference was its weapons. It originally had two burning demon swords, but one had been destroyed so now it only had an average saber.

Seeing it charge forward, Joseph went to meet it without hesitation.

Cling. Clang. The two exchanged countless strikes without either gaining the upper hand.

Indeed, the Fodor Flaming Demon had near-perfect swordsmanship, but it had changed its weapon and was not yet accustomed to it. Earlier, its arm had been wounded by Nana too. It seemed okay from the surface, but it was still a problem in high-intensity fighting. Even worse, the Royal Knights had many halos, most notably the Thorn Halo. The demon could feel the reverberations from the opponent very clearly.

This made the demon hold back.

It was the opposite for Joseph. He had no concerns and put in his all. There was nothing to worry about; he just had to kill the demon before him. He displayed his strongest power.

With this shift, the Fodor Flaming Demon who could hold its ground with Nana was now incomparable to Joseph.

Milda fought too. She took out three fist-sized seeds and poured her Mana in. The seeds instantly glowed with green light. Then she tossed them forward. "Grow, my little soldiers!"

This was a Planting Spell unique to the High Elves. Right now, Milda used it to create the most powerful Plant Warriors of the High Elves—Golden Tree Spirits!

Golden Tree Spirits

Level-7 Planting Spell

Effect: When the seeds are filled with enough Mana and are introduced to oxygen, soil, and water, it will instantly sprout and turn into resilient Tree Spirits with shocking combat power. These Tree Spirits use vines with poisonous thorns as whips. Tree

Spirits can also spray seeds with immense explosive power. It is enough for the opponent to feel their internal organs split apart.

(Note: This is a special spell of elven royalty. Each casting consumes large amounts of vitality and should not be used often.)

With a boom, the seeds dropped onto the ground. They immediately burrowed into the soil and started sprouting. After a few seconds, three 16-foot-tall Tree Spirits appeared amongst the mass of enemies.

These Tree Spirits were made entirely of dark gold vines twisted together. The wood material was very resilient, and their attacks were crude and aggressive. As soon as the thick and thorny golden vines appeared, they started whipping the demons and undead.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! The vines' sounds were impressive, surprisingly cracking in the air. Some Undead Knights were flung into the air from the hit; some unlucky ones got hit in the head, which instantly exploded.

The high-level demons were not much better. They were strong and just stumbled backward when they got hit once or twice. However, these Tree Spirits were too efficient. Their storm-like whips were unavoidable.

A Thousand Eye Demon was distracted for a second and was whipped dozens of times. Its flesh burst open, and a few dozen pairs of eyes went blind from the hits too. It writhed on the ground in pain.

This was not all. The vines of these Tree Spirits also had golden buds. They swelled up like balloons and exploded with pops, spraying out dozens of seeds.

Pop, pop, pop! The seeds exploded inside the undead soldiers. Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh. Countless poisonous thorns wreaked havoc within the crowd.

The toxin was not very effective against the undead, but it was great against the demons. The demons could survive with their strong vitality, but they were still in immense pain, affecting their power.

"F*ck! Kill these damn things!" Half of the Thousand Eye Demon's eyes had gone blind. It roared in pain and charged at the Tree Spirits.

The three Golden Tree Spirits had terrifying combat power. They battled with a large amount of Undead Knights as soon as they appeared, while also fighting with five high-level demons.

Therefore, the Royal Knights only truly faced two high-level demons. Joseph dealt with one, while the other nine Royal Knights fought the other one. They were evenly matched.

During this, Link was gathering the Holy Power. A spatial lens appeared beside him. The Holy Power was guided out, and it entered the spatial lens to be further agglomeration so it could achieve a higher combat effect.

Link had used this in the Black Forest against Auselia.

However, last time he had used this to gather the power of the light runes. Now, he was using it to save the Holy Power of the statue. Yes, the statue contained enough Holy Power to cast a Level-9 spell, but if he purely guided the power out and then let it explode, it would be a waste.

Without the restrictions of the Mana structure, the Holy Power could reach the level of a Level-9 spell. However, the cohesiveness would only be around Level-7. That sort of power could force the Undead Knights back but was not very threatening towards the high-level demons. They only needed to hide for a bit and come straight back after the explosion of Holy Power. It would be a tragedy at that point.

Therefore, Link prepared to use only half of the Holy Power. Then he would use the spatial lens to agglomerate the power into high-intensity Holy Power rays. That way, he could save some power and also be truly threatening to the demons.

Of course, this needed time. Even if it was only half of the Holy Power, it was still a lot and was difficult to control. He needed at least five seconds.

"Huh, they actually do have some skills," Misamier's voice rang out. She didn't join in at the start but seeing this situation with the human Magician's Holy Power aura growing heavier, she had to act.

"Kid, don't do small tricks behind my back," she said with a smile. When she said the first word, she was still 250 feet away. By her last word, she had already crossed the battlefield and was beside Joseph. She was so fast it was almost instantaneous.

Since she was beside Joseph, who was fighting the Fodor Flaming Demon, she offhandedly whipped him. The whip slashed down and didn't hit Joseph, but he suddenly felt unable to breathe as if he was suffocating.

That's her power? It's terrifying. I can't handle it! Joseph was entirely shocked. He immediately realized that he didn't even have the chance to block this hit. He couldn't do anything other than wait for death.

But he wasn't alone!

Just as the whip was about to hit him, Nana's short sword, the Last Nightmare, appeared beside him. With a snick, it blocked the strongest whip and sliced down, cutting the whip.

Oh? Interesting. Misamier collected her whip and dodged Nana's sword. She shook her arm slightly, and the whip seemed to come to life. It twisted and streaked towards Nana like lightning.

Crack! Nana was hit!

It wasn't because she reacted too slowly. She had just never fought against whips in her past battle experience. After she blocked it, the whip twisted, bypassed her sword, and broke through her defenses. It hit her square in the chest.

The attack seemed simple, but its damage was horribly shocking!

Nana's sturdy leather armor instantly exploded and flew out like butterflies. Using her battle experience, Nana stepped back the moment the whip reached her body. She successfully avoided 90% of the hit. The remaining ten percent hit her body and actually left a deep gash in the outer skin.

Thankfully, she was able to automatically recover. The wound lasted for two seconds before disappearing.

Such a fast magic puppet, you little thing. Were you the one who defeated Auselia? Misamier was taken aback, but she wasn't shocked. This little thing was fast, but it didn't pose a threat.

Misamier only had Level-8 strength, but she had a powerful soul; it was strong enough to control legendary strength. She could easily follow Nana's speed with her eyes and

make the needed reactions.

Since one whip was dodged, she lashed out again. Her whip was almost ten feet long. When she released the long whip, she also flew forward. The whip went at Nana's face like a poisonous snake.

If Nana was hit, it would be over for her. She instantly waved her sword to block it.

Ha, you didn't learn? Misamier shook her whip to bypass the blade just like last time.

But the next moment, Nana's blade moved as well. Her other sword, Whispers of the Forest, followed quickly. After some quick movements, it entangled the whip and the main sword, the Last Nightmare, sliced down.

The whip was instantly cut and it shortened by at least three feet.

Indeed, Nana had never met an opponent who used a whip before but now she had. One had to pay a price for trying the same trick twice on her. After cutting Misamier's whip, Nana started up again. With extreme speed, there was a boom in the air, and her blade was zooming toward Misamier's forehead.

Huh, she's quite powerful, but I can still use my whip.

There was a crack, and the whip again slapped toward Nana like a snake. This time, Misamier used all her strength. The whip seemed to be directionless and impossible to predict.

Boom. Nana didn't dare to risk it. She quickly retreated in mid-air. The force fields on her feet activated, and she veered to the side, dodging it. The opponent's techniques were too strange. She'd never seen them before, so she didn't want to risk it. If she was hit again, she might really be damaged.

You hide pretty quickly but the person you're protecting...

The whip turned halfway through and went toward Link. He was about to get hit! Romilson, who hadn't been doing anything other than maintaining the defensive spell finally acted—Jade Crystal Shield.

Jade Crystal Shield

Level-7 Spell

Effect: Creates a crystal jade-like light shield. When blocking an enemy's attack, it can rebound 30% of the strength.

(Note: A High Elf spell.)

Romilson had been holding this defensive spell in his hand since the start of the battle. Casting it now was very effective.

With a crack, the whip struck the Jade Crystal Shield. Misamier was a Level-8 Warrior, and a Level-7 Shield obviously couldn't withstand her. It trembled and disappeared. However, its rebound power had an effect.

Misamier felt her arm vibrate and even feel a bit numb. The originally smooth and perfect whip suddenly had a flaw. Nana snatched this opportunity to zoom back. The Last Nightmare sword stabbed Misamier's ribcage. The Whispers of the Forest was ready for any of the whip's attacks!

This was the technique Nana had concluded from before. It was offense and defense in one.

Huh? Misamier finally felt pressure; she was forced back.

Just at this time, Link completed the spell!

He moved his wand lightly. The spatial lens before him suddenly hovered 30 feet in the sky. Then, there were countless zaps as Holy Power beams shot out!

Every high-level demon on the battlefield shook. Clear wounds appeared on the heads of at least six demons. The only one who dodged this was Misamier. At the last moment, she turned to the side as if she had predicted this and escaped from the terrifying Holy Power.

The wounds were in the head and went clean though. It was also the Holy Power, designed specifically to counter demons. With wounds like this, even a demon would die instantly.

After that one attack, six of the nine high-level demons fell directly to the ground. Two demons dodged at the last moment but still had a gaping hole in their bodies. The Holy

Power burned away most of their combat power.

The Royal Knights instantly turned them into meat pie!

Misamier realized this situation was off. She glared at Link and uttered, "Magician, I'll remember you!"

With that, she sped backwards at extreme speed. Nana chased after her. Misamier's whip lashed out, and Nana immediately blocked it with her sword.

With a snick, Nana sliced off the whip again. However, she also flew backward from the whip's great force. In that timeframe, Misamier had retreated into the white fog and disappeared.

"Nana, the Undead Knights!" Link called her back.

With the high-level demons dead, the Undead Knights were even less advantaged. The Golden Tree Spirits whipped down furiously, the Royal Knights supported, the three Magicians reinforced, and Nana was even more powerful. Within three minutes, the hundreds of Undead Knights were all taken care of.

A message flashed across Link's vision.

Completed mission to defeat the demons.

Player received magic spell book, Flame and Purification

Start mission: The Last Battle

Mission content: defeat Wavier, capture Wavier's undying soul.

Mission reward: Flame magic spell book, Slayer of Demons

Link received three books about flame spells at once. He didn't have time to read them, so he just accepted them.

There was still a patch of fog before his eyes. He looked towards everyone. "Now, only Wavier is left!"

...

Necropolis.

Wavier looked at the miserable succubus. "It hasn't even been half an hour," he said in confusion. "Why are you back?"

"Sorry, I'm not at their level. I couldn't stop them." Misamier looked quite pitiful.

Wavier glanced at the 4000 people who still hadn't been sacrificed and furrowed his brows. "You're such a disappointment!"

He could already feel the approaching light aura, making him even more frustrated. After thinking for a few seconds, he cackled coldly. "With all these living people here, you'll definitely want to save them. Ha, I won't let you get your wish!"

He turned to an Undead Knight and ordered, "Go and kill them all! Don't leave a single one alive!"

Chapter 287

Blessings of the Red Dragon Queen?

That's Hardly Enough!

There were still over 4000 people alive on the plaza. However, Wavier already could not wait to sacrifice them to his master in exchange for greater powers.

However, it did not matter. These living people were great sources of life force as well, especially when they were in despair. Their life force would escape their bodies, causing them to brim with endless potential.

This energy would then be extracted and become his power reserve against his enemies.

On the plaza, the Undead Knights massacred fanatically. Flesh and blood splattered everywhere as cries and curses filled the area. Pain and suffering engulfed the entire Necropolis.

"Ah, can anyone help me!"

"Demon! Demon!"

"Wavier, I curse you! I curse that you will burn in hell for 10000 years!"

Upon hearing those words, Wavier was not enraged. Instead, he was elated as he raised his arms and snickered, "Come, despair, rage, fear, unleash them all. These sounds are as beautiful as a piece of well-composed music. This sight is the heaven that which I seek. Ah, wonderful life force, come to me..."

Wavier snickered fanatically.

Misamier commended as she saw this scene, "Wavier, I must say that you look like a supervillain. I think that if you can pay a visit to the abyss one day, you will find it very suited to your tastes."

"Supervillain? No, I am the only villain detestable enough. Haha, the only one!"

However, as he spoke, Wavier suddenly grabbed his head and started crying. He wept as he grumbled, "The entire world hates me. Everyone wants to kill me; I have no choice; I was left with no choice! If they hate me, I can only kill them before they get to me..."

Misamier stared at the psychotic Wavier and could not understand his actions. She then left this demon within a human shell without leaving any traces behind.

This fellow had extreme mood swings. No one knew what he would do next. She was slightly wary of him.

At that moment, there were less than half of the people surviving. The fresh blood that poured from the victim's wounds started concentrating together on the ground, forming a small gurgling bloody stream. The air in the plaza had also become a dark red color, engulfing the Necropolis in a blood mist. The stench of blood was so strong that it was difficult to breathe.

It was then a few white colored figures appeared at the plaza entrance. Link and the assassination group were here.

The scene right in front of them was a hell of a bloody mess. In this hell, those undead were still fanatically taking the lives of the innocent. They had already gone insane.

Upon seeing this scene, Joseph bellowed, "Wavier, come out right now!"

At that moment, a captive of the Necropolis ran towards them as he shouted, "Save me, please save me..."

Plop! His head suddenly fell down from his neck. Behind him, an Undead Knight walked forward with a bloodied sword in his hand. He kicked this headless body as he snickered coldly.

"Argh, go to hell!" Joseph's eyes widened with hate as he charged forward and swung his sword. He unleashed his full Battle Aura towards this Undead Knight.

This Undead Knight then calmly blocked it with the sword in his hand, a bloody-red hue enveloping his sword.

Boom! The collision of the dark and light forces caused an explosion. It caused the flesh and blood to fly through the area. A crater around 30 feet in radius was created from that explosion.

The two of them were comparable in strength.

This Undead Knight was not a nameless soldier. He was Wavier's prided underling, a Level-8 Undead Knight named Taroko. He looked at Joseph's infuriated face as he smiled and said, "Knight, there is no hurry. You will join him soon."

Joseph was startled. He realized that he had underestimated Wavier.

Wavier himself was very strong. However, the Undead Knights under him were also not to be trifled with. For example, the Undead Knight in front of him gave him immense pressure when they clashed swords.

He had no confidence in defeating this undead.

Joseph then retreated back beside Link after he calmed down and said, "Master, the situation is dire."

Link the nodded and said, "I estimate a total of 26 opponents. Wavier, the succubus, and Undead Knights. All of them have a minimum strength of Level-7. There are even three Level-8 individuals. This will be difficult!"

Although these Undead Knights did not possess a powerful soul and Battle Skills like a normal Level-7 Warrior would, their strength was truly at Level-7.

Raw power would mean something as well.

Even if they were lacking in battle experience, they could simply depend on their strong Battle Aura to carry them through. They could even overrun them with their numbers. In essence, this was a terrifying force they were fighting against.

Milda then whispered, "You plan is?"

Link already had an answer in his heart. He whispered, "Joseph, the Undead Knights are not a concern. The only person that is terrifying is Wavier. Start preparing now. I need you to be able to stop Wavier's soul from escaping when the time comes!"

"I understand!"

Joseph then turned to the rest of the Holy Knights and said, "We will start setting up the Soul Capturing Formation!"

The nine Holy Knights immediately followed the command. They dispersed and surrounded Joseph in a circle. They then released the Battle Aura. This time around, their Battle Aura did not scatter in all directions. Instead, it was all absorbed by Joseph, who was standing in the middle.

Joseph then raised the holy cross sword in his hand as a golden ray of light shot into the horizon. At the same time, all the Holy Knights were enveloped by a strong radiance. The dark and sinister presence at the entrance of the plaza was immediately dispelled, turning it into a field of light.

Joseph was glowing brilliantly as well. His entire body was enveloped densely in Divine runes. He then prayed, "In the name of the God of Light, I, Joseph Hannibal, will judge the sins of the souls!"

At that moment, this knight would become the messenger of the God of Light. The moment Wavier's soul which was corrupted by darkness appears it would be instantly judged by the Soul Capturing Formation!

Link then took a step forward and told Nana, "Let's begin; clean up those Undead Knights! Start with the weakest!"

"I understand!"

Boom! Nana disappeared from her original position in an explosion sound and within a tenth of a second, an Undead Knight 60 feet away from her was beheaded.

Nana's figure hovered around the Undead Knight's corpse for a moment before she disappeared again with a bang. She was headed for her next target.

Milda then pointed her wand at the plaza as the thorn pendant on her neck started constricting. Her neck started bleeding, and the emerald crystal in hanging from the pendant became enveloped in a brilliant glow. Following which, three Golden Tree Spirits rushed into the plaza and started attacking the Undead Knights fanatically. In the face of such violent and concentrated attacks, the Undead Knights were completely occupied and could not attack the Magicians behind them.

Romilson then charged a Level-7 defensive spell in case of any emergencies.

He stared at Milda with a worried expression. He knew that the Golden Tree Spirits required vitality to move. Milda would not be able to hold out for a very long time.

On the opponent's side, Wavier did not idle around as well. He asked Misamier, "Can you deal with that puppet?"

"I will be able to stall her, but killing her would be impossible," she said. Nana had displayed exceptional learning capabilities in the previous battle. While Nana was still suppressed by Misamier a few moments ago, she immediately got the upper hand after a few rounds. If Misamier had to fight with such a terrifying being for a couple of rounds, she would eventually be defeated.

In this short period of time, Nana had already killed the third Undead Knight. Wavier then shouted, "Taroko, come back and deal with that magic puppet together with Misamier! We must destroy her!"

"This should be fine, I guess?" Wavier asked.

"Probably so."

She was a Level-8 demon with a Legendary soul. If she could not take down a magic puppet even after having the support of a Level-8 Undead Knight, she would become the laughing stock of her prestigious bloodline!

Following which, Misamier rushed forward together with Taroko.

Wavier then began his assault as well.

The greatest threat on the field now was the three Golden Tree Spirits. He had to first eradicate these irritating creatures.

The best way to deal with plants was to use fire elemental spells. Wavier thought for a second before he pointed his wand at the plaza and said, "Serpent of Dark Flames!"

Serpent of Dark Flames

Demon God Spell

Effect: Makes use of life force to summon a giant serpent. This serpent will be composed purely of strong corrosive dark elemental flames.

(Note: The more life force one injects, the stronger the destructive power of the serpent!)

Boom! With a loud explosion sound, the fresh blood on the plaza seemed to have come alive. It condensed into a blood pillar more than three feet wide. This pillar rose higher into the air, and when it reached the 60-foot mark, the blood disintegrated with a whoosh and turned into burning flames, taking the form of a crimson red flaming serpent.

"Burn those earthy creatures to a crisp!"

The giant serpent immediately turned its body and charged at breakneck speed towards the Golden Tree Spirits. It was extremely fast and ignored the attacks of the Golden Tree Spirits. Those vines turned into ashes the moment they came into contact with its body, rendering their attacks useless.

This giant serpent possessed terrifying life force. The strength of its flames alone exceeded Level-8. The Golden Tree Spirits were no match for it at all.

High Elf Princess Milda seemed to grow paler for every vine that was destroyed by the serpent. The glow from the emerald hanging from the pendant also seemed to dim as the Golden Tree Spirits suffered damage.

This could not go on!

Link immediately took out the Statue of Saint Rafael. There was still half of the holy power remaining. He summoned a spatial lens and accumulated the power of the statue in one spot. Capitalizing on his previous experience, Link acted fast. Around one second later, a light beam extremely concentrated with holy energy more than one-foot-wide shot through the air.

This light beam charged straight towards Wavier.

"I was just waiting for you!" Wavier waved his wand and used the giant serpent to block this light beam.

Boom! It was a terrifying clash of dark and light energy.

In an instant, dark flames splattered throughout the Necropolis and the holy beam of light scattered in all directions. The collision of two Level-8 spells had created a giant shockwave. The people who were lucky enough to survive the explosion were also blown away by the shockwaves. Those who were slightly further away lost their balance and tripped.

At that moment, all the prisoners knew that it was their chance to escape. All of them rushed towards the entrance of the Necropolis, hoping to get away from this terrifying place.

It was chaos.

Wavier stared at the escaping prisoners and snickered, "Trying to run? Impossible! Die!"

He waved his wand in the air and summoned another giant dark flame serpent onto the battlefield. This giant serpent then charged straight towards these surviving prisoners, devouring their life force along the way.

Wavier had stored way too much life force. Every single living creature that once set foot into the Necropolis and even those who were still surviving could very well become fuel for his spells. This was disastrous!

The most powerful spell Link knew was the Spatial Sphere spell, which was only Level-7 in strength. Even after the effects of his epic quality wand, it was still some distance away from reaching Level-8 in strength. He had to use stronger and more powerful spells to deplete Wavier's life force resources!

Upon this thought, Link drank the Blessings of the Red Dragon Queen potion without hesitation.

The moment the potion reached his stomach, Link felt as though his soul was shaking. He felt as though he suddenly possessed great authority, as though all the elements around would listen to whatever he commanded. There would be no room for defiance.

He also realized that he could easily condense elements to an incredible concentration. The potion was not kidding when it promised that it could increase the power of all elemental spells by 500%.

Link now had ten seconds to wreck complete havoc on the Necropolis.

A frightening elemental storm surrounded Link's body. He stared at the brazen serpent on the battlefield and started his retaliation.

Special effects of the Burning Wrath of the Heavens: Flaming Surge!

Spell Resonance, Titan's Hand!

The casting speed of this spell was almost instantaneous. Under the effects of the epic quality wand, it's power was already increased by 350%. The Blessings of the Red Dragon Queen then increased it further by another 500%. After all these buffs, this spell reached the strength of a Level-8 spell!

The terrifying thing was that Link did not have to waste any more Mana Points for this increase in power. It was still the mana consumption rate of a Level-6 spell.

"It truly is a godly potion!"

Link commanded the hand to charge forward and grab onto the neck of the serpent. The Titan's Hand then squeezed its target tightly!

Boom! The Titan's Hand remained unscathed. On the other hand, the giant serpent had disintegrated!

The confrontation between the two spells ended in a complete triumph by the Titan's Hand.

However, that was not all. The Titan's Hand immediately made a turn in the air and changed form into a Titan's Fist, charging straight towards Wavier.

There was not even the slightest amount of panic on Wavier's face. In fact, he laughed fanatically as he said, "Interesting! Simply extraordinary! However, it is hardly enough! Have a taste of my divine powers!"

Chapter 288

Smash You Until You Kneel

Inner square of the Necropolis.

Boom! Link's fortified Titan's Fist was undoubtedly blocked by Wavier.

Earlier at the Ferde Wilderness, Wavier had used the vitality of him and four Undead Knights to cast the Carmine Crystal Wall to block Link's Level-9 Titan's Fist. Link's attack now was only at the pinnacle of Level-8, while Wavier's vitality was far beyond what it was before. It was obviously much easier for him now.

In reality, Link's spell couldn't even break through Wavier's Carmine Crystal Wall.

Behind the wall, Wavier laughed uproariously. "Link, do you only know one spell? Haha, if that's the case, then you can just go die!"

He began to prepare to attack!

But then there was an accident.

Boom! Flames exploded, and the dissipated Titan's Fist regathered. It was so fast there didn't seem to be any pause in between. It was not as strong as before, but it was still at Level-8.

This spell pounded into the Carmine Crystal Wall.

With another boom, the Carmine Crystal Wall dimmed considerably, almost breaking apart. The Titan's Fist dissipated again.

Wavier was shocked, and he instantly replenished what the Carmine Crystal Wall had used up. "You're out of tricks this time... F*ck!"

The third Titan's Fist had come!

This was the Red Dragon Queen's Blessing. It could instantly cast all elemental spells

under Level-7 and raise the power of all elemental spells under Level-9 by 500%. This effect was no joke!

Link had really cast this spell instantaneously. As soon as he had the thought, the fire element responded. It didn't even need time to gather. The elements seemed to be lined up beside him, waiting for his command.

Boom! The third Titan's Fist scattered again while Wavier's Carmine Crystal Wall dimmed even more. The vitality of all living people 100 feet around him was sucked dry.

However, the living ones in the distance were not waiting to be killed. While the two sides fought, they've already run out of the Necropolis. It was not many—only around 600 people remained—but they still escaped with their lives.

At the moment, the square of the Necropolis had become the battlefield of the strong.

Boom!

There was another boom and Wavier's Carmine Crystal Wall shrunk again, still dimming. Link's attacks were honestly too fast, without giving him any time to react. He had begged his Master, Tabinos for so many spells earlier, but they were all useless now.

The reason was simple—he had no time to do anything other than pour all the vitality into the shield. Even more terrifying was that Link's strength seemed endless. If nothing changed, Wavier would probably die just from this one spell!

"Ah! Taroko, kill Link!" Wavier roared at his general for help.

On the other side, succubus Misamier and Taroko were neck-to-neck with Nana. Faced with two Level-8 fighters working together, Nana had no chance to attack. She could only dodge, dodge, and dodge again.

Many times, she was almost hit. She had relied entirely on her rich battle experiences to escape danger by a millimeter.

She was on the brink of danger right now!

She might make a mistake in the next moment and be destroyed by the enemy. But

then, Wavier's voice traveled over, and Taroko left without hesitation.

The pressure on Nana was reduced instantly, and she started fighting back!

Cling, clang, cling. Nana chased after Taroko, creating the crisp sounds of weapons clashing. Taroko didn't underestimate the magic puppet, but he couldn't disobey his master. For the moment, he could only block Nana's attacks while getting closer to Link.

Seeing Taroko's situation, Wavier had an idea. Five Undead Knights instantly ran over to him. Without hesitation, Wavier sucked these knights into mummies. Then, he shook violently, and the Carmine Crystal Wall instantly became extremely condensed.

Boom! Link's Titan's Fist crashed down again, but Wavier didn't care. He knew that the wall could withstand at least three more punches.

This was only around half a second, but it was a chance for him.

If I kill that magic puppet, they'll lose, he thought. Wavier observed the situation and locked onto the high-speed magic puppet. He cast the spell Blood Fog!

Blood Fog

Demon Spell

Effect: Absorb vitality into a red fog created by countless tiny threads which can greatly hinder the speed of the target.

Blood floated up from the ground with a puff and started bursting in the air. Finally, it turned into a thick ball of bloody fog. This ball of fog loomed over Nana.

Seeing Wavier's actions, Link was actually pleased. He knew that his chance had arrived! Wavier needed time to cast this spell; Link could complete his own response during this.

"Nana!" he yelled. "Burning Charge!"

As he spoke, the Titan's Fist spun in the air and sped toward Misamier. She knew the power of this spell and didn't dare block it, immediately running back. Rather than chasing after her, the Titan's Fist transformed into the Titan's Hand. The fingers closed

in.

It seemed to grasp the air, but in the next moment, Nana jumped up, going directly into the Titan's Hand's grasp. Almost at the same time, the Titan's Fist exploded with great heat.

In this high temperature, Nana's metallic body turned red-hot and then white. Finally, her body temperature was over 5000 degrees.

This high temperature could instantly melt most metals of Firuman. It could also destroy spells that attempted to restrict her unless the spell involved the power of the laws.

The Blood Fog obviously did not.

Before, Nana's body was unable to withstand this temperature. The structures of her runes would definitely be destroyed. But after the various modifications, she even had the support of many spatial laws. Now, her body was super-elemental!

For example, Nana now had an extremely high tolerance for temperature. She could operate smoothly as long as the outside environment wasn't over 6000 degrees.

"The power core is filled. Entering burning state!" Nana's clear voice came from the Titan's Fist.

Link controlled the Titan's Fist with his thoughts and brought Nana to Taroko's side. The scalding magic puppet, her body entirely white, charged from the Titan's Fist. In mid-air, the Blood Fog enveloped her. There were sizzles, and the Blood Fog evaporated, unable to restrict her.

At that time, Taroko was less than 60 feet from Link. He could attack, but suddenly, he felt waves of heat behind him. Turning around, he saw a white light. Heat waves rolled ten feet around the light. It was a shocking sight.

The undead had a kryptonite too. The first was holy power; the second was fire.

Right now, Nana was like the incarnation of fire. She stabbed Taroko with her sword. Heat rolled off the blade, forcing Taroko to block it with his own sword. With that block, he realized something was amiss.

The undead power on his sword was restricted by the heat. Every time their weapons clashed, his power was destroyed by the burning sword. He was forced to replenish the sword's strength.

This meant his strength would be used up much faster. It wasn't that bad because he had abundant undead power and could last for a long time. The problem was, his sword's power would have a waiting period after every move. This was his flaw.

After five attacks, Taroko realized something even worse. His sword had become scalding hot, and the undead power was dissipating even faster.

F*ck! Where's Misamier? Why isn't she acting? he thought. In a panic, he looked behind Nana and saw something terrifying.

Misamier was rushing over but strangely, her body was wrapped with a strange transparent material. She looked like she was sprinting, but she was actually as slow as a turtle. She crawled over bit by bit.

What is this? Taroko couldn't understand it.

Misamier seemed to know what had happened to her. "Be... careful!" she yelled. "He... knows... spa... tial... sha... ckle!"

To her, she was speaking at a normal speed, but everything else was strange. Taroko, Wavier, the human and High Elf Magicians, and the Golden Tree Spirits were all as slow as a turtle to her.

This was the characteristic of the Spatial Shackle!

The one restricted would think they were normal while the others were in trouble. However, Misamier was a legendary figure of the deep abyss. When she saw that everything had slowed down, she knew immediately that she had been caught.

She started forcing out all her power to break free from the Spatial Shackle, but this needed time. If Taroko couldn't stop Nana during this time, they would be defeated.

In half a second, Link and Wavier used various tricks while helping their underlings. The final result was that Link was victorious!

What happened was that Wavier tried to restrict Nana but failed, while Link had

successfully delayed Misamier, giving Nana the chance to fight one-on-one.

In the burning state, Nana didn't let him down. She rushed to Taroko's side and instantly stabbed him 15 times!

After the tenth time, Taroko's sword was burning red. His undead power was heavily restricted. Under this situation, he used his near-perfect swordsmanship to withstand two more hits. He missed the third one.

Pop, pop, pop!

Taroko was hit continuously!

Nana's sword was so hot now that with every stab, a scorching hole would appear in Taroko's body. Of the three hits, the first two had stabbed his arm.

Clang. Taroko couldn't hold on to his sword anymore. It clattered to the ground, and then there was another sound. Taroko's forehead was stabbed through. Nana's sword, the Last Nightmare, had buried into his brain. The high temperature burned the Flame of the Soul in Taroko's brain.

With a crackle, the Flame of the Soul extinguished like a candle in the wind.

The red light in Taroko's eyes disappeared. He fell to the ground, dead!

Another moment passed.

Poof! With a soft sound, Misamier finally broke free from the Spatial Shackle but seeing this, she instantly turned and walked away.

With Taroko dead, she could only fight on equal grounds with the magic puppet while Wavier was completely restricted by the human Magician. The Undead Knights were practically all wiped out by the Golden Tree Spirits... They were already defeated!

She left resolutely. Nana wanted to pursue her, but the succubus kicked over a bunch of corpses. In the moment Nana used to hack at the corpses, Misamier had already disappeared.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

On the other side, Wavier was practically beaten into submission by the Titan's Fist. All he could do was keep absorbing vitality to replenish the Carmine Crystal Wall. But as soon as he finished repairing it, another punch would come, sending the Carmine Crystal Wall to the brink of collapse. He would have to repair it again!

The cycle repeated.

Link's Titan Fist was practically endless, but Wavier's supply of strength was coming to an end. All the Undead Knights were dead, and he had no other methods for replenishment.

"Link, I dare you to fight me fairly!" Wavier was unable to do anything other than scream like that. He was helpless.

Only an idiot would listen to him. Link kept smashing!

When his Mana ran low, he drank a bottle of the Perfect Mana Potion from Grenci. His Mana instantly recovered to 2000 points, and he activated the Flame Controller's Clear Thoughts effect. His Mana recovered speedily.

Ten seconds later, Link cast the Titan's Fist 23 times. With a sharp crack, the Carmine Crystal Wall finally broke.

Wavier used up all his vitality. His body became a dried corpse again, and he knelt to the ground weakly.

"The Sword of Judgement!" Royal Knight Joseph was waiting for this moment.

His crossed sword cut an arc of light in the sky. Within it, light runes flew powerfully, representing the judgment of the God of Light.

The sword streak fell upon Wavier's body and sliced across!

With a thud, Wavier collapsed onto the ground. Countless runes wrapped around his body, sealing off all exits for the soul to escape.

He was defeated!

Chapter 289

Three Magic Books of Fire

Necropolis

Mission Completed: The Final Battle

Player received magic book Slayer of Demons.

This information flashed across Link's field of vision. In his eyes, this magic book had a dark crimson cover. It flew across his eyes and eventually landed in a spot at the bottom right corner of the "game interface."

There were already two magic books in store from this area. One of them was Essence of the Flame, and the other was Flame of Purification. They were all books regarding fire elemental spells.

The in-game system rewards nothing but good stuff. I must study them well after returning to the Ferde Wilderness, Link thought.

At that moment, Joseph could be seen carrying Wavier on his back and throwing his hideous body onto the ground. A loud thud could be heard.

Wavier had an indestructible soul and was thus still alive. However, he kept silent the entire time. There was no sign of life in his eyes nor did he show any expression. There seemed to be no vitality running through his body.

"I can't wait to tear him to pieces!" Joseph gritted his teeth as he said. There were tens of thousands of corpses in the Necropolis. It was simply a place filled with the stench of fresh blood and corpses. This tragedy was caused single-handedly by this fallen Magician right in front of their eyes!

Wavier then snickered, "Holy Knight, you are but a weak tag along. If not for Link, do you really think I would have lost?"

He then stared at Link and shouted, "If not for your stupid potion, how could you have

defeated me? You wouldn't! This was not a fair right! You guys better hope that I never escape, because if so, I will show you true despair!"

Thud! Joseph walked forward and kicked Wavier in the face before shouting, "You bastard! Look at all the innocent lives that you killed. Do you think this is a game? How can you still be talking about wins and losses? Do you really think a few words will be able to get you out of this predicament? How childish! I am telling you now. The moment you chose to walk down this path, you were doomed to fail!"

Romilson then stared at the fanatical Wavier with a tinge of fear as he said, "This is truly a lunatic. We might have to find a way to destroy his soul."

Milda then shook her head and said, "Alright, Romilson. Do not let fear take control of your heart. We have no need to research into dark magic just so we can destroy the soul of an evil Magician. His fate will be eternal imprisonment!" At this moment, Milda's face was extremely pale, almost to the point of being translucent. She was extremely weak as well. If not for Romilson's support, she could not even stand.

She controlled three Golden Tree Spirits during the battle and stayed at the forefront of the fight the entire time. If not for her valued support and Romilson's Defensive spell, Link would not have been able to focus on his fight against Wavier.

In essence, the success of this mission was largely due to the two High Elves as well.

This time, Link had also paid a great price for his success. He drank the Blessings of the Red Dragon Queen potion. At this moment, the effect of the potion had already passed, and as promised, he was cursed with the Elemental Rejection State.

He tried to construct a Glass Orb spell. However, the fire elementals did not seem to respond to his calls, causing the spell to fail. The elements seemed to be rejecting him as though he was the plague.

One full year of this terrible state, causing all elemental spells to lose effect. This is slightly too long. It seems like I have to research into other spells to make up for this major decrease in power. Link sighed.

His power would decrease by an estimated 90%. Amongst the powerful spells in his arsenal, he only had two spatial spells that he could use.

"This place is not safe. There are undead everywhere. Even that succubus might be

near. Let's go back," Link said.

Everyone nodded. Apart from Nana and Romilson, all of them were completely exhausted. Their only thought was to return to somewhere safe before taking a nice bath and a long comfortable nap.

"What about this Necropolis?" Romilson asked.

"Burn it."

Ten minutes later, the entire Necropolis was engulfed in a sea of flames. Link and the group then headed straight towards the airship.

Around three miles into their journey, they heard the whirling sound of engines above them. The airship seemed to have found them and took the initiative to welcome them back into the safe haven.

Upon boarding the airship, everyone still remained silent. They had just seen true hell on earth and just wanted some time alone to recollect themselves.

The Yabbas also kept their volume to a minimum. They looked at Link and the rest with a respectful gaze.

The two priests then started healing their wounds and replenish their lost energy.

Link then took this chance to return the Statue of Saint Rafael, "Thank you, it was of great help."

The priests then shook their heads and said, "You have done a great deed for the World of Firuman. This means nothing."

Link merely smiled and did not want to continue the conversation. He said, "I will get some rest."

The priests then gave him his personal space.

No one spoke for the entire journey. Around an hour later, the airship returned to the Scorched Ridge in Ferde Wilderness.

The assassination mission was already completed. Hence, there was no need to keep

the airship a secret. The airship brazenly stopped in the middle of Scorched Ridge and attracted a lot of onlookers.

Amongst them. Master Grenci and Master Ferdinand were present as well. They glanced at the airship with a worried expression. When they saw Link and the rest of the team unscathed, their faces brimmed with happiness. However, the moment they saw Joseph exiting the airship with Wavie in his arms, their expression turned serious.

It was time to deal with this Necromancer.

After greeting the Master Magicians, they walked towards the Mage Tower. The Yabbas were naturally given good service and treatment. As the lord of the territory, Link made some arrangements for everyone before returning to his own room to rest.

Upon reaching his room, Link realized that Celine was already lying in wait for him.

"You're back." Celine heaved a sigh of relief and quickly walked forward. She had an expression of relief and joy as she said, "Here, I have already prepared a warm bath for you."

Link suddenly felt a long-lost warmth from his heart and entered the bath upon Celine's signal.

It was a wonderful night. What started off as Link's private bathing time became a couple's affair, which finally ended on Link's bed.

Link cared about nothing that day. He spent quality time with Celine and rested as much as he could.

The next morning, Link felt rejuvenated as he opened his eyes, as though he was a changed person.

He lay on his bed as he caressed Celine's supple body. He then looked out of the window as the golden sun rays graced the green fields of the Ferde Wilderness. A few plowing magic puppets were still hard at work while residents were either farming or doing construction work. The spacious pathways in the bustling city area were filled with merchants from all around the world.

Ferde Wilderness was bursting with energy.

At this sight, the last cloud of darkness and trauma in Link's heart dissipated.

As Celine had not woken up, Link crept stealthily out of the room. After washing up, he enjoyed a delicious breakfast and went to his study room. His elemental energy was temporarily sealed. However, the war in the North was imminent; he had to find a quick replacement for his lost powers.

Summon magic books, Link commanded the in-game system.

In an instant, the magic books that he received from completing the missions given by the in-game system appeared in his field of vision. All of the books were crimson in color. Link did not carefully observe these books while he was going on the mission. Upon closer inspection, he realized that each of these books had an ancient yet striking runic symbol on them.

The first book The Essence of Flame had a symbol depicting an eye surrounded by flames. The second book Flame and Purification had a symbol in the shape of a flaming hand. The third book Slayer of Demons had a symbol of a sword entangled with a flaming dragon.

Link originally intended to read the books directly from the interface. However, after a while he thought, The library in my Mage Tower is basically empty. The books that I currently have are all common ones that can be bought from the market. I need a few books that are unique to my collection. Yes, I will copy out these magic books.

Link then took out a pen and paper and started using the Magic Transcription spell to copy the information onto the paper. When he first began, he copied the book as he read. Clearly, it was a simple task for him.

He laid casually and arched his legs on his table. A paper floated right in front of his eyes as the pen scribbled at high speed, emitting a swooshing sound.

However, this relaxed state only lasted for about five minutes. Five minutes later, Link was completely absorbed into this magic book. He started off with the first book, The Essence of Flame. The perspective and content of the book were exceptionally unique and eye-opening. As the name implied, it was truly discussing the very essence of fire elemental spells!

"Hey, this book did not mention anything about fire elements as well. It is all equations and theories... Oh my! These are the principles governing fire elemental spells!"

When the first intricate magic equation appeared, Link was startled.

When one invested enough time into a certain field of magic, they would eventually arrive at the principles governing that magic. Link had been researching into spatial magic, and after a year and a half, he had finally grazed the principles governing them.

This magic book, *The Essence of Flame*, also started deducing from the very basic burning phenomenon. It started with a very simple basis before developing it logically, going deeper into the essence of fire elemental spells.

At the one-fifth mark, it had already reached an almost incomprehensible level. Link realized that he had to use all his might to even understand the content.

"This book might just be able to help me breakthrough this Elemental Rejection State, I need to read it carefully!" Link then sat in an upright position. He decided that this book deserved his full attention.

He started treating the book seriously. After half an hour passed, Link had completely lost track of time and started delving himself fanatically into the wonders of the knowledge this book offered.

This continued for the next few days.

However, he also had to take care of Celine's feelings. He was not as insane as before and promised himself at least eight hours of rest every day, including some private time with Celine.

These innocent and happy times lasted for five whole days.

One evening, Link was just getting into the magic book when he heard voices beside him. The dimly lighted study room then turned bright. He raised his head and saw that it was Celine, who came in to illuminate the room for him.

Celine then said, "I knew you would be absorbed in your research again. Someone is here to find you."

"Oh, who is it?" Link was slightly confused and even a bit fearful. He was afraid of horrible news from the North.

"A stunning beauty," Celine teased.

"A beauty?" Link heaved a sigh of relief. He would be fine as long as it was not news from the North. However, he had seen many beauties in his time in Firuman. Celine, Herrera, Milda, Eleanor, Annie, and Lucy were all considered beauties. However, apart from Celine, all of them were purely friends. It was already 7 o' clock in the night; why would they find him at this time?

Celine then sighed. "It seems like you have forgotten her. If she sees you in this state, she must be sad."

Link scratched his head before staring at the magic book in front of him. He had been reading this book, *The Essence of Flame*, for a long time. However, it was extremely tedious, and he was only done with a third of its contents. It was probably not enough to finish reading this book in a month's time. Furthermore, this was only the first one; he had two more to go.

Anyway, he was determined to put all his energy into this research. He had no interest in the rest.

Celine knew how Link was like and invited the person in without his consent, "Felina, please come in."

Upon hearing the name, Link was reminded of something.

Felina, the Red Dragon Warrior. They had once fought alongside each other in the Dark Forest. He remembered that she promised him a trip to the Dragon Valley in a month's time. Thinking back, it had been way more than a month by now.

Felina entered the room. She assumed the look of a human-race girl. Naturally, she was still extremely tall at 6'2". There was also a hint of lethargy on her face.

Upon seeing Link, she said, "I'm sorry that I am late. There had been some issues in the Dragon Valley. Master Link, if you are free, I hope that you can accompany me to the Dragon Valley immediately."

Link frowned as he said, "What happened?"

"I have no idea. I only know that the balance in the World of Firuman is being destroyed. The queen believes that you have the capability and qualifications to be informed of this matter. She was the one who sent me to pick you up."

That sounded extremely serious. Link thought for a moment before he put away the three magic books of fire he had copied and said, "Alright then, I will make some arrangements, and we can set off!"

Chapter 290

Problem in the Dragon Valley Too

In the game, Link knew where the Dragon Valley was. In the middle of the game, he was even a frequent guest there, but in real life, he only knew an approximate location.

This time, Felina transformed into a dragon again for Link to ride. Nana also went with because she was now his personal guard.

Felina flew west at an incredible speed, at around 400 miles per hour.

"How long will we fly for?" Link knew that the Red Dragon Valley was in a mountain range in the extreme west, far from the Norton Kingdom. He estimated it was around 2500 miles away.

"If we don't stop, it might be around eight hours, but with two people, I can't keep up for that long. I must rest a few times." The distance Felina said was much farther than Link had estimated.

Flying was physical work. Taking any bit of weight into the sky required great physical input. Link was around 150 pounds while Nana's full-metal body was more than 200 pounds. These were all extra burdens on Felina. More importantly, her body had just recovered from a serious injury. Her vigor had not recovered fully yet.

It was a long time, and Felina didn't seem to want to talk. Link was bored, so he looked around. Suddenly, he discovered some odd details on Felina's body.

The scales under her neck used to be organized, but now there was a disorganized mark. At closer inspection, Link confirmed that it had been damaged by an aggressive force. From the look of it, it seemed like a beast's claws.

After discovering this, Link observed left and right. He found more healed wounds that weren't there before.

Dragon's had 360-degree vision, so Felina caught Link's stare. "The dark force has affected all the races in the world," she explained. "Like Wavier, someone of my race

also betrayed us. A powerful Red Dragon was lured by the demon god, and dozens of young ones followed him. They led a surprise attack to kill our queen. The attack was very sudden, but thankfully, we forced them back."

It dawned on Link why Felina seemed more anxious and exhausted at first glance. There had been a disaster in the Dragon Valley.

He noticed that Felina had said "forced them back" rather than "defeated."

"You weren't completely successful?" Link asked.

"Yes. Isendilan was once the queen's husband. He was very powerful, becoming even more so after receiving the demon god's power. Even the queen could only fight against him for a short period... The situation was very bad."

Link fell silent. He knew Isendilan!

In the game, Isendilan had many names, such as "Wings of Destruction," the "Fallen Dragon," and the "Destructor of the World." The scariest thing about him was that, even though he'd fallen, he didn't fully obey the demon god. He still had a level head. He had sunk into sober madness!

That was the scariest thing.

His abilities were shocking as well. In the game, he had fallen near the middle. At that time, the density of Mana had started rising. Isendilan's power shot up to the Legendary Pinnacle!

Yes, he reached the Legendary Pinnacle, and he was a Dragon, meaning he had nearly endless strength. Even Eliard, who also reached the Legendary Pinnacle in this life, was no match for Isendilan.

If the Red Dragon Queen Gretel didn't fight against him with the Red Dragon Army, his damage to Firuman would be comparable to the Lord of the Deep, Nozama.

"How powerful is he now?" Link asked.

"The same as the queen. He has broken through the Legendary State, and he has seven subordinates left. The weakest is at the pinnacle of Level-6; the strongest is at the pinnacle of Level-8. There's also a Dragon Magician... They're all difficult!"

Here, it dawned on Link. "Isendilan is the main force you said that broke the equilibrium, right? But I just used the Red Dragon Queen's Blessing potion, and my strength is restricted. I might..."

Even if he was at his strongest point, he would probably die from just the Dragon's breath if faced with such a legendary Dragon.

Felina shook her head. "No, no, we don't need you to fight directly. We just want to use your attainments in spatial magic and your deep insight into magic."

After a short pause, Felina said with slight embarrassment, "Actually, you're not the only mortal we invited. People from other races have also accepted the invitation... If you can help, the queen will reward you handsomely."

These words assured Link.

This trip was dangerous, but Isendilan was a big demon king who could easily destroy the world if he wanted. Link should help however he could. Plus, the Red Dragon Queen was generous and wouldn't let him work for free.

"Alright, I'll do my best." Link nodded, agreeing to it.

"Thank you. I believe in your wisdom." Felina was happy that Link did not reject the request.

From what she knew, many of the geniuses of other races were upset at the invitation. Their reason was simple—this was the Dragons' problem, so the Dragon race should solve it. It had nothing to do with them, and they had a bunch of things to deal with in their own race. They had no time!

Only half of the invitations were successful.

The journey was long. In order to save her energy for the rest, Felina stopped talking. Link had some free time. "Go on alert," he told Nana who was behind him. "I want to rest."

"Understood." Nana immediately started looking left and right vigilantly.

Link found a comfortable position and closed his eyes. He summoned the flame spell books in his vision and began reading. After studying them for five or six days, he had

a general understanding of the three books.

The first one, Essence of the Flame, was purely theoretical. The second, Flame and Purification, was about specific application techniques. The third, Slayer of Demons, introduced an abnormally advanced flame spell.

The spell was a bit odd. From the surface, it was a Level-8 spell, but it involved some power of the flame laws. In reality, it was a semi-Legendary spell!

Another name for a Legendary spell was a law spell.

The more advanced a Legendary spell was, the deeper the understanding and grasp of the world's laws were. The Legendary Pinnacle represented that a Magician's understanding of a type of law had reached the Heavenly Realm.

At this time, titles such as dominator or lord would be added. For example, the Storm Lord from the prehistoric times had an unbelievable understanding of the wind laws.

Of these three flame spell books, Link thought, the third is a spell, the second is supreme magic skills, and the first is a theory outline... The theory is too long, and the skills require a specific spell to bear it. I'll start with the Slayer of Demons then!

Link changed the order of his research and started scanning the Slayer of Demons first. The first page had a specific introduction to the spell.

Demon Slayer

Level-8 Flame Law Spell

Basic cost: 50 Mana Points per second

Battle cost: Number of attack points* 400

Effect: Summons a 300-foot-long flame whip with both fire and solid characteristics. Within 300 feet, this flame whip can change shape at the thought of the summoner. When it shakes, each wave is a point of attack. The stronger the user is, the more attack points there are.

(Note: this spell can be so powerful it makes the enemy fall into despair, but it can also turn into a joke.)

The spell's description was complicated. Link thought for a while, and the specific appearance of the Demon Slayer spell appeared in his mind.

It was a long whip made of fire. Strength spread through the whip, and it was shaken into an S-shape. The peaks and troughs of the waves were the strongest points. It had the attack power of a Level-8 spell.

Theoretically, a long whip could have countless attack points from a shake. Of course, this was impossible because then the Mana cost would be terrifying. Link's Mana had increased to 8500 points, but if each attack point was 400 Mana points, he only had enough for 20 attacks.

However, 20 Level-8 attacks was already very imposing. If he added various supreme magic skills, this spell could become undefeatable by spells of the same level!

Even more tempting was that this spell didn't require summoning flame elements. Its power came from a certain flame law. This bypassed the restrictions of Elemental Rejection.

Then let's start learning. Link focused and began reading seriously.

A Level-8 spell was very advanced, but it wasn't hard to understand with Link's current attainment in magic. When he ran into something he truly didn't understand, he would look for the answer in the Essence of the Flame. He used each as reference and confirmation for the other.

Time flew by as he was deeply focused.

After a while, Link suddenly realized that Felina was descending and he snapped back into reality. "What, we're here... Oh, you're resting?"

"We aren't even one-third the way there. You've rested, but I'm exhausted." There was some resentment in Felina's voice. She had just recovered from a serious injury. Now, someone's sleeping on her back while she had to cross the entire mainland. The difference in treatment was too big.

There was a boundless grassland below them. It was the Golden Plains in the western part of the mainland. There were apparently many Beastmen here, but Link hadn't seen any sign of them nearby.

From the distance, the grassland had a clear view and was very safe. After landing, Felina rested for half a day before setting off again.

During that time, Link took out his book to read. When he returned to Felina's back, he continued resting with his eyes closed but was actually studying the book in his vision.

They flew and stopped. By the time of the third rest, it was the evening of the second day. "We're already at the Colorado Mountain Range," Felina said. "The Red Dragon Valley is in these mountains, and we have around 300 miles left. This time, I must rest longer because there might be dangers during the rest of the journey."

"Alright." Link nodded and took out a book again. He was halfway done with it. Though there was still a long way to go to grasp the Demon Slayer spell, he had learned much and found it interesting to read.

The two rested in a low cave away from the wind. Link took out the travel blankets that Celine had prepared for him. He gave one to Felina and used one himself.

Felina was clearly exhausted. She wrapped the blanket around herself and fell asleep quickly. Link continued reading while Nana knelt at the entrance. She grasped her short sword and maintained alert.

At midnight, Link was tired too. He ate some dry food and prepared to rest. Just then, Nana moved and whispered, "Master, there are footsteps."

Link heard them too. The footsteps were light and steady. The person was probably a passerby who hadn't noticed them. "We'll see," he whispered.

This was the barren Colorado Mountain Range at midnight. Appearing here at this time was most likely for a reason. They must be cautious.

Chapter 291

A Familiar Presence

In fact, the sound of the footsteps was extremely soft. If not for Nana's warning, Link would have overlooked this sound.

Tap. Tap.

The footsteps were getting closer. It was moving at a regular pace, and around three minutes later, a black figure appeared outside of the cave.

This black figure was around 5'7" and was of a normal build. He was agile, though it could be seen that he had not undergone any special training.

There was a huge pile of rocks in front of the cave. There were even many irritating vines in the cracks between these rocks. It was a difficult path to maneuver in. This person jumped from one stone to another carefully.

In this process, his body seemed extremely light, as though he could summon the wind upon leaping with little force. Link could also feel a subtle wave of magic energy. This made Link realize that this was a Magician who had used a levitation spell.

At that moment, Felina also woke up. She sat up carefully and after a moment of observation, whispered, "That is strange. This is a human race Magician. Why would he appear here?"

The Golden Plains was the territory of the Beastman. They were not known for their friendliness to humans. Except for a few businessmen who had connections with them over the past generations, they had trouble trusting other humans.

Furthermore, the Colorado Mountain Range was either filled with barren land or dangerous forests. Visitors to this area were few and in between. Even the Beastman themselves would not wish to travel to this desolate land. The appearance of a human race Magician was thus baffling.

"He is coming over. We can take this chance to interrogate him," Link said. "Nana, pin

him down after he comes in."

Nana nodded and prepared herself.

The figure was getting closer. As this figure walked, he muttered, "Dumb Beastman, do you really think you can catch me with your idiotic minds? Hmph."

"I will really be rich this time. Hehe, the treasure of the elves, how exciting."

"We are going to be rich, aren't we, little guy."

Tch! It was the squeal of a little rodent.

As he got closer, Link saw the small animal clearly. It looked almost like a squirrel. It was lying on the shoulders of this black figure, clawing his hair with its little paws while holding an acorn in the other. It seemed extremely focused on its task.

"Heh, it is a cave. Seems like a perfect place to rest."

This black figure leaped with more force. Using the help of his levitation spell, he got onto the 12-foot-tall cave with ease. The moment he stabilized himself, he saw a figure charging straight towards him. A dagger was then placed at the side of his neck even before he could react. The black figure immediately lifted his hands. The little animal on his shoulders squealed in shock before burrowing into his clothes.

"Misunderstanding! It is a misunderstanding! I didn't know that there were people here. I will leave now. Is that okay?" The black figure sounded depressed.

He was just being proud of himself for escaping the pursuits of the Beastman. The next moment, he had landed himself in danger again. After all, could a person hiding in a cave of such a desolate land be kind?

It might be his end this time around.

Link then released an illumination spell and lit up the entire cave. Strangely, when the illumination spell appeared, a layer of transparent veil could be seen at the entrance of the cave.

This was a spatial distortion veil. It could reflect the light from the illumination spell back into the cave. Anyone viewing the cave from outside would not see any

peculiarities within.

Link could see the features of this figure clearly. He was instantly surprised by the sight and said, "Morrigan? King of Adventures, Morrigan?"

The person in front of him had blue hair and a strong physique. He had a weathered face that showed the vicissitudes of his life. Link saw him during his time at the Blue Hermit Inn. Morrigan left the moment he saw Eleanor, claiming that she was dangerous.

His sensitivity to danger impressed Link at that point in time.

Morrigan was slightly confused. He glanced between Link, Felina, and Nana with a puzzled expression.

The three of them were weird.

One of them was a black-eyed Magician. His pair of eyes seemed to be all-seeing, piercing into the very depths of his heart. He was wearing a robe enveloped in a permanent crimson hue. It was definitely a high-quality robe. The spell that he used previously was peculiar as well. As a Magician himself, Morrigan actually had no idea what type of spell that was.

There was also a pure and lovely young lady. She looks ordinary enough, though she possessed incredible strength. There was also a crimson-haired woman with a voluptuous figure and immense presence. She was actually a lot taller than him and had broader shoulders as well. She also emitted a terrifying aura.

It was indeed peculiar to see such a strange mix of people in a desolate land at midnight.

"Please forgive me, you are?" Morrigan had been going on adventures this whole time. He could not remember where he had seen this black-haired young man.

"Last winter, Hot Springs City, Blue Hermit Inn. There was a peculiar brunette, and you left immediately after seeing her. I should have followed you out of the Inn. Do you remember now?" Link gave Morrigan a hint.

Morrigan finally remembered the scene as he patted his head and said, "I remember now. You are the black-haired young man from East Cove Higher Magic Academy!"

He then observed Link again and seemed to be reminded of something before his eyes widened. He then said, "You are... Link?"

The Flame Controller's robe that Link was wearing was too recognizable. The title of the Demon Slayer had spread throughout the Magician's world. Even a wandering Magician like Morrigan had also heard of his great achievements. He only needed a bit of time before he recognized the revered figure in front of him.

Link nodded to confirm his identity, as he motioned for Nana to put the dagger away.

Morrigan then bowed respectfully to Link before saying, "It is an honor to meet you again."

He then looked at Felina and greeted her with the same bow before saying, "If I am not wrong, you are Felina, the Red Dragon Warrior?"

Felina stopped being wary upon knowing that he was Link's acquaintance. She became curious after hearing Morrigan's words and said, "You have heard my name?"

"I was in the North a month ago. Many people have told me about your exploits in the Dark Forest against the Divine Gear. Furthermore, you are of the Dragon Clan. It is rare for a member of your species to leave the canyon. Many people talk about your presence as though it was the stuff of the legends."

Link and Felina exchanged glances. They did not expect so many people to know of that incident.

Link was exceptionally curious about Morrigan's appearance in this barren land. He then asked, "This place is at least 10000 miles away from the Norton Kingdom. You were in the North just a month ago. Why did you come all the way here?"

"Haha," Morrigan laughed proudly as he asked, "Can I take a seat?"

"Sure." Link also sat down.

Morrigan then took out a carpet made from beast hide and sat cross-legged on it. He then chuckled. "I heard that the Divine Gear had appeared in the North and left that dangerous place without hesitation. Fortunately, I discovered some information about a High Elf historical relic. I then rented a Griffin and flew all the way to the border of the Norton Kingdom, before riding a horse across the Golden Plains. What an

adventure! It took me a lot of effort to get here. In fact, I am still on the run from a huge group of Beastman."

Felina captured one key word in his speech and asked, "High Elf historical relic? In the Colorado Mountain Range? Aren't the High Elves situated on the Isle of Dawn? Are you sure this information is real?"

Morrigan nodded with confidence as he continued, "It's true! I did not believe it at first as well. I then began to validate the source and eventually, I believe that this historical relic is a grave of a High Elf noble 300 years before the year of the Mana Disaster. You have to know that before the year of the Mana Disaster, the High Elves are the lords of the entire World of Firuman. The Golden Plains is exactly the territory of this High Elf noble. Look at this."

Morrigan was not wary of Link at all. He revealed all that he knew without concealing any of his knowledge. He then unscrolled an ancient script and said, "This is something I copied from an ancient book. Look, 2600 years ago, the Golden Plains was termed as Lebreslyn. In the language of the High Elves, this means the Land of Gold. The first name of the lord of this land was Lebreslynan, also known as the Golden Family. This historical relic is the exact grave of the last lord of the Lebreslynan Family, Derrac Lebreslynan. Did you know? The Golden Family is extremely rich, especially Derrac. He was widely known as a miser and kept many of his treasures with him even to his deathbed. There are long-lost magic books, powerful magic equipment, extremely rare materials and so on in his grave..."

At that moment, Felina's face sunk as she said, "You are planning to rob a grave?"

The dragon race had many historical sites and graves that possessed much cultural value. They thus hated these grave robbers. In essence, they usually destroy those robbers with a blast of their powerful dragon breath before they could harm any part of their important history. If not for the fact that Morrigan knew Link, Felina would definitely take action immediately!

Felina was only being friendly to Link because Link had won her respect through his strength. Throughout history, the dragon race was not known to be kind towards other races.

Cold sweat then dripped down from Morrigan's forehead. He realized that he must have been too excited. Although it would be fine to discuss these issues with Link, it

was taboo to speak of such things in front of someone from the dragon race. They would most likely be infuriated. He was simply too excited and forgot about it!

After a while, Morrigan muttered, "Actually, I am just planning to take a look to satisfy my curiosity. I will not take anything, I promise."

"Do you think I'm a fool? Who was the one thinking of getting rich outside the cave?" Felina squinted her eyes as she cracked the joints in her body.

Morrigan perspired profusely as he turned to Link for help. He begged, "Master, I give up. I am not going there anymore; please let me go?"

Felina stared at Link as well, "Link, I hate grave robbers the most. These people have no honor for their ancestors. They live to destroy sites filled with cultural importance!"

Link did not reply to Felina. He knew that this was the dragon races' hatred towards grave robbers and did not wish to be involved in it. Of course, he also did not wish for Morrigan to be killed. He then changed the topic and said, "Morrigan, you said that you are on the run from the Beastman. However, there should not be any Beastman here... Felina, don't you think this is weird?"

Beastman rarely stepped into the Colorado Mountain Range. This was the case in-game as well. There was only one exception, which was in the case of Isendilan. This dragon attempted to expand his power and enslaved many Beastman as his Warriors in order to achieve his goals.

Link successfully diverted Felina's attention with these words. She immediately let go of the trivial grave robbing issue and frowned as she said, "That is strange. Graverobber, tell me, what did the Beastman look like?"

Morrigan heaved a sigh of relief. He knew that Link had helped him get out of the predicament. Needless to say, he was grateful. He stopped harping on the grave robbing plans and reported honestly, "This group of Beastman was different from normal Beastman. Their skin was greyish-black in color, and they had bloodshot eyes. They are a lot bigger in build compared to normal Beastman. They are also extremely fast and ferocious, not listening to any form of reason. In essence, they are completely different from the Beastman on the Golden Plains. At least those on the Golden Plains were friendly enough."

Felina thought for a moment before saying, "This incident probably has something to do with Isendilan. I have to get to the bottom of this, Link..."

Link immediately said, "I will help. However, this person managed to escape from those Beastman. He might be a good guide."

"Thank you." Felina thanked Link in a respectful tone. She then turned to face Morrigan and stared at him with killing intent before commanding, "Graverobber, if you do not want to die, lead the way!"

Chapter 292

High Elf Tomb Quest

Colorado Mountain Range.

Morrigan quickly found the temporary campsite of the Beastmen.

"Look, they were here recently... The ashes in the bonfire are still warm. They couldn't have left more than half a day ago." Morrigan took some ashes out and then picked up a broken bone with meat on it.

"Look, this is the thigh of a goat. There's blood on it; it's not cooked at all. The Beastmen shattered the bone with their teeth... I bet these barbarians can bite my arm off!"

Felina couldn't stand his overreaction. "Any Warrior can do that," she said in annoyance. "I need to know where they are right now."

"Don't worry, don't worry." Morrigan was still wandering around the simple campsite. As he wandered, he said, "Pursuing is detailed work. Not only do we need to know where they went, but we also need to know how many there are and how powerful they are."

As he spoke, he would sometimes get onto the ground to observe the footprints. Other times, he would put a magnifying glass to the claw marks on the tree, or pick up some hair. He was looking very closely.

Felina couldn't do anything other than wait patiently. Link had some free time too.

Ten minutes later, Morrigan was done. He stood up and said very confidently, "There were 18 Beastmen and one Dragon Warrior here."

Felina was shocked. "A Dragon Warrior? Do you have evidence for the conclusion?"

If there was a dragon with these wild Beastmen, there could only be one explanation—the Dragon Warrior was also a follower of Isendilan.

"Of course I have evidence. Look at this footprint. It's similar to yours, right? But it's bigger. And look at these bones. They're rabbit bones and weren't chewed. When the person was eating, he also wrapped it with clean leaves to avoid the grease. This means the Dragon Warrior has the highest status because he's the most exquisite.

"Also, look here. This urine is special too. I tasted it earlier, and it's slightly spicy. Once I swallowed, my stomach felt warm. This is similar to the dragon urine I tasted before. Look, the footprints beside the urine shows that he was standing so the Dragon Warrior must be male. He's around 6'8" tall and 260 pounds."

Morrigan uttered all of this evidence. It was shocking, especially the last one.

"Alright," Felina said awkwardly. "I believe you, but why are you randomly tasting urine?"

Not feeling that anything was wrong, Morrigan answered seriously, "You don't understand. The urine of dragons is actually a tonic, used specifically for... uh, never mind. Anyway, I'm a professional, so I can't be wrong."

To help with the awkward atmosphere, Link said, "Okay so what direction did they go in?"

"Follow me. They went that way, which is the direction of the High Elf Tomb. To be honest, I suspect they're going grave robbing!"

Hearing this, Felina lost her temper. "Shut up!" she yelled. "That's impossible! A dragon won't rob a grave!"

"Fine, but they're going in that direction." Morrigan glanced at Link.

However, Link was delighted. He was actually quite interested in the High Elf Tomb. Not only did it contain a huge amount of wealth, but there was also a magic spell book inside.

In the previous game, the High Elf Tomb was one of the storyline quests. The full name was "High Elf Tomb: Lebreslynan." After killing the final boss in this quest, Lebreslynan's undying spirit would drop an enchantment book called Talismanography.

Talismanography enchantments were lost in Firuman. Even the High Elves only knew

a little bit about it. It was not very impressive amongst advanced enchantments, but it was irreplaceable in the average enchantment field.

Its strongest effect was spell inscribing.

As long as a Magician created an enchantment talisman and had prepared the necessary materials, the spell inscribing effect could be used to create identical talismans in a short period.

With this technique, Link would be able to lower the cost of basic enchantment equipment by 90% or even more. At the very least, he could give all the guards in his territory magic equipment... Anyway, he just really wanted to visit Lebreslynan.

However, the dragons hated grave robbers. If Link went against them, Felina might even see him as an enemy. But now, the situation had changed.

"We'll see what happened if we follow," he said to Felina. "Let's go."

Felina glared at Morrigan and nodded in agreement. She wanted to know what the Dragon Warrior was planning too.

After that, Morrigan paused often while walking to follow the tracks on the ground. Around two hours later, he suddenly stopped and hid behind a bush.

"Careful, the tracks here are very fresh. They were probably just here." Morrigan pointed at a piece of grass that had been stepped on. The liquid on it was still wet.

Link and the others also lowered to the ground and hid. Morrigan lowered his voice and continued, "Look over there. Do you see the statue covered with moss?"

Link looked in that direction and saw a toppled stone statue. It was a horse with a horn—a unicorn. This was the mount unique to High Elves, and the elves loved using unicorns in decorations.

"We're very close to Lebreslynan now. From the footprints, you can see that they didn't stop and walked straight in... My respected Miss Felina, I think this is enough evidence that they came for the High Elf Tomb."

Felina was unable to argue with the evidence. Gritting her teeth, she said, "Then we'll wait for them here. When they come out, we'll subdue them! I must punish that

disgrace to the Dragon race with my own hands!"

Morrigan shook his head. "I've studied the inner structure of the High Elf Tomb," he said quietly. "Their tombs usually have two exits. One is visible, and one is hidden. When they realize that the core has been invaded, the visible exit will be sealed. If the people inside want to come out, the best solution is to find the hidden exit... So if we want to capture them, we have to follow them in before the visible exit is sealed off."

Hearing this, Link almost cheered out loud. Morrigan really understood him.

Seeing that Felina didn't reply, Link said, "Perhaps they have some unspeakable motive. I think we must investigate fully or else it'll be a big threat in the future."

There wasn't any unspeakable motive. Link guessed that they just wanted the book and equipment in the High Elf Tomb.

Isendilan was different from Wavier. The latter was crazy and wanted to destroy everything. His tactics were very cruel as well. On the other hand, Isendilan's goal was to become the king of the world so everyone would bow down to his dark rule. This included the Red Dragon Queen Gretel who had always been above him.

For this goal, Isendilan had been building a powerful army. To realize this goal, he needed a great amount of wealth. Coincidentally, the High Elf Tomb had this.

Link knew this, but Felina didn't. Hearing Link's words, she grew anxious. She looked the tomb in the distance and hesitated for a long time. Finally, she clenched her jaw and said, "Okay, we'll go in too, but I'm not doing this to offend the spirits. I want to stop Isendilan's dark plan!"

Link nodded. "Felina, I will do my best to help you."

"Thank you so much." Felina felt that Link was a true friend to the dragons. When they returned, she would tell the queen about this. Then she turned to Morrigan. "Take us there."

Morrigan couldn't hide the joy in his eyes. He had come just for the tomb this time. Why would he refuse two powerful people who could help him?

He lowered his head to the little creature eating nuts on his shoulder. "Go, help me scout the way."

The squirrel chirped and hopped off his shoulder. It started running toward the High Elf Tomb in the distance. Link and the others followed. When they reached the entrance, they saw that the stone door had already been damaged forcefully. The ground was covered with broken pieces of stone.

Morrigan's little pet snuck in quickly while Morrigan circled the entrance. "The door was shattered instantly," he concluded. "How powerful do you think the Dragon Warrior is?"

Felina looked at the thickness of the broken stone door and then checked the marks on it. She was shocked. "If I'm not wrong, this Warrior should be Todelron. He's 50 years older than me, and his dragon power has reached the pinnacle of Level-7. He has practically undefeatable martial arts skills. He is one of Isendilan's three strongest Dragon Warriors."

"I see. Don't worry; we have Nana!" Link said.

Felina glanced at the silent magic puppet and was slightly reassured. "Hopefully."

The group continued forward.

This High Elf known as Derrac Lebreslynan was a noble with a very luxurious tomb. Like an underground palace, the paths inside were wide and open. There were also magic lanterns on either side. Even after thousands of years, they still glowed dimly and illuminated the tomb.

After around 150 feet, Morrigan's pet suddenly returned. It jumped onto his shoulder and chirped. Morrigan listened for a bit and then turned around. "Goldtooth told me that there was a fight up ahead. There are many bodies but no living beings."

Hearing this, Felina and Link exchanged glances. Felina glowed faintly, and her Red Dragon armor appeared. Two dragon claw weapons appeared in her hands as well. Link activated Edelweiss for himself while telling Nana, "Go on alert."

Morrigan was a Level-4 Magician, so he also activated a defense spell for himself.

"Let's continue forward."

They walked on for another 60 feet. Turning a corner, there was suddenly a large room.

The room had many opulent decorations, such as magic crystal lantern formations, delicate statues, a dining table that the living would use, and more. At the moment, they were all shattered. In addition, there were 12 Beastmen bodies on the ground and 17 mummies in elegant armor. The Beastmen's blood painted this room of death red.

"It's Derrac's tomb guards... Hey, Link, look here. This drop of blood is different from the others. It's fresh and still hasn't dried. It should be dragon blood. That Dragon Warrior is wounded!"

Felina saw this too, and she was certain. "This is dragon blood. Are the guards that powerful?"

As soon as she spoke, there was a series of clacks. The next moment, a thick magic door appeared before the room's exit.

Just as Morrigan had predicted, the exit was sealed!

This was not all.

An aggressive and furious roar traveled from deep inside the tomb, causing Felina's expression to change drastically. "It's Todelron transformed into a dragon. He must have run into an awful opponent!"

Chapter 293

A Qualified Trap Clearer

High Elf Grave.

Link checked the magic door blocking their way and concluded, "It is extremely strong, equivalent to a Level-9 strength. It is extremely difficult to destroy."

As he spoke, he used a Spatial Distortion spell, and after a few tests, he laid his hands helplessly and said, "The High Elves are indeed the masters of magic. Even the space here is completely sealed. I cannot enter using my Dimensional Leap spell. We have to find another way, maybe a secret door of some sort."

Morrigan had no reaction to this speech. He was an adventurer and had seen such situations countless times. However, Felina frowned and asked, "Is the secret door easy to find?"

Link shook his head and said, "I wouldn't know. Let's just keep moving."

In fact, Link knew exactly where the secret door was at. The reason was simple. The design of this tomb was exactly the same as that in the game. This could be due to the small size of the tomb, making it easy to recreate this place using computerized CGI.

His calm demeanor made Felina felt more settled. As a Warrior, she led the way as the continued further into the tomb.

Roar! Another bellow could be heard. This voice was clearly filled with despair. Todelron had clearly suffered fatal injuries.

"We have to hurry," Felina said. They were still of the same race. Even if Todelron had found Isendilan, she still did not wish for him to die.

Morrigan hastily blocked the way as he said, "Stop, Miss Felina. There are traps everywhere in the grave. The worst thing to do is to be impatient. You have to adjust your mentality!"

He was an experienced grave robber and had explored countless tombs and historical relics. Naturally, he would be familiar with the workings of such sites. Those adventurers who did not have such a keen sense of danger were probably already dead.

"But..." Felina knew that Morrigan was right, though she was truly anxious.

Link then held her back and said, "Felina, there is no use just keeping your eyes on the final target. You have to check the ground beneath your feet. If you had made one more step to the left, you would have stepped on a trap!"

Felina was anxious and did not react in time. Link then used a forcefield type spell to push Felina back just in time.

Morrigan then walked forward carefully before lying on the ground to observe the trap.

Half a minute later, he stared at Link with an expression of respect, "The material of this tile is slightly different from the rest. If I am not wrong, this is a trigger rune for a lightning spell. Look at the surrounding walls! They are filled with lightning runes. As long as one steps on any of these tiles, this corridor will be instantly filled with lightning. Let me see... Tsk, these spells are at least Level-5 in strength!"

Link then stared at the walls and added, "It's Level-7 in strength. Lightning spells are not the only thing we should be afraid of. There are also fire elemental spells that will incinerate anyone who activates the trap. Even Nana might not survive the attack."

Morrigan then continued, "Todelron is lucky to have escaped all these tiles."

"I'm sorry." Felina was truly apologetic.

Link then smiled and said, "Just be more careful in the future. Let's continue."

Felina then felt slightly better about her mistake. This time around, she was a lot more careful, only proceeding after Morrigan and Link had checked and made sure it was safe.

After around 150 feet, seven Beastman bodies could be seen lying on the ground. There were also many broken fine iron thorns around their bodies.

The Beastman had gray, sickly skin and suffered terrible injuries. There were countless penetrative wounds on their bodies as though they were ruthlessly mashed up while they were still alive.

Morrigan's face turned serious. He then cast an Eagle's Eye spell on himself and observed the ground in front of him carefully. Three minutes later, he said, "Look at these tiles; there are eight different types of runes on it, and they follow no specific arrangement. I have seen a similar formation in another tomb. In order to make it past this place, one has to step on the tiles in a fixed order. If even a single mistake is made, sharp thorns will emerge from the small holes around us and destroy our bodies completely!"

Felina and Link then looked around them and realized that there were truly countless small holes on the walls. They then looked at the tiles. The corridor was at least 90 feet long, and there were a total of at least 30 tiles along each column with five columns in total. This meant that the number of possibilities for this puzzle was a staggering five to the power of thirty!

With so many possibilities, it would be impossible to use the trial and error method to solve it.

"How did Todelron pass through?" Felina asked.

Morrigan was still observing the ground. He then answered, "He must have barged through using force. These Beastmen opened the way for him. The moment the iron thorns appeared, he used brute force to break through these thorns. Look, there are fine cracks on the thorns here. However, there must be insufficient Beastman for such a long corridor. He was injured at the very end of the corridor, judging from the pool of dragon blood at the end. It seems like he was heavily injured."

Felina then looked to the end of the corridor, and as Morrigan had said, the amount of blood on the ground was definitely from a lethal wound.

Link then found more traces of it, "Look at the walls at the end. There are many cracks on those walls. If I am not wrong, Todelron was forced to turn into his dragon form to stay alive."

When the dragon clan was turning into their dragon form, their injuries would be partially healed. However, the dragon form was huge and was not something this

corridor could accommodate. The walls would then crack from the sheer pressure of the dragon' body.

Felina then sighed, "He must be very miserable now."

Link then shrugged his shoulders and said, "Let's go then. He has already destroyed this trap for us. We should be able to pass through easily."

Just to be safe, Link used the Magician's Hand to press on the Beastman's body.

Pop! A few thorns immediately emerged from the holes. The wall on the left was still densely filled with thorns. However, the wall of the right only had broken thorns left. The end of the corridor which was completely destroyed by Todelron's dragon form had caused the trap to become faulty, making it safe to pass.

One had to commend the dragon for being a qualified trap clearer.

"Let's go; the left side is safe," Link said.

All of them then kept to the left with Felina still leading the way.

After this corridor of death, another revolving ax trap appeared in front of them. This ax was similarly stained with a large amount of dragon blood. There were even a few pieces of severed meat on it.

Morrigan took a look before shaking his head, saying, "This is also a trap. With Todelron's large body, he could never have passed through this unscathed. He suffered the full wrath of this trap... This might just be lethal."

Felina stared at the dragon blood and continued forward with a heavy heart.

After around 90 feet, the corridor opened up into a large space. A huge underground chamber appeared in front of them. This chamber was more than 240 feet long and more than 15 feet tall. There were rows of bookshelves along its walls filled with a large collection of books. Link was immediately excited by the sight of this many magic books.

Just how many lost knowledge did this tomb hold? The number of magic books here simply housed priceless knowledge!

However, it was not so simple.

In front of the bookshelves were two rows of stone chairs.

A mummified corpse clad in shiny High Elf ancient armor sat on each of those chairs. At the end of the two rows of chairs was a magnificent jewel throne. The number of jewels engraved on that throne seat was simply blinding.

There was also a mummified High Elf corpse clad in a gorgeous robe and a royal cape sitting on the chair. There was even a jewel crown on his head as he held an elegant wand in his hand.

These corpses sat motionless on their seats, seemingly indistinguishable from real corpses.

At the entrance of this chamber, a humongous body of a Red Dragon more than 30 feet long and 12 feet tall lay motionless on the ground. From his faint breath and hasty breathing, he should be on the verge of death.

There were countless holes on his body, one of which had a fine iron thorn still stuck on it. This should be from the trap in the corridor of death. Near his neck, there was also a huge wound. This should be the one from the revolving ax trap.

Apart from those wounds, there were no other injuries on this dragon's body.

Standing at the entrance and looking at this dragon, Morrigan laid out his hands helplessly before turning to Felina. He said, "Dear Red Dragon Warrior, with all due respect, I can confirm that this giant dragon did not encounter any formidable opponents. He was done in by his own idiocy."

Felina did not like the sound of those words. However, the truth was right in front of her. She could not refute Morrigan's claim.

Link had to consider the reputation of the dragon race. He then said, "This is understandable. Todelron is a Warrior and does not excel in dismantling traps. Now, we have to think about ways to deal with these corpses. I have a feeling if we touch anything in this chamber, they will immediately awaken."

"Why must we touch those things? Since Todelron has already failed in his mission, we should leave." Felina truly had something against entering graves.

However, how could Morrigan give up when he was already here? His eyes were already glued to the jeweled throne seat.

After some thought, an idea struck him. He thought of a valid excuse and said, "I'm afraid we have to exit using a secret door."

Morrigan could not help but feel extremely proud of his intellect. While they were busy with finding the secret door, he would then sneak a few items into his dimensional bracelet. After all, who would notice amongst the chaos?

On the other hand, Link's gaze was glued to those bookshelves. He was planning to think of an excuse as well. However, Morrigan beat him to it. He then nodded in agreement and said, "Indeed, getting out is an issue as well. I'm afraid we must disturb these ancestors."

These excuses were simply perfect. Felina had no choice but to agree. She said, "Then, let's find our way."

Morrigan's mind suddenly became extremely active. He whispered, "We first have to find a way to deal with these corpses. I have an idea. What do you guys think?"

"Speak," Link said. Link had respect for this revered adventurer. He had no qualms about taking a few things from graves. After all, it would be a waste to leave so much wealth and wisdom untouched.

Morrigan then started analyzing in detail, "Look, the strongest corpse here should be the one on the throne seat. He should be the owner of the tomb, Derrac. History has told us that Derrac guards his wealth jealously. However, he was also an extremely powerful Magician. I predict that he was of Level-8 strength before he died. If he awakens, it will be troublesome. However, they are all now in slumber mode, giving us a chance to strike first. We merely have to get rid of Derrac first before dealing with his underlings. That will be a lot easier."

Link then nodded his head in agreement. The plan sounded good.

Although Felina was unwilling to destroy the tomb, she knew that it was the only way and agreed disdainfully.

Link then told Nana, "Take his head; destroy his wand."

"I understand!" Nana nodded. Boom! Nana disappeared with the sound of an explosion, and the next moment, something strange happened.

A silver defensive light dome appeared around six feet in front of Derrac. The barrier was actually strong enough to block Nana's progress!

Clang! Clang! Nana's dagger struck the light dome consecutively, emitting a crisp sound. The light dome brilliance then slowly dimmed. However, Nana was not able to get through it in one hit.

Following which, the eyes of all the corpses lit up, revealing a chilling blue glow. Derrac, who was sitting on the throne seat, stood up.

A raspy voice echoed through the chamber, "Who dares to break into my palace?"

A majestic magic fluctuation then appeared around Derrac's body. The three of them standing at the entrance stared at the scene with their mouths agape.

Morrigan fell speechless as he swallowed his saliva in apprehension.

Felina whispered, "This is not right. This power is at least Level-9 right?"

"Nana, come back!" Link immediately ordered.

Swoosh! Nana instantly returned to Link's side.

At that moment, Derrac's voice echoed through the chamber again, "Hm, a red dragon? Are you here to seek death?"

Felina was startled. She thought Derrac was referring to her and instinctively went into her defensive stance.

Link was surprised as well. This was because Derrac was a lot stronger than the Level-8 strength he was at in the game.

However, upon hearing Derrac's words, he reacted immediately. He pulled Felina along as he retreated, whispering, "Derrac has just awakened and is not very sensitive to his surroundings. He should not have seen us. Let's retreat for now."

As Link was saying those words, he saw a huge lightning ball appear at the tip of

Derrac's wand. Lightning bolts then emerged from this lightning ball and struck Todelron's body mercilessly. One could even smell the aroma of roasted dragon meat after a few attacks.

Todelron naturally would not survive these attacks.

The spells were terrifyingly strong. They were at least Level-8 in strength. Morrigan and Felina had a horrified expression. Link was the only one who still managed to maintain his composure. He stared at the strong lightning bolts and immediately started thinking.

"He has not seen us yet. We will retreat and think of a way!"

Chapter 294

Insect, Don't Run!

Passageway outside the underground palace's last room.

Link and the others were retreating quietly when a hoarse and low voice rang out from the room. "No, my palace still has rats! Soldiers, go kill them all!"

It was clear that he could sense Link's presence but didn't know his specific location due to the blocked view. In the passageway, Link took out his wand. He tossed out Space-Time Orbs as he retreated.

The Space-Time Orbs were very small, probably only the size of a sesame seed. It couldn't be seen on the ground. Even more interesting, the spell had no power waves.

This was the characteristic of spatial magic. To space itself, size held no meaning.

With spatial magic, large-scale spatial strength, such as Firuman's force field, was very weak and twisted. It didn't have any destructive abilities. However, something the size of a seed contained power that could destroy the world.

Morrigan didn't understand what Link was doing. "Master Link," he whispered. "The armor of those High Elf Mummy Warriors are much fancier than the ones in the room. I bet they're powerful. Will your small-scale spell be effective?"

As he spoke, Morrigan also began setting up a trap spell on the ground. It was a Level-3 Flame Rune Trap, a trap that would be set off when someone stepped on it. He cast these spells quickly—one every two seconds.

"Don't worry. It'll be effective," Link answered with a smile. Then he turned to Felina. "When they come, get ready to attack. Nana, you too. I'll restrain them!"

"Okay."

"Understood."

Around half a minute later, High Elf Mummy Warriors appeared at the corner up ahead. They had a full set of defensive spell armor and all held weapons. They had a finely made magic sword in their right hand and a shield shining with magic in their left.

Morrigan's eyes brightened, even forgetting about the danger. "Wow, these weapons have such strong magic presence, and they're so pretty. These are from the High Elf's golden era. I bet you can sell these magic swords for 10000 gold in the Hot Spring City! The shields are worth at least 5000 gold!"

"Shut up!" Felina was pissed. She was already upset at being tricked into the tomb, and now this guy was coveting the dead's relics. She wanted to beat this grave robber to death.

Adventure King Morrigan instantly shuddered, not daring to say anymore.

At this time, the first Mummy Warrior stepped on Morrigan's Fire Trap. It exploded with a boom and filled the entire passageway, enveloping the group of Mummy Warriors in the front.

Disregarding the power of the spell, the timing and angle were all perfect. "Nice," Link complimented.

Morrigan smiled instantly. He knew that ten of him still wouldn't be a match for Link in terms of spells, so his ego was boosted to the max at this praise. As if on steroids, he speedily cast more Flame Rune Traps on the ground.

Felina didn't like him, so she just scoffed. "Huh, these mummies are at least Level-6 and are wearing anti-magic armor. Your flames are just scratches for them!"

That was the truth. The flames spread through the passageway and the Mummy Warriors were slowed down, but their armor flashed under the fire, wiping out the power of the fire.

Morrigan shrugged. "I don't have anything else!"

If he was here by himself, he would just explore the tomb, grab some stuff, and scam. Now, they were in the core area and faced the tomb owner's personal mummy guards, his most important task was to keep himself alive.

To do that, he obviously had to rely on Link and Felina. Now, he hid behind the two.

By then, the mummies had charged to Link's first Space-Time Orb.

"Get ready!" Link ordered quietly.

As he spoke, eight mummies had reached the orb. Their positions had also blocked the mummies behind them, making it the best timing for an attack.

"Restraint!"

With a soft buzz, the Space-Time Orb's effective range instantly magnified countless times, sealing the 12-foot-wide passageway.

From here, they could see that the eight Mummy Warriors were shrouded by a ball of fog-like power. At closer inspection, it didn't look like fog and instead like countless tiny air waves... but it didn't look like that either. It was just an indescribable phenomenon.

In this fog-like area, the mummies didn't move at all... No, they were moving but very slowly, scooting forward one millimeter at a time.

This was the best chance to attack!

Felina and Nana charged. Felina used her dragon claws, each claw as sharp as a dagger. With one swipe, she slashed the mummies' bodies and armor into several parts. Nana's two epic swords went without saying. She felled one mummy with each move.

Strangely, the Space-Time Orb was only effective against the mummies. Felina and Nana weren't affected at all.

The result was that under two seconds, the eight restrained Mummy Warriors were all beheaded as if they had lined up to die.

"Retreat 30 feet!" Link called.

Felina retreated 30 feet without hesitation, not an inch more or less. Nana also followed her like a shadow.

After the eight mummies, there were many more Mummy Warriors, at least 20. They

were all around Level-6 with no fear at all. When the traffic jam disappeared, they swarmed forward again.

After 20 feet, the Space-Time Orb exploded again. This time, it restrained ten mummies. Once again, they blocked the passageway. The Mummy Warriors behind them yelled but could only jump up and down impatiently.

Felina and Nana stepped forward again and started cutting off the heads.

"Retreat 25 feet."

Boom! A Space-Time Orb exploded.

Chop, chop, chop. That was the sound of Felina and Nana "chopping vegetables."

This repeated twice. The powerful Mummy Warriors had all lost their heads. They weren't dead, and the Flame of the Souls in their skulls were still glowing, but they were no longer a threat.

Nana walked up and smashed the skulls one at a time. The Flame of the Souls extinguished.

Practically 30 Level-6 Mummy Warriors were killed just like that. The entire process was so easy that Felina wasn't even breathing heavily.

"It's over?" Morrigan was dumbfounded. Had the powerful enemy been killed that easily? This wasn't right. They should've had an intense battle!

They were both Magicians, but Link's spell was completely beyond Morrigan's understanding. They were learning different types of magic.

"No, it's not." Link shook his head. "There's still Derrac. He is different from these Mummy Warriors that only have their fighting instincts. He still has basic consciousness and is a bit more difficult."

Felina understood Link. She knew Derrac most likely had Level-9 power, but Link only said that he was a "bit more" difficult. This meant Link already knew what to do.

"Just say what we should do now," she said.

"Don't worry. Next, only Nana and I need to go. You two wait here."

Without waiting for Felina and Morrigan's response, Link waved at Nana and started toward the door at the end of the passageway.

If Derrac really was a Level-9 Magician, he would definitely run as far as he could without hesitation. However, Derrac was just an undying spirit. After thousands of years, his consciousness was close to annihilation and his intelligence couldn't be much higher than the NPC in the game. There was nothing to be scared of.

There was a corner at the end of the hall; after that was the entrance to the room. Link hid in the corner and summoned a Light Mirror.

With this, Link carefully peered into the room. He saw Derrac with a scepter sitting in the tallest jeweled throne. He was unmoving, and the only difference from before was that his eyes shone.

He had no reaction to Link spying on him as if he couldn't see Link. This meant Derrac had very delayed reactions. He basically overlooked the non-threatening strengths.

Link still wasn't assured. He hid in Derrac's blind spot and tossed a Space-Time Orb at the door. Then he whispered to Nana, "Do you see that broken tile? Pick it up and throw it at him."

"Understood." Nana strode over to the door and picked up the tile. Gathering her power, a horrible gust of wind appeared. The tile hurled towards Derrac like a cannon. It had the strength of a Level-3 spell.

Boom! The tile was blocked by Derrac's magic shield at the last moment and turned to powder. Then Derrac began roaring. "Damn rat! I'm going to kill you!"

Countless flashes of lightning appeared with the sound. They streaked over 230 feet from the jeweled throne. When it reached Nana's side, the magic waves in the entire room were in an uproar. The lightning was as powerful as a tsunami!

This was at least Level-8 power!

"Restraint!" Link had predicted this attack, so he activated the Space-Time Orb. With a buzz, the strange fog appeared again at the entrance of the room.

The lightning charged into the fog and instantly slowed down. In the frozen space, he could see thousands upon thousands of lightning bolts snaking towards Nana like the sprouting roots of a tree.

Nana immediately hid beside the door.

The next moment, there was a crack. Link's Space-Time Orb was extinguished. The Level-8 spell was too powerful, and Link could only restrain it for less than one-hundredth of a second. If it was Felina, she might not have been able to hide in that time.

Whoosh! The lightning brushed past Nana and struck the wall outside the room. It lasted an entire three seconds!

After the three seconds, there was a 15-foot-deep hole in the wall, the stone in the hole melting into steaming hot lava. The power was shocking.

Then Derrac's voice traveled from the room. "Rat, don't hide. I know where you are!"

Footsteps sounded, and a ball of terrifying Mana aura approached. Derrac was going to fight personally now.

"Go, Nana. Let's retreat!" Link turned and ran. As he ran, he tossed down Space-Time Orbs. Their Mana structure wasn't complicated, but the frequency of each rune had to be grasped precisely. Thus, Link couldn't spend more than 200 Mana points on each orb. With his Mana and methods of replenishing it, he could cast 55 in succession. It should be enough to deal with Derrac.

When he ran behind Felina, Link said, "Go. Derrac's here, and we need to retreat to the first magic trap."

As he spoke, Link felt that his first Time-Space Orb was disturbed. He activated it without hesitation.

Crack! The sharp crack sounded from behind them. Then there was a burst of powerful strength. Derrac's roar traveled over. "Using these small tricks against me? What a joke!"

Link's Space-Time Orb still only lasted one-hundredth of a second. Derrac's strength was absurd!

Felina and Morrigan's faces changed. If Derrac caught them, it would be over. Even worse, the path ahead of them had been sealed. This was a dead end!

"Link, just say what your plan is!" Felina couldn't stand it. A level-9 Magician could turn her into dust with just a look. She had no confidence.

Link was still calm. "Don't worry. He'll die today without a doubt! Follow me and don't hesitate."

He ran towards the exit. Felina and Morrigan had no choice but to follow. After a few dozen feet, Link activated his second Space-Time Orb. One-hundredth of a second later, there was a crack. Once again, Derrac broke through the spatial restraint easily.

"An insect's tricks are so troublesome," Derrac roared. He was unbothered but hearing this, Link smirked.

These were an insect's tricks, but insects weren't scared of the undead.

Chapter 295

All for a Good Cause

High Elf Grave

Crack! Another rumbling sound could be heard. Derrac seemed to be catching up with them. He was only one corner away.

There were a couple of protruding pillars at the corridor after the turn. Link and company then hid behind these pillars.

"Link, he is coming!" Felina was extremely soft, though one could clearly tell how anxious she was.

Morrigan was hiding behind another pillar. He kept his eyes on the trap on the ground and said, "Master, can this trap really defeat him? This is something that he himself planned!"

Link squinted his eyes as he carefully felt the magic fluctuations from his Spatial Shackle spell. He then said, "In fact, Derrac is no longer an opponent we have to fear."

"Why do you say so?" Felina asked with a confused expression.

Link then explained, "I placed a total of 35 Spatial Shackles balls along the way. Derrac was able to break through the first one in a hundredth of a second; it did not affect his progress a single bit. However, he took at least a full second to break through the most recent one."

When Derrac encountered the first spatial shackle ball, he was a lot more powerful. He could then break through it easily. If the three of them had tried to fight him at that moment, they would be thoroughly defeated. Even if Nana were to assist them, she would also be turned into molten metal by the powerful lightning attacks.

However, now that Derrac needed a full second to break through the spatial shackle ball, it meant that he had grown weak. From the magic fluctuations that Link received from his spells, he could clearly determine the strength of his opponent.

Derrac's strength had dropped from a Level-9 to a Level-7. Although he was still strong, he was no longer an opponent they would fear.

Felina then reacted to this situation and said, "You are saying that..."

"Yes, you are right. We can retaliate." Link nodded to confirm her suspicions. He then turned to order Nana, "Nana, prepare to attack the moment our opponent steps onto the magic trap!"

"I understand!" Nana would never object to Link's orders.

At that moment, Derrac appeared from the corner. He did not feel his power weakening at all, his voice still filled with condescension and disdain. He said, "Ah, little creatures, I can sense your presence. Stop hiding; come out."

Naturally, the four of them would not come out of their hiding place. Instead, they hid even deeper into the corners.

Derrac then continued walking forward. He slowly approached then magic trap—30 feet... 15 feet... three feet. He was just about to step on the magic trap when he stopped in his tracks.

"Hmm, something seems to be wrong." Derrac looked around. His memory seemed to be telling him that there was imminent danger.

It was an unexpected turn of events. Link thought for a moment, and he was just about to order Nana to lure him forward when Morrigan stuck out half his body from their hiding place and released an illumination spell. He then waved his wand brazenly and shouted, "Hey, old guy, this way, your grandfather is right here."

"Hmm? You arrogant creature! My family is long dead!" Derrac shouted back in rage and stepped into the magic trap without hesitation.

Upon seeing the magic runes on the surrounding walls light up, Morrigan retreated back into his hiding spot.

Half a second later, dense crackling explosion sounds appeared along the corridor. There was also the sound of burning flames. Accompanying these sounds was the show stealer—a smell of spice and barbecued meat.

The smell of spice should understandably be the smell of lightning after it had passed through the area. However, barbecued meat... This should be how roasting a corpse more than a few thousand years old smelled like. One would rather cut off their own nose than to experience such an odor.

"So this is how a barbecued corpse smells like..." Morrigan muttered and took a deep breath. He had to remember this smell. It would be beneficial for his future adventures.

Felina rolled her eyes as she stared at Morrigan. This human seemed to have strange habits. He tasted urine and seemed to find interest in the smell of burning corpses. She was getting more disgusted by the moment!

The fire and lightning attacks continued for five seconds. Derrac was surprisingly still alive after the attack. His raspy voice echoed through the corridor once again, "Hmm, not too bad! But it is not enough!"

Link took a look at Derrac using a mirror spell. He saw a charred figure with a few burned pieces of cloth stuck to its body. The jeweled crown on his head was also destroyed by the lightning. His skin seemed to have been completely destroyed by the assault, and a faint green smoke emitted from his body.

Clearly, a large scale Level-7 spell was not easy to deal with.

This attack had dealt great damage to Derrac. The chilling blue glow in his eyes became extremely dim. One could hardly see the glow in his eyes anymore. The majestic magic presence that once surrounded him also became extremely weak, making him no different from a true corpse.

At that moment, Derrac was no longer threatening. An ordinary person could probably defeat him with physical attacks. However, Derrac seemed to not notice his dwindling strength and still felt confident about his abilities. He moved forward while limping as he shouted, "Come out you tiny creatures, I already know where you people are hiding!"

Link then appeared from his hiding spot.

The moment Derrac saw him, he pointed his staff at Link and said, "Despicable people, die!"

His staff glowed slightly, and a tiny bolt of lightning appeared in the air. This lightning traveled for around 1.5 feet before disappearing.

Derrac had used up all his energy.

"Hm, what is going on?"

Link waved his hands at Nana. Upon receiving the signal, Nana charged forward and severed Derrac's head before he got the chance to say another word.

"And, a Level-9 Magician was defeated just like that?" Morrigan walked out as well. What happened today was truly baffling to him.

Link shook his head and said, "He cannot be considered a Level-9 Magician. This is only a small consciousness of the past Derrac. He merely had the raw power of a Level-9 Magician, but alas, he was an empty vessel."

It would be easy for such an undead to deal with a bunch of grave robbers. However, if they could get past his terrifying presence and not be intimidated, they could simply chip off his power and prolong the battle to easily obtain a victory.

If a true Level-9 Magician were to appear, they would have died at least ten times along the way.

Link then walked forward to pick up Derrac's staff. He then observed it carefully and realized that this staff was truly a product made using the Talisman Enchanting technique.

It was around 5'9" in length, and its body was made from high-quality purple sandalwood. It was carved into the shape of an extremely lifelike giant serpent. However, there were not many magic runes carved into the body of the staff. Almost all of the magic runes were concentrated in the talismans attached to the back and eyes of the serpent.

There were a total of nine indents on this staff, each of the indents for a talisman gem. On closer inspection, one would realize that the talisman gems were filled with countless magic runes. They were the true pillars of the staff, the nucleus of its strength.

After a moment, the information for the talisman gems appeared in Link's eyes.

Condensed Talisman

Quality: Epic

Effect: Strength of spells +40%

Wisdom Talisman

Quality: Epic

Effect: Mana Recovery Speed +40%

Lightning Talisman

Quality: Epic

Effect: Increases strength of lightning elemental spells by 50%.

There were a total of nine such talisman gems. If one were to combine all their attributes together. It would look as such.

Roaring Lightning Staff

Quality: Epic

Effect 1: Strength of spells +160% (Three Condensed Talisman)

Effect 2: Mana Recovery Speed +170% (Three Wisdom Talisman)

Effect 3: Strength of lightning elemental spells +180% (Three Lightning Talisman)

(Note: The masterpiece was created with Talisman Enchanting techniques!)

It was truly a perfect piece of work. The runes on the body of the staff were merely there to hold the power of these talismans together while giving the user a few additional buffs.

If one wanted a different weapon, they could simply take down these talismans and engrave the ones that suited their battle style. They would then obtain a completely new magic weapon with starkly different attributes.

If one of the talisman gems was damaged, the user could simply replace them. It was a lot simpler and more cost-efficient than the enchanting techniques used currently in the World of Firuman.

A Magician's Apprentice could even craft an epic quality wand if they were taught the most basic engraving techniques and given an epic quality talisman gem!

It was highly flexible, reliable, cost-efficient and even skill-efficient. The bar for enchanting would be lowered, and many people could even manufacture their own equipment without problems. There were simply too many advantages to this technique!

Link was extremely excited. He wanted to rush to the huge underground chamber and claim all the books for himself, bringing Talisman Enchanting technique back to the world.

Just as he was feeling hyped up, Felina's voice rang, "Link, let's think of how to get out."

"Oh, alright." Link then quietly placed the staff into his dimensional pendant.

Felina felt a little uncomfortable after seeing it. She was just about to stop Link when she realized that there was no reason to do so. They finally defeated Derrac after putting in so much effort. It seemed reasonable to take a few things with them.

However, this would mean that they were grave robbers as well... Felina was troubled.

The moment Link saw Felina's expression, he knew that she was anxious. He then took out the Roaring Lightning Staff again and explained seriously, "Felina, this staff is extremely peculiar. There is a lost enchanting technique used on this staff. If we leave it here, it will definitely land into Isendilan's hands. This will then greatly increase the power of his forces. If we are the ones who get a hold of this knowledge, we can research into its wisdom and bring the glory of the ancestors back to life. At the same time, our powers will increase as well. What do you think we should do?"

Felina was startled by Link's words. Link was right. If they do not claim these treasures, Isendilan would also do it. This way, Isendilan would become even more difficult to deal with. She then nodded as she said, "You are right, we have to take them."

Link then waved his hands as he said righteously, "Let's go, we will take a look around

the underground chamber. There is a large volume of magic books which contains a huge amount of wisdom. We cannot let it land into the hands of Isendilan."

"Yes!" Felina was suddenly all for taking the magic books.

Morrigan stared at the scene with his mouth agape. He was speechless. Wasn't this exactly the same as robbing graves?

How then, could it sound so righteous and majestic when Link was saying it? Even he felt that it was his duty to rob this grave after listening to those words. Not doing so would mean he was helping the enemy!

This young man is truly something else. He is so much more persuasive. Heck, he even made grave robbing seem like a righteous thing! Morrigan sighed as he followed both of them forward.

Chapter 296

Stopped by Nothing

High Elf Tomb.

Since Felina didn't object anymore, things became easier. The group ran straight to the room Derrac was in. Along the way, Morrigan wanted to pick up the High Elf swords and shields all over the ground, but someone was faster than him. With a whoosh, all the equipment was gone.

Morrigan looked up and saw Felina.

She scoffed, looking down on Morrigan. "I can't let a grave robber have these things!"

"Didn't you say you look down on grave robbers? Why are you taking it?" Morrigan asked sadly. He had come to mooch, but he didn't plan on taking everything. He would be satisfied with just one piece.

Seeing through him, Felina scoffed coldly. "Don't even think about one! As for me, I'm taking it for Master Link. They all have ancient enchantments. I'm giving it to him to research."

Morrigan finally understood everything. This dragon was just biased! He couldn't do anything about it though. He wasn't as talented as Link, so he could only swallow it.

When they reached the room, Felina still kept her eyes on Morrigan, not letting him take a single thing. Link pretended he didn't see anything. If Felina wanted to be the evil person, he wouldn't complain.

Of course, Morrigan was the guide, so he deserved a portion of the loot. However, Morrigan would just sell these things so Link could give him gold in compensation.

At the moment, Link was attracted by the bookshelves at either side of the room. He walked over and carefully checked it. Confirming that there were no dangerous magic traps, he began flipping through the ancient books.

They were all written in the ancient High Elf language. Link couldn't read it, but thankfully, the game system would translate for him. When he looked, the common language would appear in his vision so he could understand it all.

There were many books here—around 2,000. Link looked through them one-by-one and discovered that many were already damaged. Only around ten percent were in good condition. Overlooking the poem collections and other random books, there were only around 20 truly valuable magic books. A large majority were damaged too.

Finally, he found a case made of eternium ore on the shelf with an Eternal Magic Seal engraved on it. He guessed there was something good in it.

After opening the case, he saw a hardcover magic spell book. It looked heavy, and the title was straightforward—Talisman Enchanting.

Link was overjoyed. He took it out and flipped through, discovering a complete set of talisman enchanting spells. It had everything from basic to advanced spells.

This is a book worth a few cities. No wonder it was kept in such a beautiful eternium ore case! he thought.

Just as he was about to put in the case and away, he realized that there was another book in the bottom. This one was thinner, and the title was handwritten. It was translated to Undefeated, and the author was Derrac himself.

Link flipped through. He started scanning, but after one minute, he began reading more closely. Then, he stood there and stopped moving. The book was very advanced and explored the Sea of Void. It mainly discussed the existence of singularities.

What was a singularity?

According to the book, a singularity was a point in the Sea of Void where the natural laws gathered. There was an infinite amount of singularities, and each one contained unbelievable power.

Derrac didn't only suggest the concept of singularities in the book. He also discussed in detail a type of dagger called "Breakpoint." The book said:

"Singularities exist, but they cannot be felt or controlled. However, nothing is impossible in the world.

"Through a certain method, a special type of crystallized metalphoto grade alchemy product can capture this type of singularity. Of course, the Sea of Void is boundless with very few singularities. The chance of capturing one is very, very small, practically impossible. However, I was blessed by God and was lucky to capture one, solidifying it in a metalphoto dagger.

"I call this dagger 'Breakpoint,' meaning 'to execute.'

"The metalphoto is too hard and difficult to shape. Thus, I was forced to go against the aesthetic requirements of my race and create a very plain dagger. This dagger is steel gray without any strength waves. If you find it on the streets, I bet you will think it is a steel dagger... In actuality, the Breakpoint dagger is the sharpest dagger in the world. It can slice every existence in the Firuman World. Note, I mean every existence!"

Reading this, Link's heart began pounding. He picked up the case and saw a small indent at the bottom. In it was a crude dagger, less than 20 centimeters, and steel gray, lying there quietly.

There were four High Elf words scrawled onto the body of the dagger. It read, "The Breakpoint dagger, stopped by nothing."

Link carefully grasped the dagger and used it to scrape the extremely hard eternium case. With a soft sound, some of the metal flaked off of the case. The entire process was as easy as cutting tofu.

Link looked back at the Storm Lord sword that he'd always used, and the sword spirit instantly started yelling in his mind. If you want to try it on me, I'll make you die with me!

Can it really cut through everything? Link thought in shock. He had been a little doubtful when he first took the dagger and thought that Derrac was bragging. Seeing the reaction from the Storm Lord sword's spirit, he totally believed it.

It has a singularity on it, and it's really, really terrifying, the Storm Lord explained. I think it can even slice through a Divine Weapon from the Sea of Void, let alone any existence in Firuman.

Hearing this, Link was shocked. He studied the dagger carefully. Still in disbelief, he took out an arcanite bar. This was even harder than eternium and was probably the strongest metal.

With a light cut, the arcanite broke into two pieces. With another cut, there was a curled layer of metallic shreds while the Breakpoint dagger was still unharmed.

I can't believe that it'll cut through all solid objects. What about virtual objects?

Link tossed out a Space-Time Orb and maintained it around ten millimeters in diameter. Then, he picked up the dagger and stabbed lightly. When the dagger touched the Space-Time Orb, there was a little resistance. Link applied some pressure and the dagger sliced through the orb.

There was a soft scrape, and the orb soundlessly turned into two halves. It happened so quickly that Link could barely process it.

It... can even cut through virtual objects? So when Derrac said all existences, he really meant all existences? Link knew that he had found the most valuable treasure in the world!

This treasure had never appeared in the game; Link didn't even know it existed.

Without a word, he put the dagger back in the eternium case, as well as the book. He prepared to put it in his dimensional pendant.

But then he realized it had failed. The eternium case couldn't go in the dimensional storage gear... He thought it was the dagger's reason, so he took it out and tied it around his leg. Then he put the eternium case away.

Finally, he started checking the other books as if nothing had happened. This time, he was much faster. Ten minutes later, he had put away all the useful books.

He had finally calmed down now. It really is a treasure, but it isn't unbeatable because it's just a dagger. It can cut through everything, but it has to reach the thing first. Even so, it can provide me with a terrifying method!

Thinking of this, Link knew that he must create a spell that could match the dagger's power!

I'll start thinking when I have time! Link was so excited.

During this time, Felina had collected all the magic equipment in the room. Morrigan was naturally fruitless and just stood by the side.

Link tried to hide his excitement, but he failed. Finally, he eagerly said to Felina, "Guess what? I found some magic spell books and magical items. Give me some time for me to recreate the talisman enchantment. At that time, I'll definitely be able to lower all magic equipment costs to one-fifth of what it is now... Don't worry, Felina. I'll share the talisman enchantment with the dragons."

Actually, his greatest joy came from the Breakpoint dagger, but Link knew that if he revealed news of that treasure, it would cause a huge fight. Thus, he kept it hidden.

Felina didn't know that. Seeing how Link was almost crazy with happiness, she was rest assured and grew happy too.

In her mind, Link was different from Morrigan. Link didn't need money, so if he said he would take it back to research, he definitely would. This was blasphemous, but he would also recover the wisdom of the past. It was hundreds of times better than that grave robber selling them for money.

She smiled, her eyes crinkling. "I'm sure the queen will be very happy when she learns of this news. Don't worry, Link. The queen won't let you work for free."

Only Morrigan sighed helplessly. He had really worked for nothing this time. But unexpectedly, Link took out another scroll. He started writing a letter before Morrigan. When he finished, he showed it to Morrigan. After he saw the contents, Link stamped it with his magic seal and gave it to Morrigan.

"Mr. Morrigan, you were very important in helping me find such great treasures this time. Take this envelope to my territory and give it to Director Lucy. She will give you 8,000 gold coins in compensation. If you find any more sites with treasures, you can come find me at any time."

Morrigan was already excited when he read the letter. He knew Link wouldn't lie to him because he had seen with his own eyes the words, "My friend Morrigan gave me great help. I reward Mr. Morrigan 8,000 gold coins with my status as the lord. There mustn't be any delay."

As a Level-4 Magician, this money was a fortune. Because of his abilities, Morrigan had only earned 6,000 gold coins from all these years of grave robbing. Now, Link suddenly gave him 8,000. This was much, much higher than what he had expected.

He wasn't a difficult person, so he instantly grinned after accepting the letter. "Master Link, you are so benevolent. Please don't worry. I, Morrigan, wander the mainland just for adventures. If I discover any more ancient sites in the future, I'll definitely notify you."

It was perfect.

After that, they started looking for the hidden door.

It actually wasn't difficult. Half an hour later, Link found a hidden magic mark on the wall behind the throne. After activating it, a narrow passageway appeared. The group walked down it carefully. After around 650 feet, a light appeared in the front. After a few more minutes, they exited from the tunnel.

They were still in the Colorado Mountain Range, but it was no longer a forest before them. Instead, they were at the peak of a thousand-foot-high cliff. The view was very wide here, and they could see everything within a few dozen miles.

There was no way to leave the cliff, but this was nothing for Magicians and Felina, the Red Dragon.

"Then I'll go now." Morrigan couldn't wait to exchange for the money at Link's territory. He cast a Levitation spell for himself and jumped off the cliff.

Looking at his back, Felina pursed her lips. "Hmph, that grave robber!"

Link smiled and shook his head. "Mr. Morrigan is very smart and talented. He can count as a natural scientist."

"Fine." Felina shrugged. She had experienced Morrigan's tracking and attentiveness. She'd also experienced natural science before, and she couldn't refute Link's words.

"Let's go," Link said.

Felina nodded. She transformed into a dragon and took Link and Nana toward the Dragon Valley.

After flying for more than one hour, Link saw a barrier of white fog. Felina flew into it without hesitation and traveled for ten minutes before the fog disappeared. He could suddenly see clearly, and a vast valley appeared.

He couldn't see where the valley ended. "Vast" was not enough to describe it. There were countless dragons flying in the sky, and a boundless forest below them. Before them was a ring-shaped mountain. It was very tall, more than two miles high, and rings of snow covered the peak.

The Dragon Valley was many times larger than the one Link had seen before!

"That is the Holy Mountain of the Dragon Valley up ahead," Felina explained with some pride. "Do you see that cluster of buildings? That's the Dragon Temple. We're going there."

Chapter 297

Sinister Dragon Valley

After a long time, Felina and Link finally stopped at a plaza right outside a small town at the foot of the Holy Mountain.

"This is Creekwood Village. Link, please rest here for the moment. I have to report to the queen before I can bring you into the Dragon Temple," Felina said apologetically.

Link did not mind this at all. He nodded as he said, "Not a problem."

The other party was the Red Dragon Queen. There was naturally a procedure one needed to follow before they could have a presence with this dignified being. Every player had to go through this waiting process in the game as well.

"When you reach the inn, tell them that you are a guest of the queen. All your living expenses here will be covered by my race," Felina explained to Link.

The Dragon Valley was extremely huge and housed many races, though the Dragon race was the dominating one in the area.

There were still many other races under the rule of the dragon race, such as humans, the elves, and a few Yabbas. Most of these people had some dragon blood in their veins, making them a mixed descendent of the dragon race. They were mainly in charge of providing services to the pure-blooded dragons and in return, the pure-blooded dragons would ensure their safety.

This was somewhat similar to how kingdoms worked in the human race.

"How long would it take?" Link asked.

"Around two days," Felina replied.

"I understand."

After Felina settled Link's lodging issues, she turned into her human form and called

for a carriage in Creekwood Town. She then boarded the carriage and took the winding road up the mountains towards the Dragon Temple.

Link then headed towards the Inn.

As most of the residents here had dragon blood flowing in their veins, they were generally tall and well-built. The guys were all more than six feet in height while the females were at least 5'5". They looked well-groomed and revitalized as they strolled down the streets in their high-quality clothing. The situation here was a lot better than the human kingdoms.

As Link walked on the streets, many people greeted him warmly. Link smiled and returned the pleasantries in kind.

The Inn in Creekwood Town was called the Night of the Dragon Inn. It had a distinctive architecture. The entire Inn was shaped like a dragon in slumber, with the door being the mouth of the dragon. The moment Link walked into the Inn and mentioned that he was the queen's guest, he was immediately treated with great respect and hospitality.

The servant then led Link to his room as he said, "My lord, this way, please. We have prepared the best room for both you and your friends."

Link followed behind this servant and quickly reached the third floor of the Inn. The decorations here were clearly more exquisite than the previous two floors. The ground was made from polished, smooth oak as the faint fragrance of wood lingered in the air. The right amount of sunlight also graced the area, giving it the appropriate illumination without it being too glaring or warm. It was indeed a comfortable place.

As the two of them passed a door, this door suddenly sprung open. A small figure not taller than 3'6" emerged from the room as a servant followed behind.

The servant's voice could be heard, "Ma'am, I really want to help you, but this is out of my league."

"No, don't get me wrong. I am not blaming the Inn, but the entire Dragon Valley! You are simply wasting my time. I have to meet the Red Dragon Queen now! You must know that I have been here for more than a week!" The voice was crisp though clearly filled with anger and impatience. The small figure jumped around as she spoke, obviously infuriated.

Link walked over and saw a familiar face. He said in a surprised tone, "Elin, why are you here?"

This infuriated little figure was none other than Lady Fortuna Elin.

She shouted in rage before she saw Link, unleashing all the pent-up frustration within her, "Why can't I be here! Oh... Link, why are you here?"

She was just about to get into an argument with this unruly stranger when she was Link. She immediately swallowed her anger and words.

"I received an invitation from the Red Dragon Queen; I believe you are here for the same reason?" Link smiled as he explained. This small figure was truly amusing, especially when she was enraged. Her round cheeks would be bloated and flushed as her pair of huge eyes sparkled menacingly. One could not help but want to pinch her cheeks upon seeing this adorable expression.

The moment Link mentioned this issue, Elin erupted once again. She said, "Yes, that is totally true. I was invited as well. However, they simply left me here after I got to the Dragon Valley. Let's not talk about the queen; I have not even seen a single high-ranking dragon race the entire time. They did not even send a messenger down to relay any information! What kind of treatment is this?"

Link was startled by this news as he turned to the servant and asked, "Which is my room?"

"It's just beside this lady." The servant was clearly afraid of Elin as he kept his distance away from her.

"You can leave after giving me the key."

"No problem." The servant handed the key over to Link before he scurried off hastily.

Elin then stared at the submissive servant beside her and said, "You may leave as well. I cannot contain my anger seeing the likes of you!"

The servant felt as though he was released from the chains of hell and quickly made his escape.

Elin took a few deep breaths to calm herself down before saying, "Link, please come in."

Elin's room was spacious and kept extremely tidy. There was a living room filled with all the basic necessities.

Elin closed the door and handed a glass of water over to Link. She then threw herself onto a couch. Her anger had pretty much subsided as she explained, "I arrived around a week ago. The young dragon race who escorted me said that I would be able to see the queen in less than two days. However, a whole week has passed, and nothing has happened! How infuriating, I still have many things to do back in my hometown."

Link asked with a worried expression, "Do you think something might have happened

"I suspected that as well, though I have never pried into the matter... This is so troubling! Hm? The girl beside you don't seem like a human?"

Elin's brain was truly a wonder. She was still worried about the issue of the Dragon Valley just a moment ago, and in mere seconds, her attention was now completely on Nana.

Link stared at Nana and smiled as he said, "She is my magic puppet. Her name is Nana, and she doubles up as my bodyguard."

"Nana? Magic puppet? She looked exquisitely crafted. I did not realize she was man-made at first glance. However, she shouldn't be too strong with such adorable looks," Elin circled Nana as she said.

Link the smiled as he said, "Well, that might not be the case. Look at you; my little fellow is already a Level-7 Magician."

"Don't call me a little fellow!" Elin attempted to cast a ferocious glance at Link though she failed terribly at it. She then quickly got back to the main topic as she said, "I need to see the Red Dragon Queen urgently. I have a feeling that something terrible is going to happen in the Dragon Temple."

Link was startled upon hearing Elin's words. Elin was the Lady Fortuna, and she was known to possess extremely sharp intuition. This was a gift and something unattainable by anyone else. If she had a bad premonition about the Dragon Temple, something bad must have happened.

"We are not that far away from the Dragon Temple; did you make a trip down to ask?" Link asked.

"Of course, I did. But the entrance was heavily guarded by the Dragon Warriors. They did not allow me to enter the Dragon Temple. Oh, how troubling. I want to return to Lariel right now, but without a dragon escort, I won't be able to leave!" Elin braided her hair as she spoke. She then tugged at her braids as her short legs flailed around. She was clearly distressed.

Link was troubled as well.

Felina brought him across a thick layer of mist before they reached the Dragon Valley. Felina took a full ten minutes even with her breakneck speed. This could only mean that the mist was extremely thick.

As Link had played the game, he also knew that the Dragon Valley was protected by a layer of Spatial Maze. The mist was not an ordinary one; there were many folded dimensions compressed within that could confound even a Legendary Magician.

Therefore, Link was trapped as well.

"Felina would not leave me alone, right?" Link could only hope that Felina would not go back on her words.

After some thought, he asked, "I've heard that the dragon race had invited all the prodigies from the different races. Is there anyone else apart from the both of us?"

"All the prodigies? Did they? Perhaps, but not everyone is as easy-going as me and arriving upon their request. I was the only one before you arrived. Maybe the rest have not reached the Dragon Valley."

That was possible.

Link had no other ideas after some thought, though he did bring many magic books along which could probably relieve his boredom. He then returned to his room after a short conversation with Elin, leaving Nana to accompany her upon her request.

Following which, he returned to his room and took a short rest before he continued to read his three magic books of fire.

No matter what happened within the Dragon Temple, he had to first gain more power.

The moment Link started delving into the world of magic, he would completely neglect

his surroundings. Time passed quickly, and it did not take long for him to lose track of time.

Elin seemed to be in a better mood after having Nana beside her. She appeared to have called for Link a few times and gave up after several futile attempts. In essence, he was freed from distractions for a few days.

One evening, after simulating the spell through the in-game system, Link had successfully mastered a Demon Slayer spell.

This was a Level-8 spell and was extremely strong. It was also not affected by the Elemental Rejection status. However, the duration of the spell was short-lived as it was only the most basic and weakest version. It was still not enhanced by any Supreme Magic Skills.

Link was still confused over the theories within the Essence of the Flame, though he had made some progress with the book. While engrossed in his magic research, he had already spent ten days in the Dragon Valley.

Felina indeed went back on her words and cut off all contact. This was weird.

After washing up and enjoying a meal the servant brought him, Link went to find Elin. He knocked on her door, and before long, the door opened.

Link was horrified upon seeing her complexion. Elin was a far cry from her usual cheerful and hyperactive state. She was extremely disheveled, and two huge dark circles could be seen on her face. The moment she saw Link, she feebly said, "You remembered me at long last—let me tell you, the Dragon Temple is in a crisis."

"Crisis? But I felt nothing, Creekwood Town feels perfectly normal," Link said as he laid his hands out helplessly.

Even with Isendilan's betrayal, the Dragon Temple had never fallen into darkness in the game. Would something change in this timeline?

Elin smiled bitterly as she said, "Link, come in. I will bring you to the Soul Realm, and you can see for yourself."

Chapter 298

Tipped Balance, Equilibrium Gone

Night of the Dragon Inn.

Elin closed the room's curtains and took out a black candle. She lit it and strangely enough, the flame was an eerie blue. There were also runes circling the flame like stars.

"This is the soul-guiding candle I created. It can stop souls from being lost in Soul Realm," Elin explained.

Link was confused. "Won't the flesh body enter the Soul Realm?" He hadn't gone into the Soul Realm with just his soul yet, not even in the past game.

Elin shook her head. "No, doing that is too crude. There can be many side effects if the flesh body goes into the Soul Realm and can greatly restrict the performance of the soul's power. More importantly, it's easy to become completely lost in the Soul Realm and be unable to return."

As she spoke, Elin walked to Link and grasped his hand. "Okay," she said softly. "Now look at the candle. Yes, just like that. Don't think about anything. We are safe now, and Nana will protect us... Go!"

At that word, Link felt himself become dazed. His vision blurred too, and when it sharpened again, he realized the soul-guiding candle was gone. It was replaced by a hazy yet warm glow.

The scene inside the glow was very strange. Link actually saw himself.

He saw himself sitting quietly in the chair before the table, staring unblinkingly at something. Elin stood beside him, her face also frozen. She stared unblinkingly in the same direction as Link.

A crisp voice sounded beside him—Elin. "Those are our bodies. The space under the light of the soul-guiding candle creates a bi-dimensional overlapping state. This is also

the anchor of our exploration in the Soul Realm. No matter how we travel in the Soul Realm, if anything happens, we can return to the anchor instantly to go back to the Physical Realm."

"This sounds like dreaming." Link looked down at himself. His body was still there, but it felt blurry. His limbs were a bit transparent too and looked unreal. Glancing at Elin, he saw that she was semi-transparent too and even more transparent than him. He could barely see her features clearly.

This was probably an out-of-body experience in the other world.

Elin studied Link carefully and praised, "Link, your soul is very strong. It's practically the strongest soul I've ever seen. You're right. This is like dreaming. It's the safest way to enter the Soul Realm. Okay, follow me."

She started walking to the door, and Link followed.

In the Soul Realm, they were also at the Night of the Dragon Inn, but everything had become black and white. It was quiet too, to the point of being frightening.

At the door, Elin went straight through it instead of opening it. Link copied her. Ignoring the door, he walked over, and there was a small poof. Then it felt like something went over his body. Looking back, he was already outside the door.

"This is a basic spell for going through walls. Souls can easily move through any dead objects. Of course, only do it when you're clear about the situation behind the barrier." Elin waved to Link from the front. "Follow me closely and don't hesitate. The soul-guiding candle will only burn for one hour. We must complete the exploration of the Dragon Temple within an hour."

"Okay." Link followed close behind Elin.

The two quickly exited the inn. Outside, Link looked up and discovered that the sky was pure gray. Fog obstructed his view in the close distance. Occasionally, a blurry gray-white figure would walk over. They were practically like plumes of fog, wandering aimlessly in Creekwood.

"These are the souls of the atheists of Creekwood," Elin explained. "They didn't have any beliefs in life, so after death, they won't be guided by any gods. They would just follow their instincts and return to where they had lived and wandered. They'll usually

wither away after a year or so."

Souls were not undying. Like a ball of fire, they would extinguish someday. When you were firewood, the flame would extinguish in the blink of an eye. If you lit the Sacred Fire, you would be like the sun. Compared to the temporary life of mortals, you would exist for eternity.

Link was well-read, so he had a basic understanding of this. He wasn't too shocked.

Elin continued down a road to the Dragon Temple. She was very fast, almost flying, and would travel 30 feet in a blink. Link was just as fast though and could easily catch up.

Elin sighed. "There's fog everywhere, and it's hard to see. Otherwise, we'd be able to teleport to the Dragon Temple with a thought." Simple souls had no weight, and their bodies would be wherever their thought was. However, they didn't know what was hidden in the fog, so they didn't dare take any risks.

As they spoke, they'd already arrived at the mountain path outside Creekwood Village. "What's with the fog?" Link asked curiously. "I entered the Soul Realm in the North before. It was on the ice field, and the view was great, but once I entered the forest, the fog came. It was even thicker there than it is here."

Elin didn't hold any knowledge back. "The fog is made up of scattered souls. Rather than souls of intelligent beings, these are the souls of plants and beasts after they die. They're very weak and break down soon after death. There are countless lives in forests. More and more souls gather together, forming the fog."

There were forests on either side of the mountain path. As the two traveled away from Creekwood, the fog became heavier. Elin's progress slowed down too.

"In the Soul Realm, the forest is the most dangerous. No one knows what is hidden under the white fog... Stop! Follow me!" Her voice suddenly turned nervous.

Her small body flashed and hid behind a tree at the side of the road. Link followed over and found that the tree was solid. It was probably because it was alive and had a soul.

After hiding for less than a minute, a giant figure radiating with fiery red light walked from the corner up ahead. It was hard to see through the fog, but when it got closer, Link saw that it was the soul of a dragon.

The Dragon Soul was 22 feet tall and 50 feet long. It was completely translucent like a crystal and firelight three feet long shot out from it. It was shockingly intimidating.

He came down the mountain path slowly as if he were patrolling. When he went into the distance, Elin whispered, "That's a Dragon Soul Guard to make sure the Soul Realm isn't trespassed. He's very powerful, and unless you have special training, not even a Holy Spirit is his match. There are three of these guards on this path. We must avoid them."

"Understood." Link nodded. From the earlier close interaction, Link could feel that his soul had more substance but was weaker.

To use a metaphor, his soul was a two-pound block of crude metal while the other was a finely processed granite combat machine that weighed a ton. He was no match.

When the guard turned the corner, Elin walked out from behind the tree and continued down the path. The Dragon Valley was honestly too high, and the paths were winding. Elin and Link walked for more than ten minutes and hid from two more Dragon Soul guards before the Dragon Temple finally appeared.

From the angle of the soul, the Dragon Temple was even more radiant.

The fog around the temple was scattered. The continuous Wei'e Palace buildings were enshrouded in a layer of heavy red light. At the heart of the palace, a beam of fiery red light shot into the sky. From afar, it made one feel the tremendous power.

This sight was like a godly kingdom.

There was also a ring of Dragon Guards around the palace. They weren't as powerful as the Dragon Soul Guards from before, but they could not be overlooked. There were a lot of them as well.

Elin didn't dare get too close. She hid in a corner and spied on them. Link was looking too, but he was confused. "Everything looks normal."

Here, he could only sense the endless power and terrifying strength of the Red Dragon race. He couldn't feel anything out of sort.

Elin shook her head. "That's only the surface. Follow me."

She led the way, staying far away from the majestic palaces and kept going. During this, there were more steep and difficult paths, but it was no problem for souls. After walking a large semi-circle, they were at the back of the Dragon Temple.

Here, something changed. The majestic light at the front of the Dragon Temple was gone. Instead, there was a large square. It was surrounded by the same fiery red light, but there was a heavy ball of darkness over the square.

The ball of darkness was more than 30 feet wide. More frighteningly, there was an impossibly large Red Dragon under it. It should also be a soul, but her body was almost solid, even more condensed than Link's. It was practically the same as in the Physical Realm.

The dragon was sprawled on the square. With this pose, she was 50 feet tall and 200 feet long. The red flames that she spat out were ten feet long.

Compared to her, the Dragon Soul Guards from before were nothing. However, the power of the ball of darkness seemed to be terrible. Under the pressure of the light, the dragon's soul could only lay there, unmoving. Fire was burning wildly on her, but the dark aura still pressed down, slowly tainting her body.

"Who is this?" Link was shocked. "Is this...?"

"You guessed correctly. This is the Red Dragon Queen Gretel. That ball of darkness should be the Legendary Dragon Sacred Gear—Worthdamk. Translated, it means 'equal balance.'"

"Equal Balance?" Link exclaimed. "Isn't it the balance of light and darkness? But it's already pure black now."

The Dragon Sacred Gear Worthdamk was a very special magic tool. It reflected the balance in the world that the Red Dragon strove to protect. Using the Worthdamk, the dragons could easily find the places in the Firuman World that were in discord and fix it. From this perspective, the Sacred Gear had unbelievable power.

But now, the equal balance was no longer equal. It had tipped completely towards darkness, and this was bad news.

Elin sighed. "Indeed, it is the balance between light and darkness, but now, someone has manipulated it so that it is no longer balanced. It has become the balance of

darkness."

This was truly bad news.

Link could see that several similarly powerful dragons stood beside the Red Dragon Queen, giving her strength at all costs. However, this could only delay the speed that she was polluted by darkness.

Faced with the Sacred Gear's power, even the Legendary Red Dragon Queen was powerless.

Here came the problem. They were only at the beginning stages of Level-8 and Level-7. What could they do when faced with this awful power?

"I don't think we can do anything," Link said quietly.

Elin was frustrated too. "Yeah, but if we don't think of a solution, this Dragon Valley will be over once the Red Dragon Queen falls. We'll be over too."

The problem now was not whether they should get involved but how they should save themselves! Link was also out of ideas. But just as he was getting frustrated, a sound rang inside him.

Detected large increase in the surrounding thickness. Quickening strength absorption... Saved Omni Points are ready. Starting to pay past rewards.

Epic Mission Activated: Red Dragon Valley

Mission Step One: Culprit

Mission Content: Find the culprit who damaged the Sacred Gear Worthdamk

Mission Reward: 100 Omni Points

Link immediately accepted it. Then a warm current kept flowing into him; it was a large amount of Omni Points. He checked and saw that he had 560 points now.

The rewards from the Black Forest mission and the day-to-day discoveries of the supreme magic skills were all given. It was honestly a lifesaver!

Chapter 299

The "Small Rodents" Strikes!

Rear mountain of the Dragon Temple.

Link and Elin were hiding behind a huge tree and discussing strategies to deal with their predicament.

"Perhaps, we should try to escape from the Dragon Valley," Elin said as she nodded, convinced that this was the most reliable way.

The Red Dragon Queen contained all the abnormalities within the Soul Realm to keep it out of sight from the ordinary residents of the Dragon Valley. However, this action also revealed her terrifying power.

In front of such a magnificent dragon soul, Link and Elin were like two small rodents under the feet of a giant elephant. If even the elephant could not resolve this issue, how could two small rodents offer any help? The correct way to deal with this situation was to make a run for it.

However, Link had just accepted a mission and naturally would not agree to this plan of action. Furthermore, it was impossible to break through the Spatial Maze surrounding the Dragon Valley. Instead of rejecting Elin's idea outright, Link rebutted, "Are you sure you know the way out?"

Elin fell speechless before she started to grumble, "I knew that something was wrong the moment I accepted the invitation. I did not think much about it and look at what happened! How unlucky!"

Link then stuck his head out to take a look at the Red Dragon Queen who was constantly being corroded by the Dark Sacred Gear. After a few minutes, he turned to Elin and said, "At this rate, the queen will completely descend into darkness in half a month's time. If there is no improvement to the situation after half a month, we might be facing an insane dark dragon queen."

"Do you have any ideas?" Elin clasped her hands on her face at the thought of this

disastrous situation.

"Not for now... Let's take our discussion back to our room. It is not safe here," Link said.

Although he was tasked to find the mastermind behind this situation, the information that he was presented with was simply too sparse. He had to do further investigation before he could determine the next course of action.

"Alright, let's go back. Look into my eyes," Elin said.

Link followed her instructions.

Elin's eyes were originally slightly cloudy. However, it slowly cleared up and sparkled, expanding to fill Link's field of vision.

"Soul Return!" Elin whispered.

Shadows flashed across Link's eyes at an unbelievable speed. He only felt himself shiver slightly before he found himself back in the room of the Night of the Dragon Inn. He then stared at the soul candle in front of him and realized that only a small portion of it remained.

It seemed like a dream.

Link could not help but exclaim at Elin's techniques. It was indeed a lot safer and more effective than Eleanor's dimensional scroll.

Elin's voice then rang out, "Do you see now; the queen is entangled in a mess. She has no time to entertain us."

Link fell silent and tapped the table lightly. After half a minute, he stood up and said, "We cannot watch and do nothing. Let's go; we will circle the area and see if we can find any clues."

"Searching for clues? Are you planning to get involved in this?" Elin jumped down from her couch as she said.

"I'm afraid we have no other choice," Link said as he summoned Nana to his side. He then walked towards the door and said, "Instead of awaiting death, let's try our luck."

This sentence seemed to strike a chord with Elin as she skipped towards him and said, "Wait for me, I'm going as well."

Quickly, the two of them reached the lobby of the inn.

Link then approached the boss of the inn and said, "I am going for a short walk. If a messenger of the queen comes, tell them that I will be back soon."

The boss nodded and said, "I understand, but don't go too far out. A circus just arrived in town. It is quite entertaining; you might be interested."

"Thank you," Link nodded as though deep in thought as he exited the inn with Elin.

"Do you have any plans now?" Elin whispered.

"Sort of," Link rationalized the situation in his mind as he mumbled his thoughts, "The Scale of Balance would not malfunction for no reason. Someone must have purposely damaged it. As a Sacred Gear, it must have been heavily guarded by the high-ranking dragons. Ordinary dragons might not even get to see the Sacred Gear. The person who did this must then be a high-ranking dragon..."

"Could it be the fallen Isendilan? He was the husband of the Red Dragon Queen after all," Elin lost her usual casual demeanor and became serious.

Link then shook his head and said, "That's not very possible. He was already exiled from the Dragon Valley after being exposed. Everything in the Dragon Valley that is connected to him will be thoroughly investigated as well. Even if he had that idea, he would not be able to actualize it. I think that the person who did this must be someone that had a good reputation amongst the high-ranking dragon race."

Elin had to jog to keep up with Link's pace as she said, "There is nothing wrong with what you said. However, we have completely no clue about the inner politics of the dragon race. We are also not allowed inside the Dragon Temple. There is no way we can find this person... Hey don't walk so fast, I cannot keep up with you."

Link then recollected himself as he turned to look at a panting Elin. He then said apologetically, "I'm sorry that I did not notice. Do you want Nana to carry you?"

"Alright then, Nana, please," Elin smiled as she said. She seemed to be extremely friendly towards Nana.

After Nana lifted her off the ground, Link continued his analysis, "Although we have never entered the Dragon Temple, this does not mean that we cannot find this high-ranking dragon. Think about it, the queen is already in such trouble. This means that the person has already succeeded. If you were in his shoes, what would you do next?"

"Me?" Elin frowned as she thought, "I have never plotted against someone. However, I had a fight with my father when I was six. I snuck half a bottle of goat piss into his cold plum wine and ran to my aunt's house to stay for a month. I wanted my father to know that I have always been at my aunt's house and had no time to execute this dirty plan."

"Haha!" Link could not help but laugh, "Yes, that is exactly what this person will do. He will start creating an alibi to protect himself. Furthermore, there is a huge chance that he is not in the Dragon Temple, as any disguise may be easily exposed. It is simply too dangerous to stay in the Dragon Temple. It will be impossible to escape! Therefore, he will definitely find an excuse to leave the Dragon Temple."

"So he might have already left the Dragon Valley—how are we going to find him then?" Elin followed Link's train of thoughts and asked.

Link then shook his head and said affirmingly, "He is not in the Dragon Temple, but there is a low chance that he will leave the Dragon Valley."

"Why is that so... Oh, I understand. He wants to see the fruits of his labor, right?" Elin already understood the situation. After she spiked her father's wine with goat's piss, she still constantly tried to inquire about the situation despite being at her aunt's house. She wanted to know if her father indeed drank that disgusting drink.

Naturally, her father drank it in the end, though he also exposed her dirty tricks and gave her a good spanking.

Link then smiled and said, "That's right. If we can find this high-ranking dragon race, we might just turn the tables around."

"That will be tough. The Dragon Valley is more than 500 miles in diameter, and there are more than ten thousand high-ranking dragons. Each of them also has a territory. We merely have half a month's time to look through all these unfamiliar people. This is impossible!" Elin frowned as she said.

If there were a high-ranking dragon who could give them an overview of the inner politics, coupled with their previous analysis, they could definitely point out the

suspects swiftly.

However, there was no one to offer any help. They could only make ungrounded guesses.

Link then smiled as he said, "It is not as difficult as it seems. Look, this high-ranking dragon has already left the Dragon Temple. In order to not attract any attention, he will stay low on the radar. However, he also has to keep updated about the situation in the Dragon Temple. What do you think he would do?"

"Find someone to help?" Elin hesitated for a moment before she had an epiphany. Her eyes sparkled with excitement as she said, "This messenger has to not attract attention and must be an ordinary dragon. These dragons are usually very weak, and for him to get news on the Dragon Temple, he has to get as close as possible. The closest place an ordinary dragon like him can get to is Creekwood Village!"

Link snapped his fingers as he said, "Yes, that's right. That is the dragon that we must find!"

Creekwood Village was a small area less than a mile in diameter and housed only around 3000 people. It would not be difficult to spot an ordinary dragon with unusual behavior, especially to a meticulous Magician with good observation skills.

"Let's go; we will begin looking for him. We can even narrow our scope further. If this ordinary dragon is really present, then he will definitely not be a local. He must have arrived recently on a very reasonable excuse so as to not attract unwanted attention. The only thing that checks all the boxes... I think I already know the answer," Link chuckled.

Elin had not understood Link's words. She felt like she was missing an important piece of the puzzle and her curiosity got the better of her. She immediately pressed, "What is it? Where is he? Tell me!"

"The boss of the inn mentioned that a circus arrived in town," Link reminded.

"Oh, yes, why didn't I think of that! That person must have snuck into the circus!" Elin exclaimed before she quickly urged, "Let's go! We will fish him out right now!"

Link was a lot calmer as he said, "Don't get too excited. This is only our speculation. Whether or not we succeed will depend on our luck."

His previous inference was merely built on a very limited pool of knowledge. However, the truth was often built from countless grounded key information. If they had missed out any crucial information along the way, they might be led in a completely different direction.

Their predictions merely gave their actions more conviction and purpose as they tried their luck.

The circus was extremely eye-catching. It was located at the center plaza of the village. Their performances were similar to that of the human world, mainly comprising of clowns, beasts jumping through fire rings, juggling bears, and so on.

Link and Elin made one round around the circus. After that, Elin stared at Link proudly as she asked, "Did you find him?"

From her haughty expression, Link knew that she had found her target. He then nodded and said, "I have mine too."

As he said, he materialized an image in front of him. Upon seeing this image, Elin chuckled, "It seems like we found the same person."

Chapter 300

Traces

In the Dragon Valley, there was a large population of average dragons—apparently more than three million. These dragons lived just like how regular citizens of a human kingdom lived.

In the eyes of the high-level dragons, these average dragons were their slaves and servants. They had nothing to do with what happened in the Dragon Temple. So, even though something so grave had happened to the Red Dragon Queen, no high-level dragons came to Creekwood Village to check.

This was normal. The high-level dragons were honestly too powerful, and they didn't care about the average dragons.

The average dragons were a bit stronger than the average human. On average, they were at Level-3. Level-4 was extraordinary while Level-6 was the pinnacle. This was incomparable to the high-level dragons who could easily reach Level-6, Level-7, and even Level-8.

But now, there were two guests in the Dragon Valley who didn't have this bias.

Link and Elin waited patiently until nightfall. Late at night, they brought Nana along and cast an invisibility spell to sneak to the circus. This was the Dragon Valley, after all. The captain of the Creekwood militia was a strong Level-5 fighter, so Link had to be very careful.

During the day, the two had already checked on the location. Now, they successfully crept to outside the tents where the circus members rested. Here, Link whispered to Nana, "Go in, knock him unconscious and take him out. Be quiet and don't get discovered."

"Understood." Nana's intelligence was increasing as she continued to learn. She snuck into the tent and ran out with a burly man half a second later. She was so fast and silent that she was practically a professional thief.

This was a perfect kidnapping.

"Go to the forest outside the village!" Link waved his hand, and the three quietly ran out of Creekwood. They dove into the forest and didn't stop until they were about one mile in.

Plop. Nana tossed the dragon onto the ground.

This was Elin's first time kidnapping someone at midnight. Both scared and excited, her little face was flushed, and her big eyes glittered. "Link, what should we do now? Should we threaten to chop off one of his arms or stab one of his eyes?"

Link didn't know how to reply. "It's not that complicated. This is just a regular dragon who knows some regular tricks. With his tenacity, it'll be easy to get the truth out of him."

With that, he took out the cold water he'd prepared and poured it over the dragon's face.

This dragon looked to be around 30 years old. He had a grizzly beard and was around six feet with bulging muscles. If he were human, he'd have great potential for a Warrior, but in the Dragon Valley, he was just average.

Stimulated by the cold water, his breathing fastened, and he started moving. Half a minute later, he opened his eyes.

"Uh... what's going on?" He was still dazed and sat up, holding his head.

Taking advantage of this chance, Link walked over and propped the Storm Lord's sword on the dragon's neck. "Polot!" he uttered. "You've been discovered! The queen will punish you!"

This dragon's name was Polot; Link had asked around for it earlier.

Hearing his name and the cold voice, paired with the cold sword against his neck and the mention of the Red Dragon Queen, Polot's dazed mind was shocked. He trembled and instinctively yelled, "Let me go! Let me go! I didn't do anything!"

This was completely an instinctive reflex and had revealed his identity. He was just an average dragon and was probably the least important spy for that high-level dragon.

After he finished screaming, he finally snapped out of his daze. He looked around at the surroundings and discovered that he was in a foreign forest with three people standing beside him. There was a thin human youth, a little girl half as tall as him, and a thin girl. This was a strange group, and they definitely weren't the queen's messengers.

Polot was a bit emboldened. "Who are you?" he asked in defense. "This is the Dragon Valley. Don't you fear the queen's laws?"

Link laughed. Rather than answering Polot's question, he continued, "Polot, we know everything about you. Someone told you to come to Creekwood and pay attention to the Dragon Temple. He gave you a bag of Red Dragon gold, right?"

Polot was a temporary worker for the circus, but during the day, he had spent frivolously. This didn't match his income as a worker, which meant he had recently earned some extra money. This was why Link said he'd received a bag of gold.

"You... That's nonsense."

Good. This reaction meant that Link had guessed correctly, allowing him to have the upper hand and control the direction of the conversation.

Link's expression changed gradually, and he tossed down a bag of coins. "One hundred new Red Dragon gold. I need to know that person's information. Tell me, and this is all yours. If you don't tell me, we'll take you to the Dragon Temple. I'm sure those high-level dragons have a way to open your mouth."

With money and threats, Polot instantly looked hesitant. After a long while, he said, "No, I can't betray him. He's powerful, and he'll kill me."

Link scoffed. "Ha, idiot. Do you know what exactly he did?"

Polot was frightened. He had completely lost all his wits. Looking at Link, he didn't reply but seemed to be waiting for Link to give him an answer.

"He plotted to assassinate the queen!" Link gave a hard blow.

"Ah... this... this is impossible!" Polot was absolutely stunned. The Red Dragon Queen was untouchably high. Assassinating the queen was terrifying!

Link laughed coldly. "Why else would a high-level dragon tell you to help him get information instead of personally going to the Dragon Temple?"

Polot didn't answer this time. He was just a regular dragon. Half a month ago, a masked man had come to his door and gave him a sum of money for him to help do something. Because of the money, he'd agreed though he felt unsettled. This matter truly was odd, and he could tell the masked man was a powerful Dragon Warrior. It didn't feel right for someone so powerful to ask an unimportant person to do something so small.

Now, something bad happened. Polot's mental defense line was at the brink of collapse; expressions battled on his face.

Link didn't rush him. Elin wanted to say something, but Link stopped her. He knew that success was near. When the dragon thought everything through, he would speak.

A few minutes later, Polot really did surrender. He sighed. "I don't know who he is. He just suddenly came to my door, tossed down a bunch of money, and asked me to help. I thought it wasn't something important, just keeping an eye on the Dragon Temple, so I agreed."

"Since he wanted you to keep an eye, you must have had a way to contact him, right?" Link continued asking.

"There's a contact method. He said that if there's something unusual at the Dragon Temple, I should write a letter and take it to 92 Bluestone Road in Pine Leaf Village."

This was a very important clue, and Link memorized it. Then he continued asking, "Where did you use to live?"

"I used to live in Pine Leaf Village," Polot answered without thinking. "It's around 30 miles from here, directly east of Creekwood Village."

"Does the Dragon Warrior have any specific characteristics? Anything special?" Link asked quickly without giving the other time to hesitate.

"The most eye-catching is his weapon. It's a blue sword. The back is carved with a dragon, and the blade is semi-transparent. It glows—"

Link cut him off before he could finish. "Not his weapon. I'm asking about him!"

Since the man was so cautious, he definitely wouldn't reveal such a unique weapon. If he did, it could only mean that it was a clue meant to lead pursuers astray. It could even put the blame on someone else.

This trick was crude. Link obviously wouldn't fall for it.

Polot was stunned. Then he asked, "Him? Uh... He's really tall, at least half a head taller than me. His hair is red, but it's really dark, almost black. There's also a really faint lilac scent. And... that's it."

He said three characteristics: height, hair color, and the lilac scent.

Dragons could change their physical characteristics so he could ignore the height and hair color. Only the lilac scent was usable.

So, Link had only received three clues during this process: the contact method, the fact that the last appearance was in Pine Leaf Village, and the scent.

Everything else was completely useless.

Thinking a bit, Link said, "I don't need you anymore. Go back and do what you need to do. Don't let others know about our existence, understood?"

"Understood, understood. I won't say anything even if I die," the dragon promised while his eyes kept flitting over to the sack of coins.

"Take it," Link allowed.

"Thank you, thank you." Polot hurriedly picked up the coins and stuffed it into his shirt.

Link glanced at Nana and made a gesture that meant, knock him out and take him back.

Nana immediately went up and hit Polot's neck sharply. Then she swung him over her shoulders and left. Three minutes later, Nana was back. "I brought him back and wasn't discovered."

"Elin, go back to Creekwood and keep an eye on Polot's actions," Link said.

Polot seemed like just an average dragon, but if anything happened, the enemy might

secretly contact him. If Elin kept watching him, it was possible to find another clue.

In addition, Felina might go to the Night of the Dragon Inn to find them. If Elin was there, Felina would be able to find them.

"What about you?"

"Nana and I will go check out Pine Leaf Village."

The enemy was cautious but had still left behind some traces. Link could feel that if he continued down this road, he might uncover a huge conspiracy.



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